aughter of Hell
It's better to rei
than to serve in

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daughter of hell

By impossible

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Chapter 1

daughter of hell

Daughter of hell:

"This is the last straw Lucifer!" yelled my dad. Demons, I hated it when he used my full name. It sounded like a guy's name, fore demons sake. "What I do now?" I asked in a bored voice. "What did you do?!" "Yeah, that's what I asked." I smirked, cause I knew it would make him furious. The simple things I enjoyed in life. His eyes turned literally red and his horns grew a good inch. You might wonder why my dad has horns. Well, it's actually quite simple: my dad is satan. Yep, that makes me the daughter of hell, and it sucks big time! You would think that the devil would encourage sinful behaviour, wright? Think

again! He's the biggest hypocrite the world has ever seen. "What did she do." He muttered under his breath. "You snuck out of hell without an escort. Again! What is wrong with you Lucifer? Do you have any idea what an easy target you make for the lore? Going out their alone? It aren't only humans that live there. What were you thinking?" I opened my mouth to answer, but he stopped me with a quick gesture. "Never mind, I already know that you weren't thinking. You do have a brain, Lucifer. You might want to use it from time to time." Now, this pissed me off. I do not take insults very well, and okay, I admit it: I kind of have a temper. Sue me. I am satan's daughter after all. "And your mother! Think about what a nag she's going to be when she hears of this. I do not want to deal with that women!" You could almost see the venom dripping of his words when he mentioned my mother. Another thing we had in common: we both hated the bitch. But right now I was ticked of with my dad, so I wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to piss him off more. "Then why'd you sleep with her! She's a fucking angel and you're the fucking devil! Even an imbecil would have know

it wouldn't work out. You do have a brain, dad. You might want to use it from time to time." "Watch that mouth young lady. You have been hanging out with those demons a bit too much." Another crazy thing in hell, my father didn't thought it to be proper if his daughter used 'fool words'. Never mind that he himself did it all the time. A subtle cough stopped his little tirade. The sweet sent of roses made my nose sting. "We need to talk Satan." Said the sweetest, most musical voice you have ever heart. It made me want to throw up. I saw my father tense and turn real slowly toward the angelique little woman that stood a few feet away. "What do you want now, Precilla?" It sounded like a strain to even speak her name. The angelique woman removed the pink handkerchief from her nose and mouth. "You know I can't stand the fumes here, so let's make it quick. I want custody." "Like hell!" I more or less screamed. If I ever had a nightmare, this would be it. My mother taking me with her to heaven, permanently. "Language, daughter." She was worse than my dad. "Whatever. I'm still not coming with you." I gave a shudder just to emphasize my words. "Honey, let's be

reasonable. We all know that your father isn't capable of raising a child. Especially not in this environment." She made an indication with her hand to the beautifull tronehall of hell. I will be better if you come and live with me. It isn't too late yet. You can still turn into a good guardian angel and work your way up in the ranks. You had the training, I know you can do it. I would be so proud." She actually sniffed with those last words. I think I just gagged in my mouth. I didn't understand why she was putting up this act, I've lived with the women for twelve years! She's more evil than a demon could be. I was never going back there again. I was never girly enough or sweet to be an angel. I didn't want to learn how to play the harp and I hated al the long, wide fluffy gows they made you wear. Everybody looked down on me, including my own mother. She treated me like a charity case, and I wasn't having it anymore. Isn't it ironical that I only found peace and love in hell? "Like you care." I scoffed. "I'm staying with dad." Her carefully composed façade began to crack. "Well, you can't. You are irresponsible and shifty. To make sure you don't get into trouble you'd

need a 24 on 24 watch. But even that wouldn't help cause you're not ashamed to use your demon powers to get away! It's degrading that my daughter only uses her demonic powers. What is it with al the fire and poofing away with little clouds of smoke. It just looks like you have gas, daughter." I could not believe she was being difficult about this. So I didn't use my powers given to me by birtright by the angels, it hurted to use them. Demon magic was easy, quick and painless. "We're not having this discussion. I'm sixteen and I can decide where I want to stay. I choose dad." My mother threw my dad a murderous look. If looks could kill, they'd both be dead. "She needs more guards, or she'll get in trouble." My father gave her a bored look, what putted her more on edge than the murderous one. "You said it yourself. She'll only 'poof away with little clouds of smoke'." He said with a mocking grin. He was the master of the mocking grin. That means I learned from the best and gave my dearest mother one too. But she surprised us both. Instead of going all demonic angel on us, she actually laughed. Have I told that my mother is a true dramaqueen? When she

does something she goes way overboard. What means she didn't just laugh, she laughed the whole maniacal frankenstein laugh. I started to get worried.

Chapter 2

Daughter of hell 2

Sorry It took me so long to update:S

Have I told that my mother is a true dramaqueen? When she does something she goes way overboard. That means she didn't just laugh, she laughed the whole maniacal frankenstein laugh. I started to get worried.

"Um, mother?" I never called her mum, way too personal. "Are you feeling alright? You're freaking me out here." A sly smile spread across her face, and I didn't like it one bit more than the hysteric Frankenstein laughter. She was up to something and I'd bet my favorite pair of All stars for it that I wasn't

going to like it. And that said something: I love All star. My father made a coffing noise to attract her attention, that she obviously ignored. I'm serious, how those two people ever got wasted enough to have sex. Wait, no! Scary thoughts. Parents so don't have sex! "Precilla, care to share those scary things, that you call ideas, with us?" Demons, I loved my dad. He could warm up the North Pole with his easygoing personality. That he was lord of the fire helpet too of course. My mother spared him a very enoyed glance before she focussed her attention back on me. Damn. "Well, daughter" again with the daughter thing, I'm sure it wouldn't kill her to actually call me by my name. It's like she couldn't even pronounce Luci without shivering or almost choking. "I have a satisfying solution to help us out of this predicament." Satisfying for who? "Do tell us more, mother." I mocked. The faltering of her smile was the indication that she got the dig in my words. "Good heavens, daughter. Can't you speak one sentence without the sarcasm?"

"No, I can't. Now spill. You're wasting my time with the drama." She got a little bit red in the face. "I am

your mother and you..." that's all I heard before I zoned out. Over the years I had gotten really good at tuning her out. It may sound easy, but it wasn't. She has a very annoying, highpitched voice, my mother. I glanced at my wristwatch and saw that she had been talking for a good ten minutes before my dad impatiently interupted her. "Precilla, get down to it or I'll get you kicked out by Cerberus." That made me laugh, my mother hated our three-headed dog. Who wanted a normal dog, when you could have a hellhound? "I'm sending you to boardingschool." Wait, what?! "What?!" Dit she meant school as in human school, where you learned stupid stuff like math, geography and various other unnecessary things. "You heard mee. It's the perfect solution. You love spending time in the human world. Well, school is a very human thing. You'll have to stay on school grounds, so it will be save for you." She clapped her hands excited. "And boring." I muttered under my breath. But wait. I had demon powers, i could teleport and go anywere I wanted without my parents ever finding out! I gave her one of my most

brilliant smiles. "What an excellent idea. When do I leave?"

"Just wait a minute. I have a few conditions for you." Great. "What now?"

"If you don't successfully finish your year, you'll be spending some time with me." That had me gaping at her with my chin almost touching the ground. Damn, she's a lot smarter than she let's on. Stupid woman. Luckily I knew that my dad would never allow this, so I didn't need to get worried. He hated the idea of me going back with with that woman alomst as much as I did. But again my o so delightful parents surprised me. "I actually think that is a good idea, Precilla." He sounded a bit surprised that my mother could come up with a somewhat intelligent thought. "You do?" We both chorused. "Yes, I do. Maybe you'll finally get over your absurd fascination with humanity." Okay, I wasn't expecting this. "What will make me staay on schoolgrounds?" We all knew how I felt about rules. They're there to break. My dad laughed. "The threat that you'll have to spent time with your mother will be enough." They were both

smiling. The arrogance! Well, wasn't going. "I'm not going." I stated with my arms crossed over my chest. They just both gave me a creepy smile.

Chapter 3

daughter of hell 3

"I'm not going." I stated with my arms crossed over my chest. They just both gave me a creepy smile

Chapter 2

I looked at the impressive building on my left and tightent my grip on the seat in front of me. "I'm nog going and you can't make me." I said, for what must have been the millionth time, to Eduardo, who was holding the door open for me. "I can always make you." I glared at him. "I'll hate you if you do." He let out a tiresome sigh. I knew I wasn't being fair. He only followed the orders his boss, my dad, had given him. But than again life wasn't always fair. Cause if it

was, I wouldn't be stuck in a car in front of a bloody boardingschool. How had my life come from not sucking that much to a fucking disaster? in the meantime Eduardo had pried my fingers loose from the frontseat an slung me over his shoulder. "Take care of her luggage, feather boy." He yelled over my ass, that was sadly hanging over his shoulder, to Rafael. He was my mother's pick of an escort. Stupid stuck up angels. Even though I was mad at Eduardo, I was still glad he was here with me. Us demons needed to stick together. "You can put me down now, Ed. I'll be good." He casted me a suspicious look. "Right." He drawled. "I'm not that stupid." Rafael reappeared with a set of keys and some documents. He pushed all the crap in my hands and kept staring at me. Not at my face, obviously. "Perv." I muttered. "Go away Rafael. And Ed, put me down!" The words hadn't left my mounth or I found myself with my ass on the floor. "Your stuff is already in your room. You're on the top floor." He grinned wickedly. "It's 666." Oh I love obvious jokes. Not. I gave him a menacing smile. "Don't worry about me. I'll find it. Now beat it." He gave me one of those ridiculous

bows that they only did in the Renaissance. "As you wish, princess." I didn't wait around to see them leave. I was pissed and wanted to be alone. While going to my room I noticed that the hallways were deserted. Then I remembered that is was mid October and that everyone would be in class. Demons, this sucked. Finally I came to room 666, the devil's number. Ha, ha, bloody ha. I pushed open the door and it wasn't really what I was expecting. I came into a large living area with comfortable, somewhat oldfashioned, cushy seats with a big plasma tv. Rich kids, figures. I should have know by the size of the castle, that they dared to call a school. The dominating colours were deep red, decorated with gold. It looked like a king could take up residence here. I felt right at home. An open arch let to a spacious luxurious kitchen. Three doors remained; one let to the biggest bathroom I had ever seen. Was that a hottub? Sweet! Another door lead to a large bedroom with two bunkbeds. They were all taken and it looked like a pack of wolves had had a party in there. I mean, even I could not make such a mess. I stepped with my foot in something soft. Was

that pizza? Ew! I left the room and turned towards the remaining door, really hoping it would be less disgusting. No such luck. It was worse. There was only a small path between all the junk to get to the beds. In this room the upper bed on the left side wasn't occupied. At least not with sheets or other stuff you needed to sleep. On the bed laid some iceskates, dirty T-shirts, a half eaten hamburger? With one sweep of my arm and all the crap fell to the ground. I kept kicking it till it was out of smelling range. I looked around an saw my bags were thrown into a corner on top of various other items, that weren't all identifiable. I quickly retrieved the black silk sheet from home that I loved. In hell we only used dark colors, for the dramatic effect of doom, but I liked the style. Now about the crap on the floor. Let's go demonic on the trash. My hell-side showed in the develish smile on my face. With a few snaps of my fingers and all the junk returned to their right ful owner's bed. It was a lot. Oh, this room had carpet. Amazing. I casted a glance at the now cleared mirror and groaned inwardly. My dark red hair was a mess

from the long trip. I so needed a shower. Time to use the awesome bathroom.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

"Dude, what did you expect? You didn't really thought Miss Eleanor would grad you on an essay about Jessica Alba's 'fine booty'?"

She doesn't appreciate the finer things in life." Dustin whined . I just laughed. Good thing women thought he was cute and felt motherly about him, or he would have been kicked out years ago. "What the hell happened here?" I heard him yell. I sighted, he could be such an ADHDer. "Dude!" He yelled. "Come check this out." I entered the room I shared with Dustin and Jake, and could believe what I saw. Was this our room? There was carpet, I couldn't remember the floor having carpet. Then I saw all my stuff piled on my bed. "What the fuck happened here?" I threw a killing glare at Jake. This looked like a thing he would do to get even for me crashing his computer. "I don't have anything to do with this." He threw his hands up in mock surrender. Yeah, mock was the word. Jake would never admit defeat. His dad was a general, so

Jake learned from the best. I was ready to punch him in the jaw when he pointed to his bed. It was in the same state as mine. "Why'd I do my own bed?" He did have a point.

"Woah!" We heard Lucas scream as if taken by surprise. Lucas never gets taken by surprise. We followed the sound and stopped dead in ou tracks.

Standing in the bathroomdoorway, wrapped in othing but a towell, was a girl. A breathtaking beautiful girl with the most memorizing eyes I had ever seen. They were green, almost fluo with a catlike shape. She only looked mildly surprised to find 7 guys staring at her. She wasn't even the slightest bit unsettled, while we were dumbstruck. Then I noticed her checking Victor out, who was blushing. If I wasn't this annoyed, I would have laughed. Wait why was I annoyed? I didn't know this chick, and I got as much attention from girls as Victor, even more. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Victor flex his muscles. The beautiful girl grinned and flipped her hair. "I'm Victor." He said while offering his hand. "Not that I'm complaining, but

what are you doing in our dorm?" That brought a frown to her lovely face and I had to resist the urge to kiss it away. What was wrong with me?

Chapter 4

daughter of hell 4

"I'm Victor." He said while offering his hand. "Not that I'm complaining, but what are you doing in our dorm?"

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

I frowned at the guy named Victor, the one with the most adorable dark blue eyes I had ever seen. He would have been angelique if it weren't for his dark curley hair and his strong features. Then I remembered his last words: 'our dorm' I had assumed they were the boyfriends, or whatever the humans wanted to call it, of my roommates and that they were hanging out or something. "This can't be

your dorm." I heard myself stupidly saying. Victor shoved a hand through his hair, what made it stand all messy. Focus Luci! You don't want to be here. Not even a cute guy is going to change your mind. "Hellooooooo! Is someone in there?" This guy who could have been Victor's twin, snapped his fingers in front of my face. I hated it when someone did that. "What?" I snapped. He sighed, like it was a strain to talk to me and like I should be humbeled by his presence. "I asked for your schooldocuments. You probably misread them."

"I don't think so." You stupid arrogant bastard. "666 is fairly easy to remember." Just to provako Mr. Cocky I added. "You sure you're in the right dorm?" I didn't wait around to see his reaction and went into my now somewhat cleaner room. I quickly threw a T-shirt over my head and stepped into some jeans. Just fast enough. I was buttoning my jeans when the door flew open with a loud bang. Joy, a quick temper. "Could you please watch out with the door? I have to sleep here, you know." I spoke to the hothead without turning. This seemed to piss him off. Mission accomplished. "You're the one who threw all this

crap on our beds?" I turned around and saw Mr. Cocky flanked by a cue redheaded boy and a tall dark skinned guy. "It's not just crap." I replied while brushing my hair with deliberate slow strokes. "It's your own crap." The look on his face spoke murder and I couldn't stop the laughing sound that escaped my lips. He could have scared anyone, but not a creature from hell. We were used to a lot of scary shit. "How'd you found out which stuff belonged to who?" The dark skinned boy asked. "Yeah, how did you know?" Mr. Cocky backed up. I gave them one of my famous mischievous smiles. "Magic." And retrieved a pair of All stars and pushed past him.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

"I'm Luci by the way." She gave us one of those eyeblinding smiles and left. I could feel the heat through my shirt from where she had brushed past me. Damn, the girl was hot. Not only in a sexy kind of way, it was like she was burning up under her skin. The girl was sexy as hell. Untill she opened that mouth of hers. Dustin hopped happily after her like the hyper he was. I rolled my eyes and turned

towards a grinning Jake. I raised an eyebrow at him. Jake didn't usually show much emotions. Nobody commented him about it. The harshness and coldness of his father was common knowledge. "She's gonna be trouble." He replied.

Tell me about it.

"So how come you switched schools in the middle of October?" I heard Dustin ask Luci. I heard her sigh too. "Don't bring it up. My parents thought boardingschool would learn me more sense about life and shit." Jake and I joined them in the living area. Of course she lay stretched out in my seat, her legs hanging over the armrest. Her T-shirt had risen a bit and showed a perfect flat, tanned stomac. How could a redhead have such a dark skin? "You're in my seat. " I announced. She looked up at me fromunder her lashes with the most innocent face. She was gorgeous. But she had to ruin everything by speaking. "I already thought it smelled funny." With a catlike grace she moved from my seat to Jake and curled up agianst him. Not used to human contact he grew stiff, but then she

laid her head against his shoulder and closed her eyes in absolute confidence that she was safe. I could see it got to him. Almost no one was able to relax around Jake. They were al distant because the knew his family's reputation, and his. In stunned disbelieve we saw a small smile appear on his face while he rested his head on top ot that silky red hair, that I died for to touch. Annoyed with Jake and myself, I took my seat. I was welcomed by a sweet, yet spicy aroma. I inhaled deeply, it smelled delicious. "So, how come they choose this school?" I heard Victor ask her. "Beats me." She shrugged. "Although my mother seemed rather smug about it. You don't happen to be famous for locking students in a dungeon and slowly torture them into submission? It would seem like something my mother would enjoy." We all laughed. "No, the dungeons were rebuild into an indoor gym. They still use it fore torture, though." She cracked a smile at Victor. For that alone I could have happily beated up my twin. He's way too smooth for his own good.

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

"Were can I get somthing to eat around here?" I asked. The bouncy redhead grabbed my hand and started pulling me towards the door. "I'll show you the canteen. I'm Dustin by the way." I smiled, he was kind of cute. A bit short for me, but cute. "Great, I'm starving." I threw a glance over my shoulder at the hot guy Victor. "You coming too?"

"you bet. Let me just grab my shoes." In the end they all ended up coming. The hallways were all empty. Apperently most students were already eating. I had heard of awkward, but this gave a whole new meaning to the word. We entered the canteen and everybody, and I mean everybody stared. They stared for a good whole minute before the whispering started. "You don't get a lot of new student here?" I asked. "They're surprised you're here. Usually they announce it whenever a new girl arrives." Lucas ansered me. "Why?" I asked while admiring his blond curls and adorable brown puppy eyes. Focus Luci! He shrugged. « They just do." Weird, but I was too hungry to care. Hmm, they had pizza and stuffed peppers. I joined the guys to a table in the middle of the canteen. I mean right in the middle.

Odd that it would still be free. "How much are you going to eat?" Mr. Cocky interupted my thoughts. "As much as I can." I snapped. I couldn't see how it was any of his business what I ate? Damn, that boy got under my skin. He had this arrogant air about him. Well, so had Victor, but for some reason it Victor bothered me less. "Seriously, you aren't going to throw it all up when we are not looking, are you?"

"I have a good metabolism, not bulimia. Deal with it." While eating I noticed they kept following the pathway my fork made from my plate to my mouth. "Can you stop?! Never seen a girl eat before? Demons."

"Demons?" Victor cocked his head to the side . "It's a cussword like any other." Damn, I had to start watching my words. Humans were prone to be skittish at the thought of something paranormal, like let's ay a demon. Of course Mr. Cocky had to go and get insultive. "Have you never heard of eating like this isn't ladylike? How are you planning on finding a mate when you eat like a pig?" I snorted. Ladylike, now that was something a hated as well about hell as

about heaven. In court they could make make a mountain out of a molehill when it came to ladylike manners. In hell I only did it out of respect for my dad. I wasn't going to bother here. What a hassle. "You're going to be quite a piece of work." I swallowed another bite of the best stuffed peppers I had ever eaten. "What's that supposed to mean?" I spoke deliberately with my mouth full. "You have no idea what you've gotten yourself into. This is a top school but there are always some lost causes."

"Please, I'll make it, don't you worry. The alternative is too horific."They leaned in over the table, all interested to hear more. I just ignored them. What a bunch of fishwives. "Who makes this foot? It's delicious." With that I stood up to get a refill what got me a dissaproving look from Mr. Cocky, and even Victor, Nate, Samuel. And Dustin? He hadn't striked me as an uptight snob. Samuel I could understand, he didn't look like he ate much. He was pretty skinny. Not an anorexic kind of skinny, I mean he obviously had muscles, but more in a lean atletic way. The rest of them had the build of fighters, especially Jake and Mr. Cocky. I gave a pointy look at their overfull plates.

"Hypocrites." And turned. I didn't feel like getting another plate and to get stared at some more like I was some greedy-guts. I decided to go back to the dorm and raid the kitchen in peace and quiet.

That was the plan untill some guy stopped me by harshly turning me to face him. "I was talking to you, kvenna." You have to know that I am not a ninny. I don't sit and wiggle my bu when I am told, on the contary.

"A: my name isn't Kvenna.

B: when you want my attention you ask politely," I stressed the last word. "and I'll see if I feel like answering.

And C: don't ever touch me again. Okay? Dipshit." He got a little red in his face. "You can't talk to me like that." He puffed. I looked at him disdainfully. "I can do whatever the hell I want to do. That, you magnific piece of shit, is the beauty of freedom. What I am by te way. Free that is. " I added, he didn't look like he got it because he tried to grab me again, but was stoppedby no one less than Mr. Cocky. It wasn't that he did anything special, he just stood there next to

me with his arms crossed, being his mighty arrogant self. If I were the stupid guy, who I luckily wasn't, I would have punched him wright in his arrogant face. For some reason the stupid guy bowed and turned like a dog with his tail between his legs. Did some one say weird? I mean sure, Mr. Cocky looked like he could hold himself in a fight, but to bow? "What are you?" I asked annoyed. "Promking?" He looked down at me like I was fly deflying his shit. "You're trouble." Talk about stating the obvious. "It's my middle name. How'd you knew?" He rolled his eyes at me and started walking pas me. I wasn't kidding, my middle name was vaivata, what meant trouble in Finnish. Don't ask. My mother felt the need to choose my second name. "Are you coming?" He saidwhile tapping his foot impatiently. "I don't need an escort." He raised one eyebrow, what made him look really sexy. Bad thoughts. The guy was so not sexy, I didn't like him. 'You don't have to like him to think he's hot. Even you can appreciate something this fine.' The treacherous, illogical, hormone ruled part of my brain whispered. Shut up hormones! "Yes you do."

And he started pulling me with him towards the elevator.

Chapter 5

daughter of hell 5

"Are you coming?" He saidwhile tapping his foot impatiently. "I don't need an escort." He raised one eyebrow, what made him look really sexy. Bad thoughts. The guy was so not sexy, I didn't like him. 'You don't have to like him to think he's hot. Even you can appreciate something this fine.' The treacherous, illogical, hormone ruled part of my brain whispered. Shut up hormones! "Yes you do." And he started pulling me with him towards the elevator.

"I do not appreciate you manhandeling me." I snapped when Mr. Cocky finally released my arm. I rubbed the now sore spot. That was going to leave a bruise. The guy was strong. I mean, I'm not a

creature of the Lore, who all have super natural strength, but I am part angel, part demon. I'm still supposed to be stronger than a human. "Manhandling?" He scoffed. "It is obvious that you could use an extra beating now and then. You have an attitude problem, little girl. Someone should tell your parents to teach you some obedience."

Obedience.

An extra beating.

The words rang in my head, I felt like someone was pounding with his fists on the inside of my head. I stopped it the only way I could. I grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled him down to my hight. "You listen very careful, you little piece of shit." I slowly said in a low mean voice. "You don't know anything about me, so do not pretend you do." Disgust was the only emotion showing on my face. I pushed him away. Surprised he stumbeled backward, not much though. "Now fuck off and mind your own business." I felt a familiar burn on my shoulder blade, but I was too far gone to care. Trapped in the empty, cold prison of my memories. It's been a while since I have

been this furious with an actual being. Under normal circumstances I was just angry at the world and all the crap that came along with it. Somehow I realised that he was just a stupid, cocky teenage boy, who never in his life had to deal with a problem more complicated than what hairgel to use. He probably didn't realise that some things aren't to be spoken of lightly. Words could actually hurt somebody, or in my case, trigger some very painfull memories.

"Give her another one." A cold, yet angelique voice comanded. "Are you sure mylady? She's young, she might crack. I don't think she can take another one." The engraver spoke. I felt my head being pulled up by hair, harshly I might ad. It didn't matter anymore. I was too far gone to comprehend anything that was happening to me. More pain hitting my body, wave after wave. "Are you weak, daughter?" The angelique voice asked. Again with the daughter thing, I'm sure it wouldn't kill her to actually call me by my given name. It's like she couldn't even pronounce Luci without shivering or almost choking. The grip on my hair tightent, but the pain was nothing compared to the tattoo of the angelsword they had just engraved

in my skin. I saw my mother nod at the engraver. I saw the small dager being dipped in the magical inkt, and I then remembered how just minutes before that dagger felt while slicing through my skin. "No more." I croaked. Long, graceful fingers grasped my chin, the long nails easily breaking the delicate skin of my cheeks. "You listen very carefully, daughter." She but spit in my face. "You are weak. The thick demonblood flows through your veins. Everyone can see it, we all know. YOU have to prove yourself. Not for you, but for me! I will not live with the shame you put on me. Show a little gratitude and take the weapons, the gifts we offer you. You will take the whip. I don't care that every angel only suffers one weapon, you'll take all. Be glad it are only two for tonight, because next time you'll take more. You will keep taking more untill I am satisfied and can no longer smell the disgusting fumes of hell on you." The dagger sliced my shoulder blade. I screamed. I wasn't heard. Or so I thought.

I could face anything: the dark pits off hell, a crazy man with a knife, spirits trying to escape the 'Realm of Haze', but I could not face my own memories. I could not face the scared and pathetic girl I had been.

I let myself fall in a comfy seat and hid my face in my hands. Pitiful. "Try looking at it as if it wasn't you. Pretend you are a bystander who has no personal interest in the matter at hand. Just look, and then move on." I looked up and saw the dark skinned boy, who I shared a room with, standing in front of me. I reluctantly looked up at him, straight in his eyes. They were black, pitch black, no emotion glimmered at the surface. If the eyes were windows to the soul, this tour was closed. Not that I wanted one anyway, it looked like a scary place to be. "I have no idea what you are talking about, but I'd appreciate it if you would leave me alone. Go bug Mr. Cocky." This actually brought a faint smile on his lips, but his eyes remained cold as ever. "I suppose we are talking about Seth? He can be cocky, but don't let him hear you call him that." Seth? Nice name wasted on a total jackass. "Why's that?" I defiantly asked. The smile on his face dissapeared. "Trust me, you don't want someone like Seth on your bad side." This made me raise my eyebrow at him. "I don't easily scare." He brought his face closer to mine. "Don't play tough. Tougher people than you have crossed him, and

ended up real bad. Even your pretty face won't save you once you crossed the line." I inhaled deeply, trying not to let my temper get the best of me on my first day here. I inhaled again, distracted by the iron-like smell coming of this guy's skin. "Are you a metallurgist?" I liked the smell. He smelled like an armourer, bending hot steel like he wanted it. He ignored my question. "I can see you are feeling better. Now, have you seen Seth?" This reminded me of his first words. 'Try looking at it as if it wasn't you. Pretend you are a bystander who has no personal interest in the matter at hand. Just look, and then move on.' How did he know that I had been trapped in my own reminiscences. I looked in his souless eyes. "You've seen Seth?" I cocked my head to the side. "No. You have a name, mystery guy?" He shifted uncomfortable under my gaze. "Jake." I gave him a brilliant smile. "Nice to meet you Jake." He left the dorm with a slight falter in his confident steps. I'd bet my All Stars that there was more to Jake than he let on. I always loved a good puzzle.

Switch P.O.V. (Jake)

I found him by accident on the roof. We always come here when we need a break. To get our minds sorted out. The new girl had me twisted inside out. I took a seat next to Seth, letting my legs dangle over the edge. "Why do you let that girl get under your skin this much?" I asked him. He didn't even look at me. "Why do you?" I snapped my head in his direction. "What do you mean?" He couldn't know that I found a fellow-sufferer in this screwed up world, too full with expectations. "You don't like people getting close to you. Yet you let her curl up against you in a seat." He reminded me of the first hour I met Luci. Had it only been a couple of hours that I knew her. It felt more like years. I shrugged. "I don't know, man. I can't see her as a threat." Seth chuckled. "With me it's like every word she says, is calculated to insult me." I rested my head against the side of the wall. "Yeah, I was planning on asking you about that. Why do you put up with her insults? That's not your style, man."

"Tell me about it." He muttered. "She got me twisted inside out. I'm not sure or I like, but I don't hate her either." Seemed like I wasn't the only one affected by that brilliant smile, and sparkeling green eyes. "I'm

going to the smithy." I announced. I could feel Seth looking up at me strangely. I hadn't been there in a long time. "You're sure you're up to it." I wasn't sure of anything anymore.

Chapter 6

daughter of hell 6

This is to remind you why Luci is now in the bathroom after her fight with Seth.

("You don't know anything about me, so do not pretend you do." Disgust was the only emotion showing on my face. I pushed him away. Surprised he stumbeled backward, not much though. "Now fuck off and mind your own business." I felt a familiar burn on my shoulder blade, but I was too far gone to care.)

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

I turned the key so nobody could enter the bathroom. I dreaded pulling off my T-shirt and seeing... Bile rose

in my throat thinking of it. I still needed to be sure. The burning had dissapeared, but that didn't mean anything. It always burned in the beginning, but the scars stayed visible for a good day. Demons, I hated this part of my life. It was foolish to think I had left it all behind. My T-shirt fell to the ground, slowly I turned around and looked over my shoulder in the mirror. I gasped and felt my knees buckle. You could clearly see the outlines of a thin whip, three thin strings with great skill intertwined. The strings were threaded of silver thread, embroiled with miniscule pieces of gold. The thin scars started at my upper shoulder blade and bended gracefully down at the base of my back, where it circeled my waist two times before stopping right above my hipbone. It was distatesful. And it hurted like shit. Every time the tatoos came to life, it felt like my skin was being split open. And materializing the weapons caused me even more pain. A normal angel only got one weapon tatoed on his or her skin, by birthright. They received their heritage after long excessive training. I don't even know how my mother got away with giving me thirteen different weapons. It was dangerous and not

done for a reason. An angel called upon his weapons when strong emotion, or feelings of threat were experienced. Imagine the pain when the lenght of your entire leg is being split open to materialize a sword from it. That has got to hurt, right? Now, imagine that happening on thirteen places at once. I can tell, you'll wish you weren't immortal and able to die. I hated my life back then, I was pushed past my limits every day, and always looked at like I was vermin, ready to be exterminated (without Arnold Schwarzenegger). Back then I was more dead than alive on the inside. On the outside I healed, even the scars went away at night, even if it was to appear again at my moringbreakdown. I had been working on mastering the art of Erato when I found my salvation. Of all the places where people find liberation, I found it at the backshelf, completly forgotten under a huge pile of dust, at the libary.

(flashback)

'Erato is the Muse of lyric poetry. Her name means 'desired' or 'lovely', being derived from the same root as Eros.'

Eros, symbol of love. Love was the thing I heard about every fucking day of my life. I had swallowed so much of it with a golden spoon, that one more bite, was going to make me barf. I had yet to expierence this fable. Unconditional love was what you saw in fairy tales, and everyone knew fairies didn't exist. But this book was something different, it wasn't filled with the usual crap about 'love will find a way', 't is love that makes the world go round',... Fantasies, that is all there is to love. Hoping, dreaming and everything that comes with it, it had only brought me disappointment. But this book was different.

'Eros, third son of Chaos, born without intercourse.'

I had to laugh at that. Come on, the god of love, born without doing the actual deed?

'Brother of Erebus, god of deep Darkness.'

I suspiciously looked around, I was pretty sure this was a forbidden book. I didn't know how it had survived the great 'cleaning' fire of all dark books, but I was happy for it. They could pretend all they

wanted, that darkness didn't exist, but it did. Demons were real, I was the living prove ot that.

'Erebus married Nyx, the godess of Night and creator of the night children. Nyx gave birth to nine children, one of them Hemera, godess of the Day and Cer, godess of Death.

Most mortals who died will find their final resting place in the Plain of Asphodel, which was part of the Erebus region. The shades that dwelled there have no memories of their former lives. The place was gray and gloomy, but the shades who populated this region will experience neither joy, nor sorrow. Others, who led a wicked life, were sent down to Tartarus and punished for their crime or sin. Tartarus was also a part of the Erebus region.

But with the fall of the Greek gods, the Christian believe arose. The Greek gods became wary of the moral games and lifes. It was time to give up their reign and retire to Olympos.

But the Christian God granted forgiveness and a place in heaven to all. There was no place for punishment and sin any longer. Erebus could not see

his once so fine realm go to waste. He chose a mortal, corupted his soul, and gave him the power of a god. Erebus' children, Thantos, god of Death, Nemessis, godess of Revenge, and Oneroi, god of Dreams added to his power. It would be the former mortal's job to corupt souls and receive these corupted, sinful souls. He was to punish them, torture them untill they forgot their own name, and reward them with immortality when their souls had turned black and rotten. The demon race was born.'

I could not believe this book, it actually explained the uprise of the demon race. One of them had to be my father. I didn't care how corrupted, black or rotten his soul was. He could never be worse than that woman, who called herself my mother. Maeby I should also have been born without intercourse like Eros. He did not know how lucky he was not knowing his mother. Or actually having one. Then I read something that would make the search for my father so much easier.

'The chosen mortal, called Satan, will have to keep corrupting souls or his empire will fade, for a demon

will not be able to reproduce. Only Satan will have the power to choose if he will be bothered with an offspring or not.'

No shit! My frigid mother did it with Satan? The lord of blackness? This is so freaking unbelievable. I was never going to let her live this down. I read some more. Yadi, Yadi, Yada. Bla, bla, boring demonstuff, bla, got it! My oneway ticket out of here.

'For he who has the courage to face Satan in hell,

on his own accord,

and he who will remember his own name,

will join his reign,

without the pain.

Now read these words below.'

Wow, it was all poem. I already went through hell. Nothing could be worse than staying here.

"In the depth of the night,

in the shadows they creep,

their deep crimson eyes

and their victims, who weep.

Temptation and desire

lead me to Hell's fire."

Catchy, don't you think?

It smelled burned in here. I looked down and... I was on fire! O, shit. I was on fucking fire. Why do I never think before acting? Before I knew it I was coffing on sulphureous fumes. I inhaled deeply, trying to get in some more air and I noticed that the fumes weren't so bad. They were actually quite comforting, I could feel my demonic blood humming in content. "Foolish girl." A dark voice boomed. "What is your name?" I turned around to a man with dark red hair, like mine, sitting on an eleagant golden trone decorated with rubies and black onyx. I looked away from the courtdemons, who were all lurking from the shadows with their creepy crimson eyes. I straightened my back and raised my chin. With the proudest voice I could muster, I spoke. "My name is Lucifer. I am your daughter." You could hear a pin drop. Than Satan started laughing, was he supposed to do that? He was supposed to be the ultimate evil,

right? Ultimate evil doesn't laugh. I stood there while he kept laughing. Finally he brushed away the laughingtears and rose from his chair. Before I knew what was happening he had embraced me in a tight bear hug. Was this the way they tortured you in hell? I don't know why everyone feared Satan, he was like a big teddy. I was starting to get a little bit short on oxygen. "Can't. Breath." I gasped. With a smile he released me, but kept his hands on my shoulders. "Well, Lucifer. It took you long enough to find my book."

"Your book?" I asked confused. "How do you think a demonbook got in the libary of heaven? Your mother sure as hell wouldn't have put it there." This was all very confusing. "Why would you have done that?" A tender smile spread over his face. "It was the only way I could get my daughter here with me. I couldn't enter heaven, she would have never let me take you with me. You wouldn't have come, either. You didn't know about your father. I am glad she finally gave you a choice. Even if she gave it you two years too late."

"What do you mean with a choice?"

"The living can only enter hell on their own accord. Your mother was supposed to explain to you about me when you turned twelve. She didn't obviously." The horridness cow! "I found this book by accident. I've never knew you were my father up till twenty minutes ago. I was never given a choice." His blue eyes turned dark silver and his read hair seemed to come allive, like little curled flames likking his face. I could see why my father was Satan, lord of the underworld. "She took my daughter from me when I had barely named you, and then she didn't live up to the agreement of keeping you for twelve years!" Smoke and little fires bounced from his fingertips. I was starting to feel threatent by his anger. The familiar pain on all thirteen places started. I screamed and my father saved me.'

(end of flashback)

Chapter 7

daughter of hell 7

P.O.V. (still Luci)

I touched the elegant, oldfashioned ring on my hand. It was made out of silver with an oval onyx stone in it. The gemstone was supposed to stimulate concentration, help you to control your emotions, feelings and passion. When my dad found out what my mother had done, he searched for a way to restrain the angelweapons. You couldn't undo them, but with the onyx ring repressing the urges to draw my angelweapons became easier. I softly rubbed the stone. Why did it slip? How was it possible that the tattoos resurfaced without much warning? Since my dad had given me the ring, I hadn't used my abilties

'gifted' by the angels. This was not good. "Hey I got to pee! Open up!"

Switch P.O.V. (Lucas)

"Hey I got to pee! Open up!" Fuck I hadn't realised that living with a girl cutted in our bathroomtime. I pounded louder on the door in the hope she'd get annoyed and got out quicker. Seemed liked it worked. The door flew open so rapidly that I almost fell in. "Patience is considered to be a virtue. Did you knew that?" Man, this girl could be as arrogant as Seth. Never thought I would live to see that day. I had thought it to be impossible. "Have you ever heard of make a virtue of necessity?" She frowned at that. "You lost me there pretty boy." I smirked. "It's Lucas, remember? And a full bladder goes ahead of patience. Thanks sweetie." I returned the compiment.

When I returned she was sitting in Seth's chair, again. Man, he was going to throw a fit if he saw her sitting there. "I wouldn't sit there if I were you." I informed her. She didn't seem to have heard me. "Hellooooooooooooo, anybody at home?" Still no reaction. What was she feeling? It tried sensing her,

but I ended up total blank. What the hell? How could someone not feel anything? I wasn't great at sensing feeling, I only felt the strong ones but she looked so deep in thought and I wasn't even getting a small vibe, a humming sensation that she actually had emotions. And it was obvious she had them, her expressive green eyes were the windows to her thougts. She looked strangely unsetteled, like out of balance. I scrutinized her more closely. That's when I noticed the onyx ring on her finger. The golden glint in it told me it was spelled to keep her emotions under control. This was so odd. First of all, why would she need to hide her emotions? And second, but not less important, how did a human came in possession of a spelled gem? Maeby she didn't realise she had a spelled objecte in possession. Time to find out. "That's an interesting ring you're wearing. Looks antique." She looked up at me with tired eyes. "It is. My father bought it as an engagement ring in his younger days." It couldn't be that old than. "Where did he got it from?" She looked me over suspicously, I suppose I looked to eager. "Why does a guy care about an old piece of jewellery? Are you gay?" That

question thew me off guard. "No. Do I look gay?" Apparently that was the wrong question to ask. She raised an eyebrow as if asking me: 'do you really want that question answered?' She yawned overexaggerated. "I"m tired. It's been a long day for me and I want to be fresh and lively for my first day of school tomorrow." She pecked my cheeck and left.

Switch P.O.V. (Nate)

"She did what?!" I covered my ears in a weak attempt to save my eardrums. Damn, Seth was loud. I loved the guy like a brother and respected him for the prince he was, but damn again, he had the drama tendencies of a preppy girl. "Dude, no reason to get al worked up. It was just a peck on the cheeck. I don't know why you even care." Lucas defended himself. "I just do, okay." Seth sulked. "The answer of a true king, Seth. You'll make a fine sovereign one day." Victor mocked him. "Why do you want half the court dead, my lord?

'I just do.'" Victor mimicked his brother. "Shut up, vic! You aren't as cute as you think you are." Victor just laughed. "You're my identical twin, bro. Same goes

for you then." Seth was visibly losing his temper. He was more on edge than usual. I knew that I shouldn't be doing this, but it was just so much fun to see Seth lose it. "What got your panties in a twist, my liege?" The look on his face made me feel lucky he counted me to his friends, cause it I weren't I'd be dead by now. We might mock him with his short temper, but we all knew Seth would make a great king. With people who deserved his respect he could have the patience of a saint, his friends could always count on him, and he didn't often let his personal dislike cloud his desicions. So he had a short fuse? It was fun rile him. "Not what, Nate. It's who?" Dustin threw in. I clapped my hands, marvellous. "I bed you 20 bucks that it's the new girl. Luci." What can I say, I loved bets. "Can you guys give it a rest?" Seth exclaimed. "I just had a rough day. Drop it already, will ya."

"I heard he staked his claim on her against Michael." Samuel informed us. Vic turned to him sharply like a worried mother dug. "Heard or saw?" Samuel hated people making a fuss about him. "Heard." Time to break up this fight. We all knew Sam didn't like talking about his visions, he saw it as a curse.

"Dude, are you sure that was a good idea. If you find your mate and she hears you already claimed someone else..."

"I didn't claim her!" Seth sounded exasperated. "She's new, by the godess. I don't think she knows why she is here. She doesn't understand the temptation she radiates." Yeah, right. A girl like Luci knew exactly her assest. She looked like a girl who would use all her qualities to her advantage. "Keep telling yourself that. You want her, and you know it." He opened his mouth to sputter a denial, but I raised my hand. "Save it bro. You might not realise it, but that doesn't make it less true." I frowned. "Just be careful. Don't commit to anything. You'll need to wait for your mate or you'll lose your one shot at immortality. We can't lose or future king, Seth." I could see we were getting on his nerves. I could only imagine the pressure that was putted on his shoulders. I was only the treasurekeeper's son. Me and my familly were lower nobility, and I was gratefull for that every single day of my life. I only had to look at the pressure people were putting on Seth, Vic and Jake. Especially Jake, poor Jake. Yes, my parents expected me to finally

grow up and become more responsible, but they loved me, no matter what. With Jake, it was just sad. No matter how hard he tried to please his father, he was never satisfied. The general always saw a reason to find Jake lacking as a son, a warrior, a student, and so on.

"I'm going to hit the sack." Seth announced. "And I do not need your pitty, Nate." He added in a cold voice. Damn, I really needed to get my facial expressions more composed.

I left the bathroom as last, call me vain, when I saw Seth standing in front of his bed with a wistful expression on his face. That's when I noticed he wasn't staring at his bed, but ad the bed above his. Luci's bed. I groaned inwardly, this didn't predict much good.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

She looked like an angel while sleeping. One hand curled under her cheek, a small smile on her face. A red strand of hair had wandered over her face. Before I knew what I was doing, I had already brushed it behind her ear. Her hair was so silky soft.

She curled her lips in a menacing way, as if saying 'back off buddy'. I softly laughed at that. So far for her being an angel. I saw her chest rise with regular breaths, but her heartbeat was so slow, too slow to be healthy. I shook her awake by her sholders, her eyes snapped open and her hand shot out. If it weren't for my fast reflexes, she would have bitchslapped me in the face. "Hey, watch were you swing those claws." I complained. She glowered at me with the meanest looking face I had ever seen. If I had been human right then, I would have cowered. But I wasn't one, on the contrary, I was the most dangerous predator in this school. An angry human girl wasn't going to throw me of balance. Besides, now I was sure she was alive, such a slow heartbeat wasn't normal. "What the fuck was that for?" She yelled. I could hear the sleepy complaints of the already sleeping Jake and Dustin. "Oh good you're still with the living. I thought you went into a coma or something. Must have been the drooling that gave me the wrong impression." Her eyes flashed to an even more brilliant green, if that were even possible. "I do not drool." She hissed. "Yes, you do, honey. Having a nice

dream of me?" The stunned look on her face was priceless. "Don't be embaressed. Lot's of girls do." Very satisfised with myself I went to bed. I could hear her muffled sreams of exasperation.

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

"Aaaa

for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. You messed with me and I retaliated twice as hard.

Chapter 8

daughter of hell 8

I keep getting ideas to give major twists in the story but I have to work up to it a little longer or you'll all get in the turmoil of my fantasy. So bear with the other stuff for a bit longer, it will get more interesting. :D

You messed with me and I retaliated twice as hard.

P.OV. (Luci)

It was eight in the morning when all the guys finally stumbled out of the bedroom with the cutest sleepy heads I had ever seen. "Good morning sunshines!

Isn't it the most wonderfull day ever?" I greeted them. They just grunted, with what I could usually sympatize if some irratating jackass hadn't woken me up in the middle of the night. Jee, guess who I'm talking about. Okay, Mr Cocky. It was one point on him, but I was planning on getting even real soon. "Your laugh is scaring Dustin, honey."

"Honey?" I turned my murderous gaze on Mr. Cocky. I hated petnames. "Honey is a sweet yellowish or brownish viscid fluid produced by various bees from the nectar of flowers and used as food. Do I look like a yellowish fluid, to you?" I asked in an icy voice. He shrugged. "It's too early in the morning to recite a dictionary."

"Witty comeback." I sneered. "Aren't you snappy in the morning." He mumbled, I still heard him. "I wouldn't be snappy if a certain asshole hadn't woken me up while I was fast asleep. So shut up and eat the egg I coocked for you as a peace offering. If this is what I get for trying to be nice, I won't bother in the future." I smoothly said. "They're kind of hard boiled, I forgot to turn of the baking sheet." He opened his

mounth to complain but I cut him off real quick. "And I don't want to hear any complaint. I've been slaving in this damn kitchen for hours, just to make you breakfast." I exaggerated a little. Okay, maybe it was an outright lie, sue me. "The only time I want to see that mouth of yours open is to shoff foot in it." I said while pointing a wooden spoon at him. They all sat down ungracefully, muttering that they didn't know why I even bothered to coock since they could all eat at the snack bar downstairs. It was what they always did and blablabla. "I can hear you nagging." Out of the corner of my eye I saw Mr. Cocky smash his spoon on his egg real hard in annoyance. "Or were they soft boiled?" I added in an afterthought. Egg yolk was spattered all over his face. It was hilarious. I laughed my ass of, while he was sitting there, dumbstruck as if he didn't got what had happened. I walked over to right beside him and whipped clean a small part of his cheek with a kitchentowell and kissed that yolkfree spot. "Don't play games with the big people if you can't handle it." I whispered in his ear. This seemed to snap him out of his trance. He started yelling, but I had already grabbed my

bookback and closed the door securely after me. Oh, that boy didn't know what was going to hit him. I was going to make his life a living hell. . I snickered at myself. Ah, the sweet irony of that statement never got bored. For I was indeed the living representative of Hell.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

She was going to pay for this. I was still in the bathroom trying to get the yolk out of my hair, it was disgusting. Oh, how that girl tricked me into believing she felt remorse. How gullible was I? She wanted to play? I'd give her bittersweet taste of her own games.

Damn, I was late for class. Well, it wasn't as if I was going to get in trouble for something this minor. A king could never be late, everyone else was just early. So, I technically wasn't a king yet. I was still a part of the royal familly. I entered class late, but clean. Thank the godess I had a spare uniform. "Somebody is late." A very familiar and annoying voice sang softly. "Can we see your hall pass, dear boy?" The annoying voice continued. I stared at her with eyes I

could only imagine spoke of retribution. "That will be enough miss Santanini." Mr. Coll spoke in my defense. "I could still change my mind about detention for not wearing the proper schooluniform." That's when I noticed what she was wearing, or rather what she was not wearing. She was wearing the bleu blazer with the schoolemblem on it and various other symbols stiched on it. I recognised one as the devilsymbol. Her white blouse was decorated by a black silk ribbon sewed through the fabric at waistheight, so it was pulled thight over her breasts. As if she wasn't the pure picture of temptation already she had reduced the elegant schoolskirt that gracefully was supposed to fall under the knee, to a miniskirt, decorated with a red pattern. She looked stunning. "Teacher's pet." She muttered. "I heard that miss Santanini. Detention after school, I'll be suspecting you." I grinned a develish smile. She wouldn't have gotten detention if she had pulled that of with anybody who wasn't me. Being a prince had his advantage. "Strike two, honey. You're getting behind." I whispered while passing her. I took my seat and leaned back. I wasn't done with the bitch

yet. "Mr. Coll?" The teacher looked up at me and smiled encouraging. "Aren't the schooluniforms the pride of our school? And shouldn't carrying them express our respect and sense of honour for this school?" Mr. Coll looked confused, like he didn't understood to were I was going. "I think I'm not the only one who thinks one hour of detention is quite lax." Like she'd been stung Luci turned around in her chair to stare at me. The look she gave me spoke of murder if I continued my little scheme. "How about a week? I'm sure that's more agreeing." Mr. Coll adjusted his glaces, he was nervous. "Indeed, it is. Miss Satanini, that will be one week of detention for you." She didn't even spare Mr. Coll a glance. 'I hate you.' She mouthed. I smiled. "I love you too." I mouthed back. She flipped me off and I suppressed my laughter.

When class was over she followed me, as I suspected. She was fighter, I would have been dissapointed if she had let it go. She yanked me back by my backpack. "That was completely uncalled for, you vile piece of shit." She hissed like a stickleback ready to explode. A very cute stickleback, I might add. The

rosy colour of her cheeks and the brilliant, angry glint in her eyes became her. So I told her. "You're cute when you're angry, honey. A real treat to the eye." I said in a lazy voice. The effect it had on her was worth the effort. She truly had the temperament of a redhead. "You're such a wuss that you let teachers fight your battles?" She asked me in an angry voice. "I don't need anyone to handle my affaires." I spoke calmly. I could see she had expected an outburst from me. "Unless I find the subject not worthy of my time, ofcourse." If she could have spat fire at the time, I'm sure she would have. She poked a finger in my face. "Don't you think you've won, pretty boy. This isn't over." I stared at her ass, while she walked away from me with such elegance, her long legs emphasized by her short skirt.

Switch P.O.V. (Samuel)

"Oh that boy got me so fucking mad. I'll fucking show him." I heard a fuming redhead mutter to herself while she stalked the hallway. She could be quite entertaining. She had arrived here yesterday, and was already the talk of the school. Every guy wanted

to 'do' her and all the girls hated her. I had to give it to her, the girl had spunk. She met Seth right to the face without flinching. Not a lot of people could pull that off and live to tell about it. I knew I had only met her yesterday, but I liked having her around. For some reason she eased my mind of all my troubles. My head felt more clear than it had in years, maybe even in forever. Those visions I got, pained me and drove me mad. That was my biggest fear, that one day I wouldn't be able to distinguish reality from the possible future. All my life I thought I was crazy, to find out I was special, gifted they called it. It was a curse but my familly revelled in it. My gift was their ticket to court. They had never been satisfied with the role they played as lower nobility, but with my 'gift' I was asked to stay close to the royal familly. My familly, who cared o so much about me, couldn't possibly let me go alone. Their heaven was my hell. I feared I wasn't strong enough to see everything. I had already seen too much for my young age. But when Luci was around, I saw nothing, just this great emptiness, blackness, nothingness. It was amazing to finally be able to dream and knowing that it was just

a dream, not a dreadful reality, waiting to come true. She looked at me weirdly, she probably thought I was some fool with my skinny built and constant frown. "You know where I can make some photocopies?" I knew she was up to something. She glowed with mischief. "Yeah, just sneak by Mrs. O'Toel and copy under her code. It's 1230. She's half blind, she'll never know." She gave me a curious look as if asking herself if I was setting her up. "Thanks, I guess." She than gave me a wonderful smile that warmed me to the pit of my stomac. "Be ready for some fireworks." And gone she was. Strange girl.

Chapter 9

daughter of hell 9

I worked on this at six in the morning before I had to leave for school. Hope you like it:D

P.O.V. (Samuel)

"You know where I can make some photocopies?" I knew she was up to something. She glowed with mischief. "Yeah, just sneak by Mrs. O'Toel and copy under her code. It's 1230. She's half blind, she'll never know." She gave me a curious look as if asking herself if I was setting her up. "Thanks, I guess." She than gave me a wonderful smile that warmed me to the pit of my stomac. "Be ready for some fireworks." And gone she was. Strange girl.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

When it was time for lunch I noticed a lot of people staring at me, what normally wouldn't bother me, I was used to it. What I wasn't used to were the random snickers they couldn't conceal. What was up with everybody today? As I took my seat with my friends in the middle of the cafetaria, I saw Luci was nowhere to be seen. Damn, she probably was still mad at me for getting her a week of detention. "You think she's still sulking somewhere, refusing to sit with me?"

"Who is?" Nate asked with his mouth full. Vic slapped his shoulder playfully. "Like you don't know. Oh where could our little princess be?" The little jab wasn't lost to me. Why did everyone think I claimed her as my mate? I prided myself in thinking I had better taste than that, I just enjoyed teasing her. "She doesn't strike me as the sulking kind of girl. I bet she's to busy planning ways to get back at you." Jake replied. Now there's a scary thought. "Nah." The annoying noise came from noone less but my twin. Funny how he could irritate me by little more than

one word. I suppose that's what familly was for. "She's probably in the janitor's closet being felt up by some guy. You've seen they all kept staring at her?" That possibility had me forming fists real tight. With a loud pop the fork I was holding broke in two. Without any announcement a body let herself fall in the chair next to Jake and Dustin. "What's up?" I looked suspiciously at her face, she looked strangely pleased with herself. Very satisfied. "The question is what have you been doing?" Even to my own ears the jealous undercurrent wasn't missed. "Don't worry, baby." She patted my knee patronizing. At least I think that's what the gesture was supposed to, but any touch from her, it didn't matter how small, setted my blood afire. She felt zo warm, there you had that amazing sent again; sweet, yet spicy. "I have to play with the other children to, but you're my favorite." She gave me her most innocent face, damn that girl got me all twisted. "How friendly are we talking?" She made a funny face. "What's that supposed to mean?" I was about to give her a snide remark back when Diana interupted us. Why couldn't she leave me alone, I wasn't interested in a porcelain doll with

bitchy tendencies. She sat on my lap and locked her arm around my neck, while batting her fake eyelashes at me. What the hell?

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

I was about to take a bite to eat when some random hoocker threw herself in Mr. Cocky's lap. Could anyone say gross? She was practically giving him a lapdance. "Do you mind?"

"What you want us to do, Honey? Get to it in my room?"

"I'd rather you didn't, I don't feel like desinfecting the entire room. But thanks for asking." Not, you stupid loser. I gave them both a disgusting look. "I am trying to eat and you're making it awfully hard by working on my gagreflex." The girl looked at me like I was a cockroach who needed instant extermintating. "Your queasiness isn't the least of my problems. And looking at your outfit, it shouldn't be yours either. Really girl, this isn't a dressparty. The strumpet look isn't what it used to be." The nerve the little tramp had! I mean here she was, almost shagging a guy in the middle of the cafetaria and she dared lecture me

about my clothing? Of all thing? This school was twisted, and its students even more. Then all the guys started laughing. Yes, even Samuel and Jake. I whipped my head around to give it to them for laughing at me, when I saw what they were holding. My freshly printed flyers. A self-satisfied smile played across my face. "What's so funny?" Mr. Cocky asked while pushing the tramp off his lap. She threw me a dirty face at his dismisall. Like I had something to with it. Didn't anyone ever told the girl that by doing everything male, she lost a bit of her attraction. No one wanted prematurely used goods. All of the sudden I was snacked by my jacket right in the face of Mr. Cocky. He looked furious. "What got your panties in a twist?" He shoved a piece of paper in my hands. "Maybe this can refreshen your memory?" I looked down at the flyer and smiled. Oh, that's why. The paper read:

'Roommate missing.

Report at room 666 when seeing Mr. Cocky.

Reward for his safe return: a dollar.'

Under the text a picture was displayed of Mr. Cocky splashed over with egg yolk.

I grinned at him. "I don't know why you're so upset. It's a great picture, you look real natural on it. It's a good change from your usual 'I've got something shoved up arse' look. His face spoke of murder and I did the smartest thing anyone could have done in this situation: I ran.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

I don't think I had ever seen someone ran that fast as Luci, being smart for once. I was planning on going after her, but was stopped by a skinny, white, small hand. Elizabeth. I groaned inwardly. I didn't need their usual lickspittle ways. "Oh, Seth." She coed. I suppressed a shudder. What had I ever seen in her? The girl had no backbone, or even her own oppion. I still remembered when dating her I would ask her what movie she liked. She'd replie with: 'What movie do you like, my prince?' I'd say a movie and she would squeal, delighted that I talked to her. 'O goody, that's my favorite.' It would never stop. I didn't get it, why couldn't I find the right girl for me. I wanted to

find my mate and be able to feel something more in this life. No mate of mine would be a humble, meek dollface. My mate would be strong and oppinioned, someone who could hold herself in a fight. I wanted an equal, not some ninny that was trained here to serve my every whim. A tanned hand flashed before my eyes and snagged Luci's backpack away. I gripped the atletic arm and pulled the girl closer. "Couldn't stay away from me?" I smiled, while burying my nose in her luscious hair. That smell was driving me insane. A small fist conected with my stomac and I gasped for air. "Don't ever do that again, Mr Cocky. Understood?" With those words she reminded me again of what she was. As spoiled brat, who got her way too often. Well, no more. "Coming back for saving your backpack was a stupid move, honey." I emphatized that last word. I knew how much she hated it. "You hold your life in that little regard?" Others would have backed off by now, fearing me and sucking up to me, trying to get back in my grace. I couldn't expect such a simple thing from Luci, now could I? "No I just think you're all talk and no action." She replied. If she were a guy I would have smacked

of that grin of her face a long time ago. The bell rang, telling us lunchtime was over. "Come on." Elizabeth said, while trying to pull Luci with her. She didn't move an inch. "Come on what?" Elizabeth sighted. "We don't want to be late for class, miss Andersons is going to show us how to elantly walk with a teaplatter in our hands." She clapped her hands excitedly. The look on Luci's face told you the exact opposid. "Why don't you rush ahead and I'll catch up with you." Elizabeth didn't look like she wanted to leave her alone with me, but left at me nodding at her. "Like never." Luci finished her sentence. "You should go to class." I told her severely. "You'll never be wanted as someone's mate if you don't go to your ordered classes. Who knows, maybe you could learn something."

"Again with the mate crap again. What is wrong with you? Do I look like a breedmare to you?" Before I could say anything, she went on. "I don't think so. And I am going to my ordered classes. I have swordfighting right now. How cool is this school, you actually have swordfighting." Huh? "You can't have

swordfighting. Girls don't need to learn how to fight. You need to go to your other class."

"Like hell. I got swordfighting and there's no way in Hell, that I'm passing that up for whatever snobclass little miss stuckup is in. I don't have an other class, dumbass. So get your prehestoric mind out of the gutter and show me where I need to be." Why did she always wanted to have the last word? "Battle-ax." I muttered.

(next chapter on the next page,

it's there, don't worry :-P)

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Chapter 3

Switch P.O.V. (Jake)

We all were doing the warming-up when Seth barged in, very pissed off. I couldn't blame him, but nevertheless a snicker escaped my mouth. What brought Seth's glare on me. "Don't you even dare laugh, Jake." I successfulfy suppressed my laughter and tried to keep a straight face. "You do know the only reason you're laughing at this is because SHE is the one who played this prank on me. If it were anyone else you'd be there right by my side to hunt down and beat the crap out of the culprit. You like her, don't you?" He made it sound like an accusation. Of course I liked her, she had a way about her that drew you in. "Why aren't you hunting her down? I know for a fact you let her off the hook, real easy." This seemed to put him out of it. He turned around an started lacing up his leather shin- and armpads. I gasped in amazement. Entering the room was Luci, dressed up to fight. She was wearing a far more

beautifull battle dress than ours. She was a vision of a myth, long forgotten. She wore a red with golden skirt, with dark blue shinpads covering her shins till knees, even darker blue armpads, a really tight white shirt with a leather corset over it. Around a thiny waist hung a silver belt decorated with sapphire, an elegant sword with a sapphire in the hilt. The sapphires caught the light and gave of the most amzing colour blue I had ever seen. She was a vision. A very pissed of vision, she did not seem happy to be here. Seth had alreday advanced on her. "I thought you wanted to be here?" He sneered. The sneer put her immediately in fighters pose. "I did." Than she noticed his eyes staring at her almost bare legs and very prominent chest. She snapped her fingers a couple of times in front of his wandering eyes. "That ain't my face, babe." A seductive glint came into his eyes. Even I noticed from where I was standing. I was his best friend and I knew the look on his face when he wanted something. Didn't matter what or at what cost. A small twinge of jealousy, that I wasn't ready to examine, tingeled in the back of my head. I saw the

teacher move in on the two, probably wondering why there was a 'marked one' in his class.

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

I had just entered the room and Mr. Cocky was already stalking towards me. I did not need this right now. I knew my mother had arranged for me to be in this class. How I knew? The fighter dress I was wearing was the typical guardian angel weapon dress. I had always hated it. Why for demons sake would anyone want to fight in a miniskirt? I already knew the answer for that, but that didn't meant I liked it. I had my sword and a lot of knives stocked in my legs. When putting on my angelsgear the swordtattoo had immediately began to show, and I knew it would keep burning untill I retrieved the sword. I should be glad that the sword was the only thing that had burned itself to surface. So yes, having a fuckig sword ripped through your skin, was bound to put me on edge. I did not want to deal with Mr. Cocky, but when was the last time somebody had bothered to care what I thought. "I thought you wanted to be here?" He sneered.

"I did." Than I noticed his eyes staring at my almost bare legs and chest. I snapped my fingers a couple of times in front of his wandering eyes. "That ain't my face, babe." And damn the boy for having the cutes smile ever. "I know," he replied. "but they sure are a lot nicer to look at." He did not just say that! Before more obscentities could come out of his mouth, I drew my sword and charged.

Chapter 10

daughter of hell 10

P.O.V. (Luci)

Than I noticed his eyes staring at my almost bare legs and chest. I snapped my fingers a couple of times in front of his wandering eyes. "That ain't my face, babe." And damn the boy for having the cutes smile ever. "I know," he replied. "but they sure are a lot nicer to look at." He did not just say that! Before more obscentities could come out of his mouth, I drew my sword and charged.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

She actually attacked me. She went straight for the left side below the belt, one of the areas we had

learned to aim at in combat. She wasn't kidding when she had shown up with that weird sword of hers. She was quick, and if I had been human, my reflexes wouldn't have been fast enough to save me from ending up as sisch kebab on an angry girl's sharp stick. But I wasn't human and managed warding of her strike. I hadn't anticipated she would keep on going. With an 'disengage under' she would have scarred me if Mr. Einrich, our swordmaster, hadn't stopped the blow. "An Durchführen exceptional precise performed, but if you lead your point under your opponent's sword to thrust at the opening on the other side, you have to make sure both of you are in close-combat. If Sethan had taken your attack seriously you wouldn't have come out of the fight unharmed." Luci's chin faced up defiantly. "I knew he wouldn't take me seriously. That's how this whole fight started in the first place. Because he's such an overly self-assertive scumback." Mr. Einrich frowned, probably sharing my comment about her not knowing her place. "She doesn't know her place, Mr. Einrich. She never does, she shouldn't be here." Mr. Einrich placed his frown upon me.

"Underestimating your opponent is a stupid move Sethan. It could get yourself and others killed. You have much to learn. Both of you." He added when he saw Luci making a mocking face at me. She's such a child. "Maybe that's something to think about in detention. Now both of you get out of my class and don't come back when you are responsible enough to fight with a rebated sword. I could get you both expelled for fighting with a sword that hasn't had its pint and edge blunted! You like showing of you fancy swords? I don't want to see them in class anymore untill you grow some sense." Mr. Einrich was an old friend off my father and had never felt like watching his words with the future king, that means me. Normally I enjoyed the equal treatement, but not when it got me into detention with little miss knows it all. "But she attacked me with that ridiculous sword of hers!" I exclaimed. "It's not a ridiculous sword, asshole." She went into defensemode. "It's a Bastard Sword. It's an advanced type of sword of the Longsword. You know like the one you're holding."

"I know all about swords, Bastard Swords inculuded and that ain't a normal one!" I yelled, scorned in my

pride. "Of course it isn't normal! All angelswords are unique to the person who handles it!" She clasped her mouth shut as if saying something she shouldn't have said. "I've never heard of an angelsword." I scoffed. "Is this some girly fantasy?" She looked ready to attack me again. "Enough!" Mr. Einrich yelled. "Out! Both of you!" We made a quick exit. I was so dead if my dad found out about this.

"I can't believe you got me into detention." I yelled at her when we closed the door. "I can still hear you!" We heard Mr. Einrich boom through the door. The smirk on her face wasn't to be missed. "I thought you were the teacher's pet and couldn't get detention. Sucks to be one of the normal one's, huh?"

"You are the spawn of the devil! You're impossible." She gave me a crooked grin, and damn the girl for looking so damn sexy. "Took you long enough to figure that one out. But I suppose we aren't on the same wavelength here. So do you mean like the devil's spawn as in someone who is pure evil and does evil things without reason. Or do you mean as in the child of someone who is viewed as evil, or a

no-do-gooder. You know like when you get the wrong impression that the child is evil or bad as well. Which one do you mean?" Godess, she couldn't be serious for even one second. "Normally I'm a huge supporter of the nature - nurture debate, but for you I'll make an exception. In your case we can't all blame it on the parents."

"Wanna bet?" I thought I heard her mutter. "So I'm going for the person is pure evil out of her own free will." If I thought I had shut her up, I was sadly mistaken. "But what is free will? Are you sure we have it, and that it isn't all an illusion?" Ahhhhhhh. That was it! I was so out of here. I needed to get away from her, before I did something stupid like strangle her to dead or worse, kiss her senseless. That would be bad, very bad. With those thoughts in mind I stalked off.

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

I might have pushed him a bit too far, but damn him. Like I needed more detention. Stupid human schoolsystem, like I didn't had enough to do without this crap. I mean try following math without ever in

your life learning more than the basics. This sucked. I could keep up with the language stuff, Latin I spoke fluently, French, Spanish, Dutch,... You needed to know a lot of languages to understand all the sinners in Hell. Biologie wasn't a problem as long as they kept nagging about the human anatomy. Tortuering sinners learned you a lot about anatomy, so did sword- and fistfightlessons. I could name every muscle as well as any medstudent. I looked at my schedule, chemistry in an hour. I could live with that.

I entered the stupid prisoncell. O excuse me, the classroom and turned towards the teacher, a sweet looking woman with greying hair and thick classes, that made her eyes look huge. "You must be miss Satanini, right?" She asked in a pleasant tone. "The one and only." I answered already bored. "Well now, let's find you a labpartner, shall we?" Please, tell me she didn't make every sentence sound like a question? Demons, it was contagious. "Are you an advanced chemistry student? It seems that they forgot to include your former grades, doesn't it look like that?" She would be a great demon. I had only met the woman for two minutes and I was ready to

jump down form the fifth floor. "I'm afraid I don't have much expierence in chemistry." I lied smoothly. "Not an advanced program? Damn those smalltown school. I haven't insulted you have I? O my, shouldn't I watch my language?" Holy damnation. "Will I put you with a straight A student? Who will I choose?" She looked down at her studentregister. "How about Sethan? He's a nice boy, don't you think?" I gave a sweet smile, it took a lot of me. "Maybe someone else?" She pursed her lips. "I don't think so." She told me in a stern voice. What the hell? Was she bipolar or something? "You want to take a labcoat?" No, you stupid schizofrenic bitch. And yes, I knew Schizofrenia didn't really mean split personality, but let's keep it with the clichés instead of starting all the crap about how schizofrenic people have a different sense of reality than others around them and blablabla. I put on the stupid white labcoat and went over to Mr. Cocky's table. Thank the demons, he hadn't seen me yet, so he couldn't throw a hissy fit. "Go way." Damn, so he had seen me. "Can't, little miss Schizofrenic made you my labpartner. I'm not here on voluntary basis, so stop flattering yourself and

drop the cocky attitude." He sighted like he was trying not to lose is patience with the five-year-old he was talking to. "You use the word cocky too much, did you know that?" What's up with all the questions today? It truly was contagious. "Cocky means overly self-assertive or self-confident. The word is made for you, it suits you perfectly." I bit my lip to stop the laughter that was bubbling its way through my throat. He was whining. "Poor baby. How about smug bastard? You fit the profile." He threw his hands in the air, exasperated. "I'm going to stop talking to you and pretend you aren't there." He turned me his back like a little child. "Good luck with that, PARTNER."

"Attention class." Miss Schizofrenic announced. "Today I think, were going to do a couple of tests with some delicate subtances? So why don't you all be careful? I don't want someone blowing up the building, agree? We don't want a repeat of last year, now do we Cody?" A boy, who I assumed must be Cody, gave her a faint smile. "We wouldn't want that, now do we miss Ally?" He emhazised that last part, I think I was going to like this guy. I caught his eyes and grinned at him. He was hot. He had gorgeous

hazel eyes and a wicked glint in his eyes. I loved wicked guys. One of his reddish brown curls fell over his forehead, while he winked at me. I chuckled, if any other guy had done that it would have been ridiculous. "You're planning on helping me with these tests any time soon?" Mr. Cocky snapped. I rolled my eyes at him. "I thought you were ignoring me?" He cruled his lips over his teeth, almost growling. Strangely the growling wasn't directed at me, but at the person on the other side of the classroom, Cody. "You don't like him?" I asked while raising an eyebrow. "Stay away from him, he's trouble." I had to laugh at that. "Given that you think I'm trouble too, I assume Cody and I will get along just fine. Birds of a feather flock together."

Chapter 11

daughter of hell 11

Sorry it took me so long to update but I've had a busy weekend, lot's of babysitting with no computer, so I had to write it down on paper first and retype it. Hope you like it:D

The first piece in Luci's p.o.v. is from daughter off hell 10. I added it in case you don't remember what had happened.

P.O.V. (Luci)

"Attention class." Miss Schizofrenic announced. "Today, I think, we're going to do a couple of tests with some delicate subtances? So why don't you all be careful? I don't want someone blowing up the

building, agreed? We don't want a repeat of last year, now do we Cody?" A boy, who I assumed must be Cody, gave her a faint smile. "We wouldn't want that, now do we miss Ally?" He emhazised that last part, I think I was going to like this guy. I caught his eyes and grinned at him. He was hot. He had gorgeous hazel eyes and a wicked glint in his eyes. I loved wicked guys. One of his reddish brown curls fell over his forehead, while he winked at me. I chuckled, if any other guy had done that it would have been ridiculous. "You're planning on helping me with these tests any time soon?" Mr. Cocky snapped. I rolled my eyes at him. "I thought you were ignoring me?" He cruled his lips over his teeth, almost as if growling. Strangely the growling wasn't directed at me, but at the person on the other side of the classroom, Cody. "You don't like him?" I asked while raising an eyebrow. "Stay away from him, he's trouble." I had to laugh with that. "Given that you think I'm trouble too, I assume Cody and I will get along just fine. Birds of a feather flock together."

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

The next moment things started happening so fast that it makes me dizzy to remember everything.

I must have screwed up with some of the chemicals, because one moment I was glaring at Cody for flirting with Luci and next thing I knew an explosion happened. The test glass was standing in front of Luci, so she toulk the full blast of the explosion and was flung against the back wall. I tried finding her in all the chaos, but the chemicals burned my eyes, I couldn't see a thing. The leaping fire made it impossbile to reach her. "Everybody, get out!" Miss Ally yelled in tghe sternest voice I had ever heard her speak. I had to find Luci. If something happened to her... Godess, I wouldn't be able to... My brain couldn't even comprehend the idea. Strong arms pulled me out of the classroom. I tried fighting the protective arms - I needed to get back to save Luci - but it was to no avail. My personal guards knew their mission: protect the prince at all cost.

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

What the hell? Oh, why couldn't I have the cool ability to freeze time or something? Things were

moving way too fast for me. I needed a time ou to recover my poise.

One moment I was exchanging flirty glances with the hotty, Cody, when all of the sudden an explosion happened and I was smacked against the back wall, head first.

Demons that did NOT feel good. The faint smell of toxic chemicals snapped my attention bck to the present. The room was a mess. Fire everywhere, to violent to be tamed by the sprinkler system. Burning acid making your skin crawl. The thick smother of other's panic hitted my senses full force.

I revelled in it. I had died an gone o Hell. Splendid. I inhaled the toxic sent, and remembered what my first days in Hell had been like.

(flashback)

'"This is Mr. O'Donnall. He used to be one of the dirtiest reporters of his time. He wrecked many peoples life with a good deal of lies in his column. Now I own him. He writes the most fabulous deceits you can think off. He's the one who writes the latest

gossip in Hell. It riles my demons up more than usual. Don't you love it? You'll be at home in no time." And than my father smiled, a true smile that warmed my world. He meant it, he really wanted me here. He didn't care I was part angel.

"And what will I write about this one, my lord?" the clerk said in a cockroach voice. "You'll write the truth for once in your miserable life. If I even find a teeny-weeny lie or a figment of your imagination, you slimy bastard, you'll end up next to Prometheus chained to a rock getting some essential part of your anatomy ripped out each day again and again. Oh, and it sure won't be your liver. Just to give you something to dream about at night." The man quivered. "As you wish, my lord." That was the sweetest thing anyone had ever done for me. I had never in my life had someone else threaten somebody to save me from gossip. "That's more like it." My father said in a jolly voice, as if he hadn'threatend sombody to get his, uhpm, ripped from him as an everlasting punishment. "This is Lucifer, my daughter and second in command of Hell. You answer to her too from now on." I froze. "You made me your right

hand?" I asked in awe. "But I don't controll my demon powers yet." He smiled, a fatherly s:mile, at me. "As you said it. YET. I'll teach you. Don't worry, Luci. You'll be great. You do need to cranck up that attitude a bit more. A demon wil only show you respect if"

"If you give it him too." I muttered, repeating the hateful sentence my mother had me drilled to say. "By Erebus, no! You have to force him to respect you. You are my daughter, you are one of the most powerful demons to walk this world. Use that power and bring them on their knees. You are better than every last single one of them. Show it."

Living and ruling Hell with my dad was pure bliss. I wasn't tied up to higer standards, and hypocritical morals anymore. It was like my halo being cut up by sharp blades. I could create my won life from now on, while sitting on THE trone of fear. I was a fucking princess! Not some charity case. I could screw fate over if I felt like it. Fuck that, my dad even encouraged me to do just that. Who would have thought? Fire, Cyanide an d monochrome, I had

finally found my home. Satan smiled and took my hand, he's the only one who understands.'

(end of flashback)

I was pulled back to reality by an arm that snactched me around the waist and threw me over a hard shoulder in one fluent motion. The air left my lungs in a woosh. The clean disgusting air of the outdoors invaded my senses. "No! Put me down!" I had been prepared for the instant drop on the but. Instead two strong, yet gentle hands, lowered me to the ground. A worried face hovered over me. "Are you alwright? Please be alwright." If it had been anyone else I would have snapped an ugly insult his way. But it was Cody, and never in my life had I seen such a vurnerable expression on a guys face. "I'm fine." I muttered. The relief on his face had me thinking twice. "Can't see why you'd care, though." I added under my breath. "What did you say?"

"I was fine. I'm not some damsel in distress who needs a knight in shining armour to swep me off my feet." He smiled, a beautiful true smile that you didn't see often on the face of someone older than ten.

"Believe me, I'm not a hero. I'd still like it if you'd let yourself get checked out. You've got a nasty cut up there." I knew he was lying. The mix of demon and angelblood was some sort of catalyst. Whenever my black with silver spiked blood got spilled, the wound healed with no traces of the blood or the scartissue. The only downfall of it was, no doctor could get near me. Taking mine pulse would make one realise that I'm supposed to be dead. Demonblood was a thick black subtance, combined with angelblood it could be syrupy magma. My heartbeat was so slow it was hardly noticeable. "Shouldn't your heart be racing with adrenalin? I can hardly hear it's beating." Cody said as if reading my mind. "I don't scare easily." I replied. Wait a minute. "How is it possible you can even hear my heartbeat?" His eyes widened in surprise, before his face fell back into a mask of arrogance. "I felt your pulse before putting you down, Luci." He didn't fool me, what was he hiding? And more important, why?

"Luci! Luci! Are you alright?" I rolled my eyes heavenwards, old habits die hard, an sighted inwardly at the sound of Mr. Cocky's voice. "What

now?" I mumbled. With more force than necesarry he pushed Cody aside. "I was so worried." I snorted. "Yeah right."

"I'm serious. I came as soon as I could."

"As soon as you could?" I scoffed. "Damn boy, you were closest to me when it happened. Don't try selling me shit of caring. Cause I know you don't. You'd better not have done it on purpose."

"What done on purpose?" He asked confused. "Making that thing explode, little mister genious." He paled, as if chocked I even suggested something that outrageous. "I shouldn't have to defend myself." He said in his personal annoyed tone. Jeej, Mr. Cocky was back. "Than why try?" I knew I was crusty without a reason, but I didn't like all the oxygen in the healthy air. I needed the suffocating damps of Hell. They made me feel in my element. If I wasn't careful I would need detox one of these days. Or just some peace and quiet. With that in mind I left the testosteronegang.

Chapter 12

daughter of hell 12

So short recap of daughter of hell 11:

Seth accidently started a fire,

Luci got trapped in it. (she doesn't mind, she's used to Hell)

Cody saved her because Seth was pulled away by his personal guards.

P.O.V. (Seth)

I saw Luci walk of without a word. Wow, she was the only one I knew who could be so pissed off after a near dead experience. Near dead. Those words combined with Luci made me feel nauseous all over.

Those minutes passing by, not knowing... Fuck why do I care? It's not like she's worth it. She pissed me off at every occasion.

"You better be staying away from her." I said while pushing Cody against the wall.

"What do you care?" That was an interesting question. One that I made myself not to think about. I shouldn't care but I had accepted that I did, even if I couldn't understand the why.

"She's my roommate and ill prepared for this school. She doesn't understand what she's gotting herself into with you."

"Actually, she strikes me as a girl who knows exactly what she's doing and how t handle herself. I'm looiking foreward to handle her too." That's when I hit him. The chocked expression on his face told me he hadn(t seen it comming. Good, I was finshed with him underestimating me. I took him by the throat and squeezed a little harder, momentarily cutting of his airsupply. No matter what the myth said, vampires needed to breath. "I'm watching you." I said in a low mean voice. "Your life can be over as quickly

as it was spared all those years ago. The only difference now will be, that'll not have that cute sixyearold's face to save your neck." I forced him to remember his father's execution. Not nice, but I wasn't planning on us being friends. "You'd do well to remember that you have a lot of enimies. Like father like so, right Cody?" I released him and heard him fall to the ground, I was already walking away, thinking I had made my point clear. Apparently he was slow, or really brave. I was going for slow. "You'd do well, Sethan, to remember that you got even more nimies than me. I'd hate to see their numbers grow." He added kind of out of breath. I hated that guy, always had. It didn't matter that we were forced to grow up together, e eachothers playmates. I had never liked Cody and the feeling was mutual. Seeing Luci's interest in him made me resent him only that much more. I didn't want to think about the why fo rmy feelings, I wanted to experience them and rip Cody's throat out if he dared to touch her.

I entered our shared bedroom with as much noise as I could possibly make. Something about letting your frustrations out was supposed to make you less

frustrated. Well, the biggest frustration was lying in the middle of the floor. Wait, why was she lying on the floor. "Luci," I said in a paniced voice. "Are you alwright? Say something." She opened one eye and looked at me. I touched her arm and again was amazed by the heat, radiating from her. She said up straight facing the back wall with her back towards me. What was wrong with her?

"What does Mr. Cocky want now? Mr.Backwall, do you know the answer to that question?" Did she take a blow to the head? Of course she did, she was smacked against a wall. "What do you mean you don't now? Well, I suppose I'll have to ask miss leftwall. What do you think miss leftwall. Why is Mr. Cocky bothering me, again?" She than giggled. I hadn't even known she could giggle. It was an amazing sound, apposed to her usual snort. "Interestin answer but I think I'll ask miss rightwall for a second oppion." She than turned towards the rightwall and asked the question again. She also asked the frontwall while facing me, but looking straigth past me towards the wall. She sighted. "You all have such different oppions. I'll ask the ceiling for

a backup check." Than I saw the forced serious expression on her face, the little glint of mischief in her fluo green eyes. She was back to annoying the crap out off me. Splendid. She then looked up at me with a stuborn expression. "I don't trust the ceiling. He's playing me here. I think you should kill the ceiling. Please kill the ceiling, Mr. Cocky." Aaaaaaaaaaaah, how did she come up with this shit? She read a book on how to kill the last fibre of patience in me. I can't believe I was worried about her. She drove me crazy. I couldn't stay in the same room as her, or my nerves were going to collapse.

I sat down in my usual chair, for once not occupied by Luci. It still smelled like her. Bad thoughts, she was annoying. "I really don't trust those ceilings. Look at them, staring down on us. They're so arrogant and stuck-up. I don't know why we tollerate them." She followed me and was standing right in front of me. "How is it possible one little girl can be such a fucking pain?" I exclaimed. "Don't you have someone else to aggravate?" She gave me a coy smile. "Whatever do you mean?" I retrieved the missing person flyer she'd handed out yesterday. She gave me

one of those big smiles that said: 'I'm sorry you feel that way, but really I'm not.'

"You're the one who started this dance, babe." She said in a seductive purr that made my already overheated blood boil. "You're not man enough to remain partners till the song is over?"

"That depends."

"On what, if I may be so bold to ask, kind sire?" She mocked me.

"On which song are we dancing?" Our faces were so close to eachother that our noses almost touched. Godess, she was even more beautiful up close. Her warm breath stroked my skin. Her lips parted.

"Second chances they don't matter, people never change.

Once a whore you're nothing more, I'm sorry, that'll never change." She softly sang in my ear. I got goose bumps listening to her husky voice.

"And about forgiveness, we're both suppposed to hav exchanged." She continued. I couldn't stand it anymore. I kissed her full on the lips.

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

He kissed me then full on the lips, and damn me to heaven. If I hadn't been there myself I would have never believed it. I kissed him back. I'd never tasted something this sweet in my entire life. Sweeter than revenge, if that were possible for a creature like me. His tongue flicked over my lower lip, asking for entrance. And damn me again, if didn't comply. His hand found his way to the small of my back, while the other one traveled up my arm, where it stopped fisted in my hair. I pulled him closer towards me to deepen the kiss. He moaned in my mouth. A small voice inside my head said this was wrong, very wrong. Sinfully wrong, I thought. I loved sin. I pushed him bgack into the chair and straddled his lap, not breaking this devine kiss. Devine, I hated divinity. I hated this guy. He was a smug arrogant bastard who had a whole harem of ninnies serving him at every whim.

I didn't know how I did it but I broke the kiss. Only than did I notice our intimate position. Thank the demons that no one had walked in on us. My breathing was ragged. How to get out of this awkward position with my pride fully intact?

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

When she pushed me harshly back in the seat and kissed me more throughly I thought I was going to lose it. To think I used to prefer gentle women, i must have been crazy. I loved the passion Luci was showing me. I grabbed that fine ass of hers when all of the sudden she broke the kiss. Shit, had I moved to quickly? I snapped my eyes open, just in time to see her lean in towards my ear. She gently bit my earlobe, it made me giddy all over. Her husky voice sended shivers down my spine.

"I'm sorry honey, but I'm pasing up now look this way.

Well, there's a million other girl wo do it just like you." She sofly ended th esong ane was her warm, comforting weight. "Find one of your whores to finish the job." She said in a harsh voice. My eyes

shot open just in time to see her disapear through the door.

What the hell had just happened here?

Sorry but next update will take a week, cause I'm going to stay over at my grandparents and they don't have internet. My parents are giving my room to some friends of theirs who''ll be staying for a week. Damn, why does it always has to be my room?

greetz impossible xx

Chapter 13

daughter of hell 13

SURPRISE!

You are lucky that I have a serious writingaddiction and can't seem to stop myself from writing. I wrote this while I was supposed to do my homework and retyped it on my brothers computer (which is a piece of crap btw). I came home for a couple of hours and I'm in his room and he doesn't know I'm on his computer so I'm giving myself a typinginjury by typing fast on this shitty computer. Hope you like the story :D

P.O.V. (still Seth)

"Find one of your whores to finish the job." She said in a harsh voice. My eyes shot open just in time to see her disapear through the door.

What the hell had just happened here?

Switch P.OV.(Luci)

O demons, I couln't believe what I'd done. I'd kissed Mr.Cocky and had actualy liked it. What was wrong with me? I needed a doctor. I was seriously sick. Yeah, that was it, never mind the tiny detail that I was immortal and couldn't get an illness. We were talking about Mr. Cocky, I'm pretty sure he could have contaminated me with the disgusting germs he'd gotten from one of his whores. Ewwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww, he'd had his tongue in my mouth. I was going to puke. I needed to forget this had ever happened. What had happened? O, look at that, I'd already forgotten.

O no! Mr. Cocky.

He had been a fishwife in his former life. Well, he must have been it wasn't normal for a guy to like gossip this much. I needed to shut him up before he

told the whole school. And made it impossible for me to forget this disdainful, gag in your own mouth, thing I wish to forget real soon. But I didn't have that luxury, at leat not untill I had shutted up the blabbermouth.

It must have been the lack of toxic Hellfumes. If not, I was going to see a shrink. I had some serious issues if the thing, that I'd rather forget, couldn't be blaimed on something or someone other than me.

Mr. Cocky! It was all is fault! He ha tricked e into kissing him just to embarrass me. The perv had grabbed my ass. Yes, this was all his fault! I didn't need a shrink, f anyone needed a shrink it was that sick boy with his twisted mind and delightful lips. No, cross of that last part. He must be controlling my mind or something. I would never have done something this revolting otherwise. I was working myself in quite a frenzy when the door opened and Mr. Cocky entered the room. He got it full blast.

"What are you? You can not be human! You must be controlling my mind. I would have never kissed you back if you hadn't tampered with my brain!" I raged

while poiking my finger in his chest. His wide, muscular... No! Stop it! Bad thoughts, stupid hormones. It must be my angel genes. It was the only explanation for my stupidity. It had to be, I was not some dumb bimbo who threw herself in front of some guys feet and let him walk all over me. No, no, not this demonic girl. That's it. I'd scare the poor boy demon way. He wouldn't know what got to him. I summoned my emonpowers, helt the gragile dread of magic and,

and nothing. Absolutly nothing happened. Well, crap.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

"What are you? You can not be human!" my heart stopped beating for a few seconds. Yes, I had a beating heart, a pulse and every other body function. I was not a corpse! Yet, I suppose. My kind died at twenty and became undead. It was only thanks to the blood of our mate that we were able to walk amongst the living during day. No mate, no sunlight. But how did Luci found out I was a vampire? Only the senior girls were supposed to find out. Juniors were scared to easily. How old was she anyway?

"You must be controlling my mind. I would have never kissed you back if you hadn't tampered with my brain!" She continued to yell. Thank the godess, she didn't know. I snorted, mind control, huh? Was she serious? It would have been cool. Especially since I didn't have a special GIFT. Not that I wanted one. I could see what it did to Samuel. Vic of course was oblivious to it, but I saw him suffer. Seeing the future must be pure hell. Samuel was gifted. It was a weird occurance that a few individuals were born with. It could happen to any kind of the Lore, even to humans, but they were known not to be able to deal with the paranormal stuff and went crazy ninty procent of the time.

But what I did want was a special ABILITY. Every vampire of higher nobility possed a special ability in combat. I said all, that's not entirely true. All, except for me. I was the fucking vampire prince and I didn't possess a special abilty in combat. How pathetic could you get? My mother had tried to soothe me by saying I was a late-bloomer and some more crap mothers were supposed to say. I could have dealt with the missing ability, I trained hard and became

one of the best fighters, except for Jake, the guy was not to be outdone. I could have lived with all of that, if it were not for my father's disappointment. I was a disenchantment for my father. I mean, my own twin had an immunity to slilver. That was such a precious gift and a lucky one too. He would have been dead if not for his ability. It was quite embaressing to tell actually, some accident with a sharp silver spoon he had found somewhere and in an unkown action was able to cut himself with it, a spoon. Well, spork to be precise. A spork is a crossbreed of cutlery, part spoon, part fork. It would have been funny for me and an emberassement for him if the spork hadn't been made of silver and if my mother hadn't thrown such a tantrum. While she had been sobbing with relieve at finding out Vic was immune to silver, one of the few thing that could kill us, my father ahd been proud. And diappointed in me, I can still remember the look he'd given me. It had said: 'Why couldn't that have been you? You're the crownprince, have I made a mistake by appointing my youngest son as my successor?" It had hurted like hell and I

would never forget. I mean, if my own father can't accept me as I am, who will?

The poking in my chest and ragging redhead in front of me demanded my attention. I liked her fingers on my chest, even if she was pushing with some force. "If you'd go a bit lower it'd be perfect." I said with an arrogant smile. Her beautiful green eyes lit in anger. "You're a pig, Sethan!" and she stormed to our shared room while I stood there frozen. Sethan. I had never imagined how I'd feel when hearing her say my full name, even in anger. It sounded right, like she knew me and I didn't had to prove myself for her. It was the most ridiculous feeling, the girl putted me on edge , not at ease. What was happening to me? Why why was she so difficult to understand? Or better yet, why were my feelings so contradictive whenever Luci was around? I didn't need more shit in my life. It was fucked up enough. And Luci gave a whole new meaning to the word fucked up. Damn, but I wanted her. She was pure temptation and challenged my selfcontrole at every aspect of life. I just couldn't figure her out. One minute she was hot, the other

cold, and the next she was pure ice. Yet her touch warmed me to the essence of my being.

What was I going to do?

Chapter 14

daughter of hell 14

"What is a friend,

but a single soul dwelling in two bodies."

- Aristotles

P.O.V. (Luci)

I had finished sprinkling salt in Mr. Cocky's tothbrush when the smell of sulfur made me whip my head around to see a figure manifistat from the flames that licked up the demon's frame. I knew it was a demon, only we could do something this cool. I was all reday to lecture the poor blackened soul on privvacy in the bathroom and to do well to remember who I was,

and what I could do to him when I recognised his face. "Marcus!" I exclaimed, overjoyed to see my best friend in the world. I jumped in his arms and locked my legs around his slim waist. His muscled arms pressed me thightly agains his broad chest. I hit my nose in his neck and inhaled Marcus' own personal musk. He smelled earthy, so familiar. Demons, I had missed him. "What took you so long?" I murmured. He laughed a deep throaty laugh, very masculine. "You've only been gone for three days."

Three days? Had it only been three days, it felt like months. "I still missed you." I said subornly. "Haven't you missed me?" He stroke my face in a tender gesture. I pushed my cheek agains his rough palm like a cat proling the given affection.

"I did miss you." He whispered. "You should have come sooner." I pouted. "I wanted to." He kissed my temple. "But I'm not the big bosses daughter. I'm just plebs, I have to work to earn my keep. This is the soonest I could get here."

"You still should have come sooner. You better have some good news for me from home."

Switch P.O.V. (Marcus)

I heard the yearning in her voice when mentioning home. It pained my my heart to see or hear any kind of pain caused to her.

I didn't understand why the boss had sended her away to a boardingschool. They both wanted her home, in Hell. Satan was miserable and more cruel and ruthless than normal. Luci was his golden girl, she was the light in his life. Not only for him, she was my personal sunshine too.

I could still remember how my days had been before her arrival in Hell. The emptiness, the nothingness of my existence. I had been dead inside before I met her, even as a human life hadn't holded much interest for me. I couldn't feel, I didn't expierence emotions like a normal human, I couldn't seem to bring myself to care, about anything. That's why I killed myself and had ended up straight in Hell. The nuns of the orphanage were pretty clear about suicide, I could still hear sister Mary Theresia say: 'Don't you know that you yourselves are God's temple and that God's Spirit lives in you? If anyone destroys

God's temple, God will destroy him; for God's temple is sacred, and you are that temple.' To rephrase it: kill yourself and you're screwed. I hadn't cared back then. It was a long time ago, back in the 14th century, I know that now. If I hadn't killed myself I'm sure it would have been a matter of time before I got the plague. Back then I slept anywhere I could find room, I hadn't minded sharing that place with rats. It's a miracle that I didn't suffer the protuberances on my body, with the luck I had back then, nothing would have surprised me. Life an dead had been the same for me. Suffering, not caring what happened to me. Satan had taken an interest in me. He had given me a pulse again, I wouldn't call it life. I became a demon and did what was expected from me, I copmpleted my chores without caring what I did, and to who I did it. Than Luci appeared in the troneroom in front of Satan. I was there that day, I had ushered a corrupted soul to Hell and was going to inform Saton of our latest asset. I saw her and it was like for the first time in my life I saw the sun. She was bolt an daring, cheesy, witty, funny and her smile... her smile

could melt the North Pole, she coloured the empty walls of my heart with only a 'Hey, what's up?'.

I had been nineteen when I killed myself, my body hadn't changed since then. I still had the youthful appearance of a teenager, even if I was never given the chance to be a kid. I never knew my father and my mother was a whore who died when giving birth to me. I grew up in an orphan home where abuse was a daily occurrence. At the age of seven I ran away and lived on the streets till the day I died.

I moved with Luci in my arms to the living room. Wow. I had never seen so much luxury in my life nor had I in my afterlife, it looked fitting for a king. I sat down in a loveseat, Luci curled up in my arms like a kitten. I rested my chin on her brilliant red hair. She slowly stroked the scars of my wrists - where I had slid them - in a soothing gesture as if trying to undo my pain.

She always sensed my dark moods. Luci was one of the strongest empaths to have ever lived. It both amused and annoyed me. Amused me because she was Lucifer, Satan's daughter and incredible in tune

with other people's emotions. Annoying because I didn't want to burden her with my pain as well, I knew she didn't need more. She'd had enough of that by growing up with her ruthless, frigid mother.

That was the price I paid for feeling joy, I could feel all those years of pain and loneliness too. Sometimes those pent-up emotions piled up and crashed out in one dark mood.

"Don't be sad." She pleaded in a little girl's voice. I let out a bitter laugh. Like I had a choice in the matter, but I didn't want Luci t know how I felt. Pretty stupid with her being an empath and all, but I had this stupid feeling that admitting pain was a weakness. I knew it was, expierence had learned me ot to count on human generosity. "You have me now, you need to let it go. It'll consume you if you won't leave that shit in the past." She didn't evne know half of the things that I had done. Yes, she knew I had lived a hard life, but she didn't know about the robbery, theft, murder, treachery, and so on. I'd been a scumbag, one of those horrible people she thought deserved the forever torture of the all consuming flames of Hell.

Even when I had been alive I had known I'd go to Hell one day. The thing I had done... and still I felt no guilt. I didn't regret killing the people I assassinated for an extra penny. The people I had killed had had it coming, I just had speeded up the proces. Childmolesters, wifebeaters, corrupted politicians, crooks. Their sins had been greater than mine, and that said something. But I had felt like I hadn't had anything to live for. I had felt like doing all that shit for saving my own sorry but, wasn't worth it. The emptiness of my life, living to survive, the uselessness of it had one day become too much for me. I had slid my wrists with the same knife I had slid a dozen of throats with. It was only later that I found out it had been a demon who had whispered suicide in my ear. It had been Luci who had found out who the demon was, it was Luci who avenged my death, evin if it was the best thing that had happened to me. It had lead me to her.

"With you by my side I don't need to forget. I can face anything the fates want to suffer upon me, even an archangel wouldn't be an obstacle." She chuckled against my chest. "I'd like to see you face Gabriel.

He'll bore you to death before the swords cross." THIS was something I had trouble with getting used to. I had never believed in heaven or angles. Luci knowing them, like they were everyday creatures... It was hard to wrap my my mind around. So she knew an archangel. I was the weird one; I accepted Luci being Satan's daughter more easily than believing angels did roam the earth from now and then.

I had yet to see one. After a few more moments of silence I felt her stir. She shifted her weight untill she was comfortable and could lean her head in the crook of my shoulder and look up to me. She had the most amazing eyes, that colour of green was the evidence that she was not earthy, nor heavenly. Such a fluo variant of green could only be seen in Hell. The green of the forever filds, vibrant and peaceful with the dangerous flare of fire that could leap up out of nowhere. Deceitful innocence with a spunky flint of mischieve. Or just Luci.

"I'm glad you came. I've been needing to talk to someone. Someone I know I can trust." She got my attention. What could be wrong?

"I got a problem. My powers are faltering." What?! This was bad. I fanyone found out the challenges would come. Challenging her position s second in command of Hell. Such a challenge often resulfted into dead! Luci was strong, wicked powersome and I had never doubted her ability to win a fight and getting out of one untouched, but this changed everything. People knew of her power and challenges were scares but if her powers were faltering. I never had felt such frightening fear as I did right now for Luci's life. We needed to fix this problem. But how?

"I'm not scared, Marcus." She touched m face in a comforting gesture lik eI was a timid child who needed to be reassured that the boogieman would not come out of the closet. "And neither do you need to be on my behalf." I pulled my head awayn onnoyed at her lack of distress. You're vulnerable without your powers. You need at least some power."

"And I still have."

"How..."

"I'm more than a demon, or have you forgotten?"

"Angels." I scoffed. "I have yet to see prove of such a fantasy."

"How can you believe in demons and the lore, but not in angels?"

"So prove me wrong." I challenged her, not for the first time, knowing she wouldn't rise to the bait. For such a hothead, she remains remarkably calm on this subject.

"I don't need to probe myself. I know my own strenght. I've had the training and the power and I haven't forgotten how to wield them. If necessary I'll hold my own in a fight. I'd just rather do it with my demon powers, less pain appeals to me more for some reason." Great, she was back at being sarcastic.

"Less pain?" I asked confused.

"Conjuring an angelweapon hurts fucking much." She explained. "Conjuring several feels like being skinned alive and have someone rub some salt in it."

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

"Conjuring several feels like being skinned alive and have someone rub some salt in it."

I was getting myself worked up and felt my demonpowers rise. A thick haze fo anger clouded my eyes and I knew they must be pitch black by now. Small sparks of fire sprang from my fingertips. "So please, don't blame me if I'm not rushing myself to give ou your precious prove. Angels exist, get over it, Marcus."

All of the sudden my powers left me, it felt like someone had threw a bucket of ice cold water over my head. I saw Marcus' eyes become wide in surprise and I knew he felt his won power get drained from him too. Should I be happy that I wasn't the only one?

"What the Hell is going on here?"

Yeah, that's what I would like to know, but the voice didn't belong to the demons in the room that had gotten their powers sucked from them. I turned my head around and saw Mr. Cocky standing in the bedroomdoorway. If this had been a cartoon steam would be coming out of his ears out of rage. So he hadn't left the dorm after our argument. He must

have come back when I was in the bathroom. I looked over at Marcus and saw he had come to the same conclusion as me. In some way, that I didn't understand, Mr. Cocky had something to do with our powers being drained. I could feel my angel magic buzzing in the background as a defensive weapon to make up for my earlier loss of power.

Shit.

Chapter 15

daughter of hell 15

Hey, I'd like to hear some more comments. It helps to make me wright faster (serious, I read a comment and I start writhing the next chapter, so thank Zadiebear because she really keeps me going, and thanks to Goldie because she was my first fan and made me decide to keep writing.). It also helps me to understand if you like the direction I'm going with the story.

Let me know.

Xx impossible

P.O.V. (Seth)

"What's going on with you and Luci, man?" Jake asked me. We sat in our bedroom opposite of each other. I had bumped in to him with my head still full of Luci. Why couldn't I be nice to her, I liked her in a disturbed way. Disturbed as in: who could like the little annoying freak? He had suggested I'd join him to our dorm and play some videogames. I couldn't say no and admit I didn't want to face Luci. I had been relieved when I found out she'd left. Jake being Jake noticed something was of with me, but didn't ask. I sometimes wondered if Jake had ever liked a girl more than he should like her. I hadn't even seen him kiss a girl.

"Are you gay?" I suddenly asked him. He looked surprised.

"How did we get from your problems with Luci to my sexual inclination?"

How did he know I had redheadtrouble?

"Why would I have a problem with Luci, I like her." He laughed, Jake actually laughed. When did that happen?

"I know you like her. What I don't get is why you're not doing anything about it."

He was speaking in riddles. What had happened to my straightforward friend, who never minced matters?

"Say it already, Jake. You're not good at suggesting things, speak up."

"You want her, and you are not the only one. Are you stupid? Mark her and get it over with." I paled at his words.

Did he know what he was saying?

"Do you even get what you're saying? I'd never mark a girl that wasn't my mate."

"What makes you so sure she's not your mate." Jake replied in his normal dry tone.

"She can't be my mate, dude. She's fucking annoying. She was talking to a wall not a half hour ago and telling me to kill the ceiling because it was conspiring against her! She's a fucking nutcase. You'd want that as a mate for me? Some friend you are."

"So she likes to irritate you? Big deal, you even like it that someone finally has the guts to stand up to you. She's your equal, and last time I checked that qualifies her as your mate. She's everything you want, man. Don't be blind or proud."

"You bumpt your head or something? The girl has nothing remotely desirable. She's pigheaded and tiresome."

"Wasn't it you who said that no mate of his would be a humble, meek dollface. Your mate would be strong and oppinioned, someone who could hold herself in a fight. You wanted an equal, not some ninny that was trained here to serve my every whim. Well, you got her. Never heard of the saying be careful what you wish for?"

I liked him better when he kept his mouth shut. The sound of Luci's sweet laughter brought a smile to my face. The frown was earned because of the deep masculine voice that joined her. That wasn't anyone I knew. I looked at Jake and raised an eyebrow. He shrugged.

"Not someone I know."

"I should check on her." I said.

Jake gave me a knowing smile.

"Jealous?" That made me sit again.

"Like I care." I mumbeled.

I lated for at least forty seconds - yes, I had counted them - before I stood up and went to check on Luci. The guy she was with could have been the greek god of war, Ares, for all I saw. Girls would call him hot. I just called him stupid. Stupid for touching what was mine. I felt my fangs extend. He had his arms wrapped around her, his face only inches from hers. I saw red, I felt like commiting murder. How dare SHE be in some other guy's arms? How dare HE touch my mate? He constricted his arms around Luci and pulled her tighter against his overdeveloped chest. Oh, he was so going to lose those arms.

"What the Hell is going on here?"

I was seething with anger. They didn't sprang appart as I had thought they would. They sat there and stared at me in absolute shock. Was she feeling guilty

about being in a guy arms only a couple of hours after we kissed? That didn't sound like Luci.

"You're usually more talkative. Cat catch your tongue? Or is it taking a break from working overtime?" I aked meanly. Her eyes widened in surprise when she caught the jab.

"You little piece of shit. Who the fuck do you think you are?" She yelled, not embaressed enough to get up from 'Ares' his lap.

I closed my fist, ready to punch the moron if he so much as moved one finger in the wrong direction.

"Who the fuck is the guy you're all over at?" I shouted furiously. She squeezed her eyes in anger. I could see her lighten in fury, bright fluo green eyes were looking at me as if trying to burn a hole through my head. She could be mad at me, I didn't care right now. I was pissed of too!

"Not that it's any of your business, jerkboy," She said in a warning voice, implying me to back off. "but this is Marcus. My friend." I scoffed at that.

"Friend, yeah right." I said in a unconvinced tone.

"How friendly are we talking?"

Her mouth fell open in shock at my words. She quickly regained her poise. A mean smile spread across her face and she snugled closer to the 'Ares' dude.

"Why? Are you jealous?"

I gritted my teeth together.

"Don't be dense woman."

This was apparently the wrong thing to say.

"Who the fuck do you thing you are? Calling me a woman as if the word could degrade me to some low-like-creature, unworthy of the known-to-be stupid-shitlike-sex, that gets adressded as male."

During her little tirade she'd gotten up from the dud's lap to stand before me, seething with anger. I relaxed somewhat, at least they weren't skinjoined anymore.

When hearing the rest of her tirade I immediately tensed again. Was it her time of the month? Fucking PMS bitch. She was out of controle.

"Do you come up with these arrogant, retarded, outrageous things to say all by yourself? Or is there maeby some kind of book titled 'Things not to say'? And you thought it to be funny to see how much it is going to irritate me? It scares me to think you'd come up with such outright idiocy, so please, tell me there is a book."

"I irritate you? Are you fucking kidding me?" I replied.

"I'm not the one spreading flyers asking for your missing roommate and talking to walls!" I was beyond furious. So was Luci apparently. She was getting red in the face and stood so close, our noses almost touched.

"It's called Karma! Dipshit." She all but spat in my face.

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

"It's called Karma! Dipshit." I yelled, furious becaus of his superior behaviour.

"There's no reason to raise your voice. I have a perfect hearing." The arrogance that dripped from

his voice only made it worse. I was going to burst out of my skin from exasperation.

I spoke even louder.

"I raise my fucking voice as an outlet for my fury so I do not need to use physical force to redeem my ire!" He raised a haughty eyebrow.

"What would I have done to deserve your ire?"

He dared to mock me? I was aghast. And mad.

"Because you are an arrogont son of a bitch who believes himself superior to all!"

I gasped for breath as I felt my tattoos burn with my rising anger. Dammn the boy for neglecting my demonpowers. I was sure of it now. In some big cosmic cruel joke I had ended up with a fifted humon who's gift apparently was to negate demonic magic. Oh, the fates really had to hate me. Off all the thing! I pushed my finger in his face.

"I do NOT like you." I huffed.

Yeah, great comeback, Lucifer. Why not call him a stupid dodo while you're at it?

'Shame on you, shame on you.

Protect the dodo way of life!

Tae Kwon dodos, attack!

Protect the watermelon.

There goes our last female.'

I grinned and saw Mr. Cocky look at me like I had lost it completely. I couldn't help it. Every time I thought of the word 'dodo', the movie Ice Age I came to my mind. The part with the dods was hillarious. By now I was laughing out loud, clutching my stomac as pain of to much laughing assaulted me. I remembered the first time that had happened. I had thought I was dying from a mysterious illness. Great was my shock at finding out laughing could hurt too. I didn't mind. It was a good pain.

"What the fuck is so funny?" Mr. Cocky demanded. Demons he even sounded like one of thos presumptuous dodos right now. I laughed harder.

"Survival separates the dodos from the beasts." I managed to sputter during my fits of laughing.

Marcus, being my best friend and thus knowing me very well, got on to the joke and started laughing too. Poor Mr. Cocky looked like combusting right there out of annoyance.

Those dodos don't get nearlhy enough attention in the movie. They are the best!

Hope you like the story :D

Xx impossible

Chapter 16

daughter of hell 16

Thank got writing is my outlet to frustration.

Hope you like the story :D

Xx impossible

P.O.V. (Luci)

"Survival separates the dodos from the beasts." I managed to sputter during my fits of laughing. Marcus, being my best friend and thus knowing me very well, got on to the joke and started laughing too. Poor Mr. Cocky looked like combusting right there out of annoyance.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

By the godess Nix, the redhead was annoying. I nudged her with my toe. She had actually fallen to the ground during laughing. She looked beautiful while laughing. I slapped myself mentally. She was an annoying bitch, pretty at best, but not beautiful.

"When is he going to leave. Girls are not allowed to have boys on their dorms. You want to meet with friends? Do it in a public place." The dumb smirk on her face informed me of the stupidity of my own words. She lived with a dorm full of boys.

"Judging by the look on your face, you realise what you said and therefor as a reward I won't gloat." Was she being reasonable?

"Come on Marcus, let's go and talk about that odd thing that I know you noticed too." She said while picking herself of the floor.

"What odd thing?" I asked. She gave me a secretive smile.

"Girl stuff." I raised my eyebrows at the 'Ares' dude. I suppose it made sense. The Greeks had never been the ones to be all straight.

"I'm not gay." Sure he wasn't.

"You're trying to get in to Luci's pants?" I asked.

"Of course not." He looked disconcerted.

"And you're saying you're not gay?" Had he ever looked at her more closely? The girl was smoking and amazing and funny and ... I had to stop. I sounded like a love sick puppy. I did not like her. I saw them leave. I didn't trust the 'Ares' guy alone with Luci. No straight guy could be only friends with a girl like Luci. It was not possible. She's such a slut.

Switch P.OV. (Luci)

"You can't stay here." Marcus said as soon as we were alone.

"What the fuck do you suggest?" I whispered in an angry voice.

"If I leave and don't finish my year, I'm stuck with my mother. I am not going through that again!" I gave him an angry push to emphasize my words.

"It's dangerous out here for a demon without powers. It aren't only humans who walk this place. If one of

the lore found out about this. What would you do if you encountered a vampire, huh? They hate our species. A vampire would not show you mercy. In their eyes you'd be a demon, evil repressented. They'd kill you in a heartbeat." I could see he was worried, but come on, what were the changes I'd walk in a vampire? You got to admit, it wasn't likely to happen. "Don't worry, I'll pretend to be an angel. The vamps got a treaty to keep with the 'great winged ones'." I sarcasticly called my mother's people.

"What you gonna do when they ask for a little demonstration of your fluffy attributes?" I gulped, remembering the pain when my wings had folded out for the first time.

It had felt like my back was being ripped open, and the tattoo of the angelwhip on my back only made it worse. I had screamed the peaceful dead awake with my agonized cry. She should have been proud of me. I had converted my wings without fainting and fully able to stand. No one had ever done that before me! She had stared at me in absolute horror, like I was some kind of a freak, with a terrible disease like the

bubonic plague. She had been staring at my wings and slowly composed her face to its normal emotionless, blank state. "I don't ever want to see those things again. I don't care if you feel the urge to free them, you won't!" She told me in a hard cold voice. "You couldn't even do this the wright way, now could you daughter?" I saw her leave and looked at the wings on my back that had caused me so much pain. I looked behind me, expecting to see the white features of the angelwings, and slowly touched the soft features. They were mazarine blue.

That was the last time I tried to be more of something I knew I wasn't. That day I stopped trying to gain her love, even her likeness. Call me a grumpy teenager in the state of rebellion. I was going to be the worst.

"What you gonna do when they ask for a little demonstration of your fluffy attributes?"

"I'd show them."

After a big and pointless discussion with Marcus about the existence of wings on a person, I finally got him to move far enough away from Mr. Cocky to regain full use of his powers and leave the

schoolground. This proved my little theory, it really was Mr. Cocky who was messing with my powers. That's probably why my emotions have been running in all kind of different ways. My oldfashioned ring with the onyx stone. The gemstone was demonic spelled to help me control my emotions. Mr. Cocky undid all the demonmagic in a four mile radious. The result: my emotion and thus my angelpower were on the loose. It didn't even matter if I wore the stupid thing or not. Stupid Mr. Cocky made me a walking vessel of raw emotions. I'd yell at him to relieve my upcoming frustration, but being near him would only make it worse. Fuck, I shared a room with the basard neutralizer.

Switch P.O.V. (Victor)

"What are you sulking about?" I asked my twin who was mighty good at looking like a grumpy five-year-old who didn't got his candy.

"Need to a kiss from your mummy?" I riled him up. I now it was wrong to provoke him, but hey, you got siblings for a reason. Seth did nothing but glare at me. Oh, he was trying to control his temper. This was

so much fun. I mean, don't get me wrong, I love being the fire to use up his already short fuse, but I loved a challenge. Seth trying to keep his cool when he obviously was furious. I was going to love making him lose it. I gave him a wicked smile. "What's up, bro? You know I'm always here for you." I gave him an understanding pad on the knee.

"It's cool, man. Every one has been there before. It doesn't make you strange." He looked up at me with a surprised expression on his face.

"What are you talking about, Vic?" He asked me suspiciously, with reason.

"You sound distrustful? You're hurting my feelings here, brother." I said while pressing my hands to my heart. Seth rolled his eyes, no one could compete with my twin when it came to eyerolling.

"Just say it, Vic. Or I might make you." He looked evil. I frowned. He didn't look enraged or exasperated, like he usually did when I tried getting him out of his cage. Something was really wrong. But I've never been one to do the smart thing. I saw a gaping wound and I had to poke in it, hard. Dangerous, when the

gaping wound belonged to a powerful vampireprince.

"Vic! What do you think my problem is?" He groweled. Oh, he was going to explode.

"It's okay. I mean, she's hot. A lot of guys wouldn't be able to get it up for such a fine, and obviously experienced lady, such as Luci. Of course I wouldn't have a problem with it. Look at her, she's banging, man. She..." I never got to finish that sentence. I was smacked into a wall, head first. I knew what was coming, I've had a lot of fight with Seth. He grabbed my throat, like I thought he'd do. But instead of threatening me in a low, mean voice, he punched me in the face. My head snapped to the side, and I could feel the blood spouting out of my nose. He fucking broke my nose! Doesn't matter I'm a vampire and be healed in a good fifteen minutes. He's my brother and broke my fucking nose. Before I can pick myself from the ground, Seth pulls me up by my collar.

"Don't you ever fucking talk about her like that again, big brother." He said in the expected low, mean voice.

"If I ever find out you're wanting for her, I will crush you. Don't think because you're my brother you'll be spared." He threw me to the ground, hard.

"She's just a chick, man." I mumbeled. Seth froze in the middle of the room and turned around real slowly. The look in his eyes scares me. He looked sad, cold, spiteful and madder than hell. Fucking bipolar asshole, who happened to be my brother.

"She's not just a chick." He said, damn did he had it bad.

"She's a goddamned slut who happens to be my mate. Your next queen so you better watch that tongue of yours, Victor. I'll gladly remove it for you if you slip again." I scratched my head in confussion.

"Shit, I'm sorry." I bit my lip.

"Are you sure." I doubtfully asked. Seth laughed, a bitter kind of laugh.

"Believe me." He said.

"I'm srewed." Yes, he was. Luci was hot and mated males were jealous as hell. He had a bumpy ride ahead of him. They both had.

"You're going to tell dad?" Seth gave me a murdurous glare.

"No, I'm not. And neither are you. In fact you're not telling anybody. I want to figure out what to do first. She's not going to make it easy on me." That was an understatement. I hadn't know Luci for long, but I liked her and I only liked twisted persons. Just look at my twin, Jake, Samuel, and so on.

"She doensn't know about us, does she?" I histantly asked. Seth sighed and pulled his hair.

"I don't know why, but no, she doesn't know she's attending a boardingschool for vampires and future mates. Fuck, I even think she doesn't realise she's a marked one." I threw my head in my neck and laughed. It was defiantly going to be something.

"Rather you than me, bro."

He took another lunge at me.

Chapter 17

daughter of hell 17

Sorry that it's so short, but I like what I wrote,

hope you like it too :D

P.O.V. (Luci)

I heard noises comming from the other side of the door, like furniture being moved. Or my roommates beating eachother up, I added with a smile. They wouldn't do that, they were to much alike. Amazing great friends. And for some reason they put up with Mr. Cocky's arrogance. I needed to ask them how you did that, maybe I would learn how to keep my calm and safe myself the awkward situatin where I'd have to explain why I'm all of the sudden covered in

glowing weapontattoos. I opened the door and saw two bodies comming at me. Stupid moron - not moronS - I thought before being knocked to the ground by the fighting boys. Victor's back slammed into me full force and I stumbeled backwards against the wall. Victor staggered because of the blow Mr. Cocky dealt him with. The staggering brought both Vic and me to the floor where I hit my head agains the sofa. The stupid moron in question had somehow kept his ballance. Vic on the other hand was lying on top of me, cutting of my very needed oxygen. Groaning, I pushed my knee in his stomac, hoping he'd take the hint and get off of me. Apparently he didn't got it.

"Get the fuck off!" I yelled with my last breath. Instanly his weight was removed with a loud bang when Vic crashed into something hard. Mr. Cocky had thrown Vic in the wall. What was up with him?

"What crawled up your ass and died?" I asked. Wrong thing to say evidently. Like I cared. His face got a lovely colour of red, I so wanted a jacket in that shade.

"What are you doing here?" The prick asked.

"My room, ring any bells?"

"Can't you see me and Vic were in the middle of something?"

I snorted.

"Like what? Beating eachother up? Sounds real important to me?" I dryly remarked. Boys were such loosers. Mr. Cocky sighted.

"Go bug someone else, Luci. I'm not in the mood for your bitching." I narowed my eyes at him, he'd better stop right there or he was in some serious shit. Again, in a much to short timespan, I felt my skin crawl and feel the angeltattoos come to surface.

"What you suggest I do? I live here too, you know?" He gave me a patronizing smile.

"I'm shure you'll find something to do. And if you don't, you can always call what's his name again?" I curled my hand to a tiny, yet deadly fist. One of my beautiful weapons was actually a very nice silver knuckleduster. By now I was seriously considering

letting my temper get the best of me and let the weapons rise. I'd have done it too, if I hadn't known that it would hurt me too, possibly more.

"Marcus." I gritted through closed jaw.

"Hmm?" He asked, ostensiblely uninterested. The set of his stuborn jaw gave away his real feelings.

"Don't play dumb with me, pretty boy. Tell me! Whatever it is, it is obviously sticking in your gizzard. So take a deep breath and fess up."

" 'One's a whore, you're nothing more.' Does that ring any bells?" He mocked my earlier words. Yeah, I sang that song to tell him ever so gently I thought he was a manwhore. What it had do with me?

Unless, no he wouldn't dare. Would he? He couldn't be this stupid.

"I'm calling you a slut, if you hadn't figured it out."

HE WAS GOING TO DIE!

next one will be up soon

Chapter 18

daughter of hell 18

P.O.V. (Luci)

Unless, no, he wouldn't dare. Would he? He couldn't be this stupid.

"I'm calling you a slut, if you hadn't figured it out."

HE WAS GOING TO DIE!

While exhaling a sharp hiss of pain I drew my sword. My beautiful Bastard sword, a form of long-sword with specially shaped grips for one or two hands.. This amazing piece of wrought ironwork has a more slender pointed blade, cutting through muscles with

this sword was like cutting through butter with a dull knife, still real easy.

I attacted with a tactic called the 'Falcon guard', it was a more daring charge which left my chest unprotected, but since he - that vile creature - was unarmed, there wasn't any danger.

I know, I can hear you thinking: 'Why attack an unarmed man?' Well, I didn't see him as a man any more. I could still remember my first kiss.

Raphael.

Yeah, I hated the bastard now. Back then, I had thought he was the hottest thing walking. And when we had kissed and, uhm, some heavy petting had passed, he decided that we should take things a bit further. Son of a bitch had expected for me to sleep with him right after our first kiss. I am not to be messed with, and I told and showed him so. Saying that he was pissed didn't even cover his bitch session. The next day at a training session with all the others there, he called me a whore and spat in my face. I had been young and ignorant back then and still hoping for my mother's recognition. With that in my

mind I had reigned my temper and pretended that the lies he told everyone didn't touch me. My mother had heard about the lies Raphael had spread. She'd been beyond furious, not on my behalf, though.

Having your own mother call you a filthy whore wasn't on my list of things I wanted to hear from her. That day she deciced I needed an another weapon, as to compensete for my 'sluttishness'. I got a lovely pugio near my left ankle. It's a dagger that was used by Roman soldiers. The dagger is sharp on both sides, makes it hard to wield it without cutting your own fingers off. I only used it as a back-up weapon.

It was called the 'Falcon guard' because falling back on this strategy was like striking down like a falcon on it's prey. I aimed my strike at his wide chest, hoping to scar the flawless skin. Fuck this! I wasn't only hoping on some scarred skin, I was beyond furious and pained from my own memories. I went for some serious, maybe even deadly, bodily harm.

I saw that shock and confusing were still evident on Mr. Cocky's face, him trying to figure out where I got the sword from. Inches away from cutting through

the fragile skin that covered his heart, my sword flew out off my hand. Not like someone disarmed me,

it literally flew from my hands. The heavy panting and rising of Mr. Cocky's chest told me this was real, I had been disarmed for the first time in four years and I didn't even saw it comming. The heavy musk of magic evaded my senses. Magic, it was the only explanation. It wasn't any magic I knew, it wasn't demonic, nor angelic. I wrinkled up my nose, it stank, that's for sure.

The cold feel of a sharp blade against my throat brought my attention back to the person who disarmed me. A muscled, dark skinned arm snaked around my chest holding my in a tight grip. My breath left me painfully.

"Are you okay?" A very familiar voice called.

My eyes widened. Mr. Cocky shook his head as if trying to shake of his near dead experience.

"Yeah, I think." He said, while looking at me.

He narrowed his eyes on my chest. He's such a perv! I'm glad I tried to kill him.

That's when I noticed he wasn't staring at my breasts but at the arm, painfully wrapped over my chest and cutting of my airsupply for the second time that day.

"Get your hand off her, man!" He snarled at the guy holding a knife to my throat.

"Why would I do that?" The familiar voice replied.

"Are you out of your mind? She tried to fucking kill you!"

A mettalic smell came of my attacker's skin. The rusty smell pricked my nose and left a sour tast in my mound.

"Get your hands of her. I'm not going to ask you again, Jake."

I knew it!

Damn, I had judged Jake strong, but wow. Slowly Jake lowered the blade from my throat and pushed me away from him and Mr. Cocky. He actually took a protective stand before Mr. Cocky who was giving his rescuer dirty looks. Bipolar, much? Dumbstruck I saw him move past Jake and walk over me. He softly

touched my face and took me in his arms. Still shocked I allowed him to wrap his arms protectively around my shoulders. I felt his lips graze the top of my hair in a sweet gesture. Had he lost is mind? I had tried to slay him. Didn't the boy have any self-preservation?

"Are you alwright?" He asked in a worried voice.

What the fuck?

"Did he hurt you? Just say he did and I'll gladly kill him."

I was very confused.

"What's wrong with you?" I finally managed to utter.

"I don't get you? First you call me a slut, and now you're worried about me?"

I looked up at him and had to repress the urge to kiss those luscious lips of his. I'd only had to stand on my tiptoes and then I'd find my redemption. Finally, sweet, careless redemption. And all my worries would go away.

Shit! Mr. Cocky's lack of self-preservation was contagious. He called me a slut, while he himself was a manwhore. I did not like him and I should attack him again. I started to struggle free of the cage his arms had become. He reacted by constricting them tighter around me. He was so strong. Damn me for feeling save and caressed in those strong, protective arms.

"Let go of me."

But somehow I couldn't make it sound like I meant it. He chuckled, that arrogant, yet amused mucical chuckle.

"We both know you don't want me to let go. Admit it alreday, Luci. You belong to me." He said in a possesive voice.

That possesive statement made me snap out of my foolish behaviour. No one owned me. I didn't belong to anyone but myself. I resumed my struggles, all futile. Out of the corner of my eyes I saw Jake walk to my sword that had landed a few meters away. He reached for it, dropped it and yelped in pain.

I could have warned him that no one but the rightful owner of the angelsword could touch it without getting burned. If other angels touched it, it would burn them as well, but less severe. We could wield eachother's weapon, but with a price to pay: dauntless pain. I personally had never thought it to be worth it, the pain I mean. But then again, I had no need for more weapons, I already had thirteen. I hated every last one of them.

In a precautionary measure, to protect the weapon from stealing angels, the sword dematerialized right back into my skin. I screamed, not prepared for the pain. I felt my knees go weak and gripped Seth's shoulders to keep me upright. He knelt down on the floor, pullin me with him. Anxious he helt my face in his hands, forcing me to look at him. I tried averting my eyes, because I knew how they would look: wide, like I had been on drugs, and violet around the edges of my normal green eyes.

I knew he saw the peculiar colour of my eyes when he gripped my chin and made me look at him to stare at them more closely.

"What the hell?" I heard him whisper.

"What the hell what?" I tried saying in a hard voice, but my heart wasn't in it. I still felt weak from my angelsword appearing and disappearing.

"Your eyes," He said.

"there are streaks of violet in them. What's wrong?"

I rolled my eyes in fake annoyance.

"They've always been like that, asshole. Thanks for noticing. Some girls take it as an insult when a guy has taken notice of her breast, but not her eyes. You're such a loser." I lied easily.

I walked away with wobbly legs, inconspicuously using the furniture as support. I was too tired to climb in my own double-decker, so I let myself fall on the closest bed near the ground. I fell asleep, exhausted. My last thoutht was:

the pillow smells nice.

Chapter 19

daughter of hell 19

sorry it took me so long this time,

but I wrote some more this time to make it up to you guys.

hope you like the story:D

Chapter:

"Heav'n hath no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd,

Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman scorn'd."

- William Congreve

P.O.V. (Seth)

"I'm calling you a slut, if you hadn't figured it out."

She hissed at me, like an angry kitten. I didn't care if I had insulted her, she was a slut for being with Marcus, an hour after she had made out with me. I didn't like the way she could make me feel; so small, insecure and hurt. I felt like a bloody chick.

She surprised me again by drewing her sword. Without a moment of hesitation she went for a killing blow. I stood frozen in place, not understanding how my mere words could have evoked such an extreme reaction.

My eye caught the silver blood-groove of her sword and I knew that if it would pierce my heart, survival would be out of the question. I came from a strong breed but silver touching a vampire's heart spoke of certain dead. Funny how the only thing I thought right then was that she must know one hell of a weaponsmith. Forging a blood-groove was difficult, especially in her small, elegant sword. The blood-groove, that actually had nothing to do with blood, was forged onto a blade to form it into a flexible spine that reduces the weight and gives the sword more strength and flexibility.

I was going to die and here I was reciting my swordlessons.

Must be the shock.

The sent of rust and iron evaded my senses and I knew I wasn't going to die. Seconds later Luci's sword clashed against the floor, she was disarmed.

It was Jake's extra ability in combat: he could call upon iron and therefor disarm a man without having to draw his sword himself. I would have loved having an affinity to iron.

"Are you okay?" He asked like a worried mother. I shook my head in annoyance, he didn't need to mother me.

"Yeah, I think." I said while looking at Luci, who's pupils had dilated in awe at the strange way she had been disarmed.

I narrowed my eyes at Jake's arm, drapped across Luci's chest.

'What the hell did he think he was doing?' The illogical part of my brain made me yell.

"Get your hand of her, man!" I snarled.

"Why would I do that? Are you out of your mind? She tried to fucking kill you!"

I knew he had a point, but the only thing I saw at that moment was his arm, groping my mate.

"Get your hands of her. I'm not going to ask you again, Jake." I said in an icy voice.

Slowly Jake lowered the blade from my throat and pushed Luci away from him and me. He actually took a protective stand before me. I didn't need his protection, damnit.

Annoyed, I pushed Jake to the side and softly touched Luci's face and took her in my arms. I needed to be sure Jake hadn't hurt her. What had he been thinking? Holding a knife to her beautiful throat.

"Are you alright?" I asked in a worried voice.

I needed to hear the words from her. I needed her to say that she wasn't hurt.

"Did he hurt you? Just say he did and I'll gladly kill him."

"What's wrong with you? I don't get you? First you call me a slut, and now you're worried about me?"

I frowned at her words. I shouldn't have said it, but I had been jealous and had wanted to hurt her in return. She started to struggle against my hold.

"Let go of me."

She didn't sound like she meant it.

Somewhere in the distant I heard Jake yelp, but I was too enthralled by Luci to take notice of anything else.

"We both know you don't want me to let go. Admit it alreday, Luci. You belong to me." I said in a possesive voice.

She screamed as if in pain. I felt her go feeble in my arms. I knelt down on the floor, pulling me with him. Anxious I helt her face in my hands, forcing her to look at me. She tried averting her eyes but I gripped her chin and made her look at me.

I stared at her. Her eyes were...

they weren't the fluo green colour, I had grown used to, anymore. Her eyes were wide, like I she had been

on drugs, and violet around the edges of her normal green eyes.

"What the hell?" I whispered.

"What the hell what?"

"Your eyes," I said.

"there are streaks of violet in them. What's wrong?"

She rolled her changed eyes at me, the strange colour stayed.

"They've always been like that, asshole. Thanks for noticing. Some girls take it as an insult when a guy has taken notice of her breast, but not her eyes. You're such a loser."

She pushed herself away from me and walked into our room. There was something serously wrong, she looked so weak, using the furniture as support.

And she was so wrong, I had dwelled over her beautiful eyes for hours, and could have stared in them for much longer. They had never been violet before.

Switch P.O.V. (Jake)

I shook my hand like a crazy, trying to ease the sting. What the hell had happened. Where was the fucking sword? Luci's scream of pain made me refocus.

I hated myself for being worried about her, she had just tried to kill my future king, my best friend, and here I was, worried that she might be hurt. This was fucked up. I had seen the same reaction with Seth and thought him to have become mentally retarded,

or crazy in love. That thought made me forsake the black burn on my hand and walk over to my best friend. With no further words I janked down his shirt to expose the skin below his collarbone.

"What the fuck, Jake." Seth swore.

"You're my friend but I'm not into guys."

I rolled my eyes.

"Trust me, if I were into guys. What I am not! I'd have better taste than you." I easily said. That's when I saw what I was looking for.

"How long have you known?" I asked.

His earlier reaction made total sense now. I just couldn't believe he hadn't told me.

Seth looked down and saw the the black and green coloured tattoo on his chest.

"Holy shit." I heard him whisper while examening the compicated pattern of wires that stood symbole for an almost mated male. It appeared after the first kiss between the lucky male and his mate. To complete the cermonie and claim your mate as yours, the vampire needed to drink his mate's blood. In doing so, he no longer would be the living dead, but would become the undead. By becoming the undead the vampire would once again be able to brave the sunlight like he was able to before his twentieth birthday. Finding your mate was crucial, especially for a vampire prince like Seth.

"She really is my mate." Seth said.

"You weren't sure?"

How could he not be sure? He had the prove of it across his chest.

"I hadn't seen the tattoo before. Shit." He said once again.

"The little bitch is my mate."

I had to laugh at that. I didn't believe Luci was a bitch, at least not to me. Well, maybe that would change, I had hold her knife against her throat. Which reminded me.

"There's something peculiar about her. You might want to find out what."

"So, you've noticed too?"

I nodded my head. What are you hiding Luci Satanini?

"I'm going to find out what it is. She's mine and I'm not going to let her go."

I smiled at my friend's words, he had never cared about a girl before. Hadn't cared what they did, or if they cheated on him. Not that one of them would dare to cheat on a prince, but still, he wouldn't have cared if they'd done it.

"You'd better not be touching her like that again, Jake. You're my friend, but she belongs to me."

Like I'd do that to him.

"Don't worry, man. I don't even like redheads."

And what a lie that was.

Chapter:

Life is like a straw,

it sucks.

P.O.V. (Seth)

I had went over and over it again, alone and with the guys. None of us knew what was up with Luci's eyes or sword. I didn't get it. How could a human's eyes change from one strange colour (fluo green) to another strange colour (violet streakes) ? And what was up with the sword? It didn't make sense that a human from this modern age knew how to fight with a sword, let alone have one in her possession.

"You know, that silver blood-groove sounds familiar. I think I've read about it." Luke said while tapping his finger to his chin. It was the most annoying gesture,

but if he could tell me something that could help solving the puzzle Luci was, I'd let him get away it.

"Well?" I restlessly asked.

"I can't remember, man. Don't push it."

"What a great spy you'll be one day. Can't even remember something of this importance."

I saw the dangerous glint in Luke's normal soft brown eyes. He stood up and left with angry strides.

"You shouldn't have insulted him." Nate mumbeled.

"You know how he gets when you question his ability to follow in his father's footsteps."

Lucas's father was my dad's first and best spy. Everyone expected Lucas to follow his dad's careerchoice and be as good as he was. It was a huge pressure.

"You guys pester me all the time about me not going to make a great king." I defended myself.

"Yeah, but you're too arrogant to actually let our words get to you." Nate pointed out.

"Whatever."

"You know what's odd." My 'brilliant' twin intervined.

I let out a bitter laugh.

"What? More odditys?"

As always, my big brother knew when to ignore me.

"Sam hasn't seen anything about her. He hasn't seen her coming."

He referred to Samuel's gift to see the future.

"That's not uncommon, Vic. He's already attuned to the royal family. It's possible that some stuff sliped past him. He's still only a vampire."

Again my obnoxious brother shook his head.

"She's your mate, bro. She's part of the royal family. Sam should have seen her coming. There's something seriously wrong with your chick."

I couldn't believe it. Every time I thought things couldn't get worse with Luci, they did. Oh, the Fates must be having a good laugh at me now.

"Wait? She's your mate? When did that happen?" Dustin called out shocked.

Aaaaaaaargggh. The little guy was one of my best friends, but seriously sometimes I could just wring that little neck of his. Nate, being Nate laughed.

"What have you been smoking, my friend. Must have been some though shit. I mean, our little king has been bitching about his mate being a nutcase for hours. How is it possible you've just caught on?"

Dustin coloured as red as a beet to match his haircolour. Then Nate's words sunk in.

"Little king? Nutcase?" I indignantly yelled.

I would have beaten the crap out of him if Lucas hadn't chosen that moment to barge in. He looked out of breath, like he'd been running. I didn't see what could be so important.

"I" heavy panting "found" some more heavy panting "it."

He threw a large dusty book in front of my nose. I looked at the acient book, then at the eager

expression on Luke's face. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke. Book, Luke.

"Are you ever going to tell us what you found?!" I yelled frustrated.

Lucas smirked and gave me one of those annoyig looks that said: 'And.....' He must be crazy if he thought I was going to beg. I was a fucking prince, princes didn't beg. Fine, if he wasn't going to tell me, I'd look for myself. I opened the book and was assaulted by a thick cloud of dust. I sneezed three times.

"Aww, someone is thinking about you, Seth." Nate said in a sugary way.

I gave him my best 'what the fuck - look' that I usually saved for Luci.

"When you sneeze it means someone is thinking about you."

He told me that like it was common knowledge.

"Freak."

I looked at the writing and stared some more. It was complete gibberish, the letters didn't even look like letters, more like some sort of forgotten symbolic language.

"What language is this?"

"Apathean."

Again he said it like 'Apathean' was an everyday word. I let out a tiresome sigh.

"Do tell us, o great super spy, Lucas. What important source of information have you brought to us."

"You forgot to call yourself my humble bum of a receiver of"

"Don't push it, Lucas." I cut him off.

"Right. Apathean is the old language of the fallen angles. They are the only documents that we have about the lifestyle of the heavenly angels. Even though we have a treaty with the heavenly angels, they don't let the vampire race in on their lifestyle. They keep the relationship stricktly professional. We

let them know the latest demonic activity we found out about, they do the same for us. Did you know they even refuse to go to battle with us against the demon race?"

"Lucas, tell us something we didn't already know, or the consequences are at the hazard of your own life."

Very pleased with myself I saw him gulp at my threat.

"The fallen angels describe one of the most known weapons of the angels.

The angelsword. It is the sign of great prestige or power. An angel in possession of such a sword is acknowledged as one of their superior warriors and often a member of the angelic nobility. Apparently the conjuring of an angelweapon, doesn't matter which one, pains one so greatly that a weaker one may die of the power that goes through the body at the time of the summoning of magic. No other creature but an angel can touch such a weapon or will instantly burn himself wenn comming in contact with the weapon."

"Do you actually have a point." I yawned.

Angels weren't really one of my big interests.

"Characteristic for an angelsword is the silver blood-groove, descended from their former wars with the vampire race."

That got my attention. I still needed to be sure.

"What are saying, Luke?"

"I think Luci is an angel."

Chapter

"God topples from the sky, hell's fires fade:

Exit seraphim and Satan's men:

I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead."

- Sylvia Plath -

P.O.V. (Seth)

Of all the hypocritical things in this word, I thought this one was the most laughable.

Luci couldn't be an angel.

She was evil represented. She could get on a saint's nerves.

The freaky thing was that she probably had met one already, with her living in heaven and all that.

My mate was an angel. This was crazy.

"Maybe she's one of the Fallen Angels?" Nate shared myscepticism of Luci being a heavenly angel.

Jake shook his head.

"Fallen Angels can not wield an angelsword, she did."

"So, it could be broken." I said, realizing the odds of that were very small.

Jake held up his hand and I could see the healing burn on his palm. He must have received it not that long ago, Vampires healed real quick.

"This is were I tried touching her sword. It takes long to heal for vampire standards. I can't remember any of my wounds stinging like this."

And that meant something. I've seen Jake fight in battle, he didn't stop until he was almost missing a limb. The guy had issues.

"This is fucked up. I can't be mated with an angel? Angels are warriors. Mates should be sweet and kindhearted."

"And yet your mate is an ill-mannered, rude, fuck-all-the-rulles, badass angel with a temper.

Oh, and lets not forget she's heavenly."

Vic and Nate were so overcome with laughter, they actually fell from their seats.

"Laugh at my missery. Some friends I have."

Vic brushed away the tears of laughter.

"I am your brother, not your friend."

And there they went again. Losers.

"I don't see what's so bad about having an angel as a mate, Seth." Luke said.

"Yeah, especially one as hot as Luci."

Not helping Nate.

"I mean," Luke continued.

"she can fight. You won't have to worry about her fragile humanity all the time, she can actually defend herself. And she's angel."

Duh, I think we just covered that.

"Think about how this can improve our alliance with the heavenly angels. She must be part of the angelic nobility with a fightingskill like that. She's stupendous."

"I can't think right now. I need some time to deal with this shit."

"Spoken like a true nancy boy."

"Why don't you shut up, Vic?"

I yawned.

"I'm knackered, I'm going to hit the sack. Don't bother me."

I saw Nate's happy look.

"Not even if the dorm is on fire." I said before he could voice his thoughts.

I threw my clothes on the floor and went to bed in my boxers, I was too tired to go put on some pyjamas. A warm little form curled up against and I almost jumped out of my skin. The sent of sweet spices evaded my senses and I realised Luci had crawled in my bed. I liked that, her in my bed. I drew her closer in my arms, and smugly saw her press closer to my chest. She was so warm, and uncomfortable. What was she wearing? She intertwined her legs with mine and I could feel the buttons of her jeans push into my skin. I wasn't going to risk waking her up by removing the jeans. I'd endure the small discomfort. Her head lay in the crook of my neck and I savored the feeling of her silky red hair on my skin. Her amazing natural sent surounded me. I had died and gone to heaven.

I groaned. Heaven. My mate was an angel. I didn't want to think about that. Why couldn't she have been human like a normal person? It was like even unconsciously she tried to thwart me. I sighed and pulled her even closer. I heard her mumble something along the line of 'Stupid, arrogant, overly self-assured asshole holding me to tight, wants to

crack my ribs...' I loosed my hold on her and the sleepy rambling stopped.

I smiled. She was going to give me hell when she woke up.

My beautiful cheeky angel.

Chapter 20

daughter of hell 20

Chapter

Life is too complicated in the morning.

P.O.V. (Luci)

Hmmm, I had slept wonderfully. I tried to turn around but was prevented by a heavy weight holding my body pinned to something warm.

I poked the warm thing and found out it was soft.

I poked it again.

The soft thing made a distrungled noise.

I was being pressed closer to the soft warm thing that could make noise.

I fought to open my eyes.

After a good five minutes I pried them open.

And screamed.

Mr. Cocky released me and fell out of bed.

"What you yelling for?" He said with the cutest sleepy head I had ever seen.

No, not cute. Disgusting, vile, low-life scum, who I had tried to kill yesterday. Demons, what had I done? I had tried to kill a human

and failed. How was I ever going to live down the shame?

"Why were you in my bed, stupid? I can not scream when I find a manwhore in my bed?"

It seemed that Mr. Cocky wasn't so cocky in the morning. The words needed some time to sink into that thick skull of his.

"You were in my bed, honey."

Oh, no. We were doing the 'honey-thing' again?

"Don't honey me, you perv."

By now I had noticed that I was indeed seated on Mr. Cocky's bed. Thank the demons, I was still wearing all my clothes. I was surrounded by the amazing smell that always seemed to follow Mr. Cocky. I inhaled deeply before getting up.

"I need a shower to wash this stench of."

When I got out of the fucking shower because a certain irritating boy with red hair could not control his bladder and kept screeching he was going to pee in my bed if I didn't get out. If I were not a redhead myself, I'd make a snide remark about his haircolour.

"Goodmorning, honey." Mr. Cocky welcomed me with a smile.

He dropped his arm over my shoulder and pulled me close.

"Breakfast?" He asked while kissing my cheek.

Disgusted I pushed him away.

"Piss off, freak. Like I'd eat anything you've made for me."

What kind of a fool did he thought I was?

"What? No cuddling after a night of passion?" Nate asked me with a knowing smile.

"My kind of girl. If you weren't taken already, I'd do you."

I pushed my hand playfully through his hair, ignorig the ugly looks Mr. Cocky gave us.

"Baby, for your information, I'm single and always in the mood." I purred in his ear.

Suddenly I was airborn and pressed against a wall.

"But you are taken, my little angel. And being in the mood for anyone else, will cost them dearly."

Annoyed at his words and the fact that he had surprised me, I pushed myself free.

"I don't belong to anyone, like I told you before. So stay out of my personal space and go bug someone else with the needless alphamale behaviour."

Angry I slammed the door and left early for my classes. I didn't need to give the motherbitch a reason to condemn me to heaven.

Life was too complicated, and is was only morning.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

I smacked Nate's head.

"Hey."

"Don't flirt with her."

"I'm a flirty person, I can't help it."

"Try to keep it down, and work some of your 'magic' on the other sluts that go here."

"I'll try 'keeping it down'." He mocked me.

"But don't you think I'll be the only one who'll be drooling over her. I mean, have you looked at her. It should be illegal to look like that. Damn, she's so freaking hot."

And she was. I should have forbidd her to wear her adapted version of the schooluniform and wear something decent. Like it hadn't been awfully

tempting before, she had to go and make it worse. Instead of the black silk ribbon sewed to her white blouse, she wore a tight black corset over it. On any other girl it would have looked cheap, but Luci managed to wear it with a certain elegance. Her red hair was piled up sophisticated on top of her head, elegant little red curls framed her face.

I still couldn't describe her as an angel. She had the looks to appear sweet and inocent, but she had to ruin her serene appearance with her daring clothes and fierce green eyes.

I couldn't say I minded either. It kind of turned me on that she wasn't all talk. Damn, she truly had messed me up.

"Lucas!" I yelled.

"You rang, sir?" He imitated Lurch, the butler of the Adam's family.

"I need you to keep an eye on Luci, see that no one else tries anything funny with her."

Lucas smirked at me and raised his eyebrows untill they dissapeared under his shaggy hair.

"Why don't you announce that you found your mate, and get it over with? No one would dare to touch her if they knew."

Like I hadn't seriously considered that, but there was one teeny-weeny small, little problem. Even Jake had thought about it. He snickered.

"I'd love to see Luci's reaction when finding out she's Seth's mate. I mean, look at the fit she threw when he called her 'his'." He shook his head.

"I'd give it some more time. At least wait untill she doesn't dislike you quite that much anymore."

"Yeah, that would be a real improvement." Nate joined in.

"And in the mean time..."

I didn't trust his smile.

"she doesn't belong to anyone and is free for anyone who doesn't love his own balls."

I made a disgusted sound. Had he really said that?

"How come?" Dustin asked slowwitted.

"You've seen how quickly she unmanned our dear king?"

"She did not unman me!"

"Right, and I'm the queen of Romania."

Sometimes I could wring that little neck and...

"And than you haven't even seen her wield a sword." Jake said with certain awe.

What was happening to my best friend?

First he started smiling, something he didn't do very often before Luci, and now he showed her his respect. Jake was as arrogant as me and thought himself superior above all others. The only difference with me was that he wasn't a talkative guy. In fact, the only sound you got out of him were a couple meaningful grunts.

"Let's get to class." I said while slinging my backpack over my shoulder.

I didn't feel like biology, for some reason disecting slimy frogs didn't do it for me. I entered the classroom and saw to my relieve Luci wasn't here

yet. That gave me a couple of extra minutes to calm down. If I ever thought to make things happen between us, I needed to learn that weird twisted thing, called patience.

Biologie was a slow cruel torture, and the worst part was that Luci didn't show up. So she was skipping classes now?

"So you want to get together later today?"

Diana had wrapped her short little arms around me again and held on for dear life. My temper was boiling, if she hadn't been a marked one, I'm pretty sure I would have ripped of those little stumps, she dared to call arms. What had I ever seen in this girl? Were I used to think of her as petite and cute, I now found her short, squat and ungainly.

"Let go of me, Diana. I need to find someone."

She pouted. If she thought it made her look cute, she'd better think again, the resemblance to miss Piggy was striking. I rolled my eyes, I was interested in her drama as much as I was into dissecting a frog.

I'd even rather dissect one of the green buddies than talk to Diana one more minute.

"Stay." She purred in my ear, it sounded more like snorting to me.

One of her manicured claw gripped the front of my shirt.

"I'll make it worth your while." She snorted some more.

Please, like she could satisfy me after the kisses Luci and I had shared. I really was left cold by her. No other girl could ever mean as much to me as Luci did. I needed to find her.

"I very much doubt that."

Her supposed flirty expression hardened. She looked pissed.

Her anger wasn't nearly as impressive as Luci's. Damn it! I really had to stop comparing every little thing to Luci. Where the hell was she?

"It is that little whore, isn't it?"

"Who?"

"That insignificant redheaded tramp." She hissed with with great distaste.

"Don't call her that." I said with barely suppressed anger in my voice.

So many thing were wrong with that statement.

First of all, Luci was kind of tall. To a midget like Diana, she must look like a giant.

Well, maybe she hadn't hitted to far of mark with her statement. Luci was a redhead, a beautiful one, but a redhead nonetheless. And for her calling Luci a slut... I couldn't say I thought otherwise.

"Your mine, Seth. She doesn't have any business with you. Why would you even want her? The girl isn't normal. Everybody knows!"

She was getting a little red in the face. I laughed when the image of an overheated teapot came to my mind. It only needed a little whiff of blond hair and they could be twins.

"I'll see you later, Di."

I gave her a weak wave, but I was already walking away.

"What does she have that I don't?" I heard her call after me.

I never stopped walking and didn't bother to turn around.

"A spine, to start with."

Chapter 21

daughter of hell 21

Someone asked me to wright some more about the relationship between Luci and Marcus, but I already had written a draft about it. Still, it gave me the idea to fit it in sooner.

Hope you like the story:D

Xx impossible

PS : if someone can give me the meaning of the lyrics of 'Girl' from Goose, please tell me :D

Chapter:

"These are Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos,

and they give mortals their share of good and evil."

- Hesiod, Theogony -

P.O.V. (Luci)

"That is so unfair!" I yelled at the subprincipal.

Apparently this is not something you say to a vice-principal. The fake redheaded bitch frowned down on me.

"I can not see why your extra detention is unfair, miss Satanini. You already had detention for a week from Mr. Coll and than another day of detention from Mr. Einrich and didn't show up. You haven't even attended this school for a week, miss Satanini. Maybe you should think about that during the two weeks of detention you will be attending."

You know what I would be thinking about? Funny ways how I'll get back to the stupid stuck up bitch. Thinking she is the boss of the whole fucking school. I mean...

"Miss Satanini! Are you even listening?"

I put up the most forced and brilliant smile I could muster.

"Of course." Not. Stupid bitch.

"Than you wouldn't mind answering my question."

Crap, what'd she asked.

"I asked why on earth your punishment is so unfair?"

"Because" I mimicked her annoyed tone.

"There was a fire during chemistry and I totally forgot. Don't know how detention could have slipped past me in the commotion of a fire."

"No one was hurt during this fire, miss Satanini. I find your excuses very poor. You'll have to do better than this."

"Why am I the only one here? Mr. Cocky missed his detention with Mr. Einrich too. Why am I the only one paying up for this shit?"

"Language, miss Satanini. This is no way for a young lady to behave. You should know better."

Oh, we were going to start with this crap again? Why the fuck wasn't it proper for a girl to curse? Did having a penis naturally came with the right to cuss?

This was the most ridiculous society that had ever come to existence!

"I do not know who this Mr. Cocky is, but I do know I have never heard of him before. Tell your little imaginary friend that he can accompany you to detention for a week for missing his with Mr. Einrich."

I smiled wickedly at her.

"Can I have that on paper?"

I hope she got on with it cause her whining voice was giving me a major headache. So what if I was immortal and technically couldn't get a headache? It only proved the stuck-up bitch truly had an irritating voice.

She put the stamp of the school on the two detention slips and gave them to me.

"I hope I won't have to see you in here again, miss Satanini."

'But I very much doubt it', I could see her thinking.

"But that would mean I wouldn't have the pleasure of sojourning in your pleasant company."

"Get out of my office, miss Satanini."

I left with a smile.

"And try to catch the rest of your biologyclass." She added.

Yeah, right. I had detention for two fucking, impossible long weeks, I wasn't going to waste a moment of freedom.

I needed to clear my head, to get away from here, if only for an hour or two. I needed a happy place, somewhere to go, somewhere I felt comfortable with myself. Hell. The shades were my happy place. Ironically, don't you think? The place of doom gave me comfort. I needed my best friend, but I knew he wasn't going to risk comming here with the neutralizer, also known as Mr. Cocky. He had called me after his arrival in Hell. He had to walk a mile to get his powers back. With that bit of information in my head, I started walking towards the edges of the schoolground, far away from were classes continued

with Mr. Cocky in them. I immediately felt the presence of Mr. Cocky lessen when walking away from the schoolbuilding. Dark magic hummed through my veins like sweet nectar calling towards a bee. I exhaled a deep breath. By the time I needed to breath again it were the toxic fumes of Hell that I inhaled. I was home, if only for a short while.

I threw open the door that lead to Marcus' room. This was weird, his whole room was black and all the shutters were closed. The room was cloak in darkness. Not such an oddity you might thing, he is after all a dd, a damnationdemon. Damnnationdemons were the more powerful ones, the real cruel guys who didn't even grant forgiveness to an old lady. But Marcus always kept a certain fascination with all things light from his human life. It made me suspect he actually had been one of the good guys, not that he told me anything about his human life.

The darkness and the loud music confused me. Since when did Marcus listened to electronic? I had been pestering him for ages to give a different kind of

music a change. Like this song for instance, Let's Buy Happiness from Boys Noize. The last sounds faded away and Girl from Goose started.

Give me a reason to cool you down

an explanation

I'm gonna lift you to upperground

a great location

I try to hit it hard

give me a reason

this ain't no heart attack

no moderation

give me a reason to cool you down

an explanation

im gonna lift to upper ground

I didn't even really understand the lyrics, but I used this song to clear my head when I was sad, scared or confused. Why was Marcus playing my music?

Ah, there you had the rock, he was actually playing my 'Fuck off motherbitch' - playlist. Yeah, I really titled it like that. Freedom and liberty pounded from the speakers. I loved that song, even if not many people liked the group that played it. I liked a lot of crapcalled music.

The gift of life is a wasted present

if you don't succeed!

Think, act, choose wisely,

don't hurt anybody;

that's the only groundrule

people,

one law for the FREE!

What was up with him? He thought this song to be 'a magnificent piece of idealism', translated as pure bullshit.

I flicked on the light.

"Did your girlfriend brake up with you? Need to crack open a jar of Ben & Jerry's? Cookie dough?" I asked in a sarcastic voice.

"It's okay, you can cry."

I got a pillow aimed at me as an answer. I blocked it from my face and laughed.

"Scoot over, kiddo."

I nudged him with my foot. I craweled into his side and rested my head on his shoulder. I kissed his cheek.

"You don't like this music. You like ancient ballades and that shit." I stated.

I felt him shudder under me and for a moment thought he was actually crying.

When hearing his amused chuckle, I could tell he was laughing at his own private joke.

"I have a depressing asigment to fulfill. Can you believe I'm desperate enough to try listening to your playlists to cheer me up."

I smiled agains his shoulder.

"Did it help?"

He laughed out loud this time.

"I didn't thought it to be possible, but I think I got even more depressed.

You have a horrible taste in music."

"I could say the same from you. I'm still traumatised from that time you made me listen to that midieval farce. I still have nightmares about"

"Yeah, yeah. I got it, you don't appreciate quality."

"So, what are you depressed about?"

"Trust me, you don't want to know."

"That bad, huh? It can't be more atrocious than two weeks of detention." I grumbled.

"You think you've got problems?" Marcus said.

"I've got to go and try to get some more favours from the Fates!"

I shuddered in response.

The Fates, also referred to as Moirae in the Greek mythologie, were the three goddesses who were in charge of watching over fate. The Fates were three old spinsters who spun threads of life of the earth dwellers and who manipulated their couse of life.

You had Clotho, the spinner, who spun the thread of life, followed by Lachesis, the distributor, who measured off the thread and decided how long someone had to live. As last there was Atropos, the inescapable one, who cutted off the thread when the time had come.

When the thread was cut through, the person's life, who the thread belonged to, died.

These three goddesses were known as the daughters of Zeus, the ruler of the Greek Gods, and the Titan Themis. But the truth was that they were the daughters of Nyx, the goddess of Night. It is why the vampire is granted immortality.

The vampire race was created by Nyx, but cursed by Erebus, the god of deep Darkness, out of jealousy. The 'night childern' were to die at their twentieth plus one year of life. Erebus was a very powerful god and

his will had been done before Nyx could prevent the curse. To save her precious 'night childern', she called upon the Moirae as a mother. Instead of cutting through the night childern's thread they thinned them out, so instead of dying, they became the undead.

Erebus became furious when he found out about Nyx' cleverness, and made his favorite daughter, Hemera, the goddess of the day, banish the now undead night children from her element. After this they could no longer suffer sunlight.

Scorned in her pride and love for her created race, the vampires, Nyx mustered her last trump. Ichor is the element in the blood of the gods, that gave them immortality. It was said that when a god was bled, the ichor made his or her blood poisonous to mortals. She could not risk poisening her precious childern, so she found a detour.

She fed her blood to random mortals, poisening them and observing their reaction to the ichor in her blood. Nintynine point nine procent of the mortals died, only a select group of females survived the

godesses blood. Excited Nyx saw how the girls became marked in the form of a triangular black mark on the middle of their backs. The offspring of these marked girls bore a similar mark.

After generations had passed and all the marked ones survived, Nyx was ready for the next part of her plan to be set in motion. The most beautiful and strong one of the marked girls was manipulated to meet the leader of the undead night children. By Nyx' doing the blood of the marked girl was spilled by a simple cut in her finger. The undead king, who did not own one drop of blood himself because of the curse, was overcome by a certain bloodlust. But for some reason the king craved this girls blood far more than any other before her. He succumbed to his desire and drank her blood, piercing her delicate skin with his sharp teeth.

By some sort of unkown evolution the girl's blood had produced a certain enzyme that had mutated the Ichor into something inexplicable but very desirable to a vampire.

In the meantime the sun had risen and cherised the vampires skin. He did not burn, there was no pain. Something in the girls blood had given him back the element of Life.

Nyx had conquered Hemera's curse. The undead night children had found a way to experience the day again. That day the quest in search of a lifemate had arissen.

I shuddered again. Getting favours from the Fates was horrendous job. The Fates were these old hags who liked their men young.

Poor Marcus.

If you have trouble conjuring an image of the Fates, think about the Disney version of Herculese, the demigod, son of Zeus and a mortal women. The image about the Moirae was one thing Disney got right. Hit the nail right on the head.

"What'd you do to get the shitjob?"

He looked away shamefully. My eyes widened and a malicious smile spread itself across my face.

"You so did a succubus!'

He got all red in the face. This was fucking unbelievable and hilarious.

"You got the shitjob cause you're low on power?"

Succubuses were female demons who fed by attatching theirselves to an unfortunate male and who drained their lifeforce. They actually used sex as a torturemethode.

In Hell the only female demons that existed were succubuses. I had thought it to be real discriminating, a violation of the womans' rights. But since I was the only one who felt like being a feministic-not-armshaving-termagant, to use Marcus' words, I stoppped trying to give more important positions to female demons, who were in fact all succubuses. Except for me, obviously.

"Holy shit! How long did you make out with her? The dare was one little peck on the lips, no tongue."

I wiggled my eyebrows suggestively.

"You got carried away a little bit, my friend?

She's that good, huh?"

He got even redder, if that were possible.

"This is priceless!"

I laughed my ass off.

Marcus smiled too.

Uh, uh. That wasn't good. What was he smiling about?

"Actually," he said with a sly smile.

"it wasn't priceless."

Where was he going with this?

"Remember our little rule about daring eachother?"

Me and Marcus had this dare thing going. We each took turn on daring eachother. When the dared one completed the dare, he could invent another dare. You could make it as difficult or gross as you wanted it to be, but you had to keep in mind that it went both ways.

We'd stopped playing dare six months ago. The deal was you could only continue if the other one carried out the dare. You had to finish it.

By kissing the succubus Marcus had fulfilled my dare for him. Six months ago he'd sworn he'd get back at me twice as hard for comming up with this one. The thing was,

Marcus didn't make idle threats. Fuck.

I was in serious trouble.

Chapter 22

daughter of hell 22

"Remember our little rule about daring eachother?"

Me and Marcus had this dare thing going. We each took turn on daring eachother. When the dared one completed the dare, he could invent another dare. You could make it as difficult or gross as you wanted it to be, but you had to keep in mind that it went both ways.

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me twice as hard for comming up with this one. The thing was,

Marcus didn't make idle threats. Fuck.

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P.O.V. (Marcus)

"Remember our little rule about daring eachother?"

I smiled while she gulped.

The bitch was going down.

Don't get me wrong, I love Luci, she's my best friend but she had made me kiss a succubus. I felt like shit after having my life engery sucked from me. If I hadn't been a demon myself I'd be dead by now. Like I didn't feel like shit already, my boss, Satan, had to get all pissed at me for not being able to complete my assigments. Getting Satan's wrath over you was not one of the things I had wanted to experience in my Life. Having to charm the old hags was the small thing to top my already crappy day. So I didn't feel guilty about the dare I was going to give Luci. I mean, I had to hook up with the Moirae!

I had felt like shit for the entire day and it was going to get worse. This knowledge had helped me find the perfect kind of retaliation for Luci. The girl would have kissed one of the Moirae if I had dared her to do it. So I had thought of the only thing I knew she resented.

"You can kiss that formidable roommate of yours. You know, the one you like so much? Mr. Cocky, wasn't it? Wait no.

I dare you, Lucifer Vaivata Satanini, to pash your roommate, Mr. Cocky, for five whole minutes."

The look on her face was priceless.

"Are retarded? I am NOT pashing the arrogant bastard! Are you out of your mind? Kissing a succubus isn't nearly as bad as having to go all lovey-dovey on Mr. Cocky! He's disgusting and vile!"

She crossed her arms over her chest.

"I am NOT doing this."

I grinned, I knew she'd do it eventualy. Luci didn't back down from a dare. That was part of her problem.

"What happened to you telling me to stay away from the neutralizing pig? It could be dangerous."

I knew she didn't took danger serious, and normally I wouldn't encourage her reckless behaviour, but Mr. Cocky was still a human. And a human, even one that could neutralize demonic magic, was no threat to an immortal. Especially not for one as Luci.

"You'll live. I'm pissed at you. I have charm the Fates. You didn't thought I'd let you get away with something like that, did you?"

"I said to peck her on the cheek! I can't help it that your one horney boy with a crush on a succubus!" She yelled indignantly.

"Marcus! Get your ass over to the Fates. I need those favours now!" Satan bellowed. He threw my door open and stood there in all his red, black and smokey glory.

"Daddy!" Luci exclaimed and threw her arm around his neck.

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

"Daddy!" I threw my arms around his neck while he scooped me up in his arms.

"Hey, kiddo."

He kissed my forehead.

"I missed you, dad." I said in the hope he'd annul the deal with my mother and would let me come home.

"You missed me so much that as soon as you arrived in Hell, you went to see Marcus?" He asked unconvinced.

"I couldn't find you?"

"Weak attempt, Luci. I'd thought you had more imagination than that." He said in an amused tone.

"I just got here?"

My dad sighed.

"You know full well that I know about every little thing that goes around in my Hell. Including who enters and who leaves."

Crap, I had forgotten about that. It made sneaking out almost impossible. Almost, obviously, since I had snuk out many times in the past.

"Which reminds me." He turned towards Marcus, who gulped.

"I had almost forgotten that you needed to bring the Fates a visit."

I grinned at his facial expression. Served him right, daring me to pash Mr. Cocky. What a bastard.

"I don't understand what you were thinking, Marcus." I scolded.

"Kissing a succubus." I sadly shook my head.

"What ever will become of you?"

He glared menacing at me and my dad frowned. He knew something was wrong but he had no prove that I had anything to do with it. I wasn't worried about Marcus ranting me out. It was one of our rules when

it came to daring; you couldn't tell anyone you did it because of a dare. It saved my neck.

"Don't you have school, Luci?" Marcus asked with a smirk.

Oh, he's smooth, real smooth.

"I'm Satan's daughter. It can't be much of a chock to you that I'm skipping."

"You sure that's smart? You already got two weeks of detention."

I saw my dads eyes narrow.

"What did you do now, Lucifer?"

I gave Marcus the finger.

"Lucifer! What have I told you about obscene gestures?"

I shrugged. Damn, Satan lecturing me about obscenity. Hypocritical bastard. They were all bastards here in Hell. Why couldn't I be one? Everyone else was.

"Why don't you go and do Lachesis, Marcus?"

With an irritated scowl he used his demonpowers to leave the room.

Warily my dad pushed his hand throught his hair.

"What am I going to do with you, Lucifer?"

Not a damn thing, I thought angerly. But I was wise enough to keep that commment to myself.

"You constanly sneak out of hell when I tell you to stay put. You have this weird fascination with all things human and when I finally get over the fright for your life and find a solution for you to stay in the human world, you disobey me again?"

His horns were becomming more prominent while his anger piled up.

"Do you enjoy my misery, Lucifer? Because I can tell you right now that having to worry about you twentyfour on twentyfour is causing me distress. It is a miracle that I'm not spouting grey hair!"

Like he could get grey hair. He was an immortal. Immortals didn't age and therefor didn't get grey hair or wrinkels and the entire shit.

"Why don't you want me visiting?" I asked in a impatient voice.

My dad's face went blank. He probably hadn't expected me to know something was wrong. If my dad started ranting about my incapability to follow the rules, it meant he was working off his worries on a certain subject.

I hoped he got on with it, I had to pee.

"Xenx is here."

I rolled my eyes. Of course he was here. He was a demon. Demons belonged in Hell.

"And your point is...?" I dreged.

"He is trouble, Luci. I don't want him anywhere near my baby girl."

That would have sounded sweet if I hadn't been annoyed.

"You recruted him as a demon. You like the souls he brings in. He hasn't even looked at me, like ever for as far as I know."

"Spit it out, Luci."

"He's like any other demon! Why for the ever loving Unterworld would he be a threat to me? He's lower in rank than me. He only has to look funny and I'll kill him. Stop with the worries. They're useless."

My dad pulled me close for a hug.

"I love you, Luci. Put up with the worries of your old man and stay in school till I tell you it's okay to come here, okay?"

Wow, he really sounded worried. What was he afraid off?

"I'm scared for you." He guessed my thoughts.

"You're the Devil. You are feared, you don't fear yourself.

'You must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. You will face my fear. You will permit it to pass over you and through you. And when it has gone past you will turn to the inner eye to see its path. Where the fear has gone there will be nothing. Only you will remain.'" I quoted Frank Herbert.

It wasn't because I was a fighter that I had to be an alphabetic.

My dad raised one eyebrow at me, as if asking; 'where did you get that shit from?' Only he would say it without the shit, cause cussing in front of his daughter would be improper.

"I am not scared for myself, Luci. Your foolhardiness has me scared for you."

"You have to distance yourself from feelings or you'll suffer the consequences." I pointed out.

"No, Luci. That is your mother talking. Don't distance yourself from your feelings, you'll miss out on life if you do that."

"Who are you quoting?" I asked teasing.

But somewhere his words bothered me more than I wanted to let myself believe.

Had I really become like my mother? Taking a step back from the fun thing called life?

No, I wasn't like my mother. I didn't avoid life. Heck, I enjoyed it so much, it irritated my dad. Experiencing

feelings like falling in love were something totally different. It was stupid and foolish.

Love, it left a bad aftertaste in my mouth.

I gave my dad a final hug.

"Just because I'm going, doesn't mean I'm liking it."

"Thank you, little princess." He used my old nickname that made me gag.

"Later old man." I grinned.

I was gone before he could open his mouth.

Chapter:

"To love is to risk not being loved in return.

To hope is to risk pain.

To try is to risk failure,

but risk must be taken

because the greatest hazard in life is

to risk nothing."

P.O.V. (Seth)

"Luciiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!" I screamed.

Where was that stupid obnoxious girl? She had one it again.

Chapter 23

daughter off hell 23

Chapter:

"To love is to risk not being loved in return.

To hope is to risk pain.

To try is to risk failure,

but risk must be taken

because the greatest hazard in life is

to risk nothing."

P.O.V. (Seth)

"Luciiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!" I screamed.

Where was that stupid obnoxious girl? She had done it again.

I had been finishing my reading assignment for English, I was almost done when all of the sudden I found the last ten pages of my book missing! Ten tore out pages, this had Luci written all over it, literally. She had left a post-it on the inside of the backcover:

'Don't you just love this book?

Well, I don't.

I mean, 'Lord of the flies' is the most boring book ever!

So I decided to make it a bit more interesting:D

I am treating you on a real SCAVENGER HUNT to find the last missing pages.

I hid the map inside of your CD-player. So take a screwdriver and look for

it inside the electronics.

This is going to be so much fun!!

XOXO I know you love me

Luci

PS: If your CD-player doesn't work...

I think I might have actually broke it.

Sorry.'

This was fucking unbelievable. I tried turning on my CD-player. Well, what do you know? It was broken. I smashed the thing against the wall in frustration and saw two pieces of paper falling to the ground. I took the first piece of paper.

'Ha, ha. It was only taped on the underside of the CD-player.

And don't worry, I didn't break your ugly CD-player (although

someone should. It's purple with yellow skulls on it! What were you thinking

when buying something this ugly. I'm going to have nightmares about

your ugly CD-player! But I won't ramble about the ugliness of your CD-

player.) I just unplugged it.

Look at the other paper to find the missing pages.

Oh, isn't this exciting?!

You love me too much, baby!

Luci

PS: I really don't blame your whole masturbationproblem.

I get it, it's sex with the person you love the most.

Don't worry, I don't feel betrayed by that:D

I'm such a great person, don't you agree?'

I had just smashed my ugly CD-player for nothing. And yeah, I knew it was ugly, but in my defence it had been a gift from a ex-girlfriend. She'd been a total psycho. It was Diana by the way. After I had broken up with her, she she said that I would never find anyone like her again. I was thinking; I should hope not! If I broke up with you, why would I want another one just like you? Two Diana's, that was a scary thought.

"What ya doing?"

Lucas let himself fall on my bed.

"What's with the map?" He asked me.

I grumbled. He snatched the map from my hand and laughed. Laughed pretty damn loud and annoying.

"A scavenger hunt?" He chuckled.

"Goddess, that's why I love that girl."

I tensed and turned my head around slowly to face him. My hands were balled up to fists and I tried really hard to keep my calm.

"What did you say?" My voice sounded low and dangerous.

Luke's eyes widened and he raised his hands in a gesture that said; 'easy dude.'

"Easy dude. It's a matter of speach."

I wasn't reasured. Somewhere I knew Lucas wasn't a threat, but when it came to Luci all rational thoughts dissapeared and I couldn't think straight anymore.

I knew he was my friend and that I couldn't hurt him. Bros before hos, right? But the logic part of my brain was drowned out by the possessive feeling for a certain red-headed brat with an attitude.

Switch P.O.V. (Lucas)

"A scavenger hunt?" I chuckled.

This was so Luci. I genuinely liked her.

"Goddess, that's why I love that girl."

I saw Seth go tense. What was up with him? He got riled up way to easy by that girl.

"What did you say?"

His voice was low and threatenting, and I knew he wasn't messing with me.

I ruhed the words out of my mouth.

"Easy dude. It's a matter of speach."

I could feel he wasn't reasured. I wasn't a strong empath but his feelings of violence and possesiveness pounded against my consciousness. There was no way I was going to calm him, he was a

almost mated male. This meant that he realised who his mate was but hadn't claimed her yet. That she walked around unclaimed by him made him unsure of her and triggered every possessive instinct he had. The smallest thing could set him off and I wasn't planning to stick around to see him explode and let him find a outlet for his frustration, namely me.

I cautiously walked to the door and made a run for it when someone opened the door and collided with me. We fell to the ground in a tangle of red hair.

That was all Seth needed to send me flying and pull Luci up by her arms and push her against the wall. He snarled in her face. He looked scary as hell and Luci didn't even flinch.

"Get out of my face, asshole."

She actually rolled her eyes in an annoyed and bored gesture.

"Demons, what are you spitting irritating about?"

Not the right thing to say to an angry Seth.

"What the fuck do you think the problem is?" He all but spat in her face.

Again the bored expression. She was either very brave or very, very stupid. But for some reason I thought it to be bravery. Something about Luci told you she had seen the worst the world could offer and expected the worst and nothing someone else was going to be more horrible than what she had gone through. It was all in the way she held her. I didn't understand how Seth could miss this. He was used to intimidate a lot of people and had never come up against someone who didn't fear him, or at least respected him enough to be impressed. Luci was neither and it only made him angrier.

She threw her hair out of her face in a graceful movement. Her eyes started to glow a more brilliant green. The clarity her eyes always got when she was ready for a fight.

How come I knew all that stuff about her? I didn't knew her for even a week. Well, maybe I had more spy in my blood than I had firs thought and maybe it made me more observant. It was something my dad

had thought me: 'Always stay on your guard and keep an eye on everything, even the familiar. You never know what's lying around the corner to get you.' He even had went so far as to poisen my soup and see if I would notice in time. I hadn't and had to be rushed to the poisons advice centre. My mother had thrown a fit, the only time I could remember her stepping up to my father.

"I wouldn't ask what the problem was if I knew it, wouldn't I? What are you so mad and possessive about? Did Luke try to steal your candy? Shame on him."

Shame on you, shame on you,

protect the dodo way of life,

there goes our last female!

Ever since Seth had told me about Luci's strange fascintation with the dodo's from iceage I couldn't think about the words 'shame on you' without picturing the movie and the extincted birds.

Tae Kwon dodos, attack!

Protect the watermelon.

Hilarious. But wait? How did she know Seth was feeling possessive about her? I had thought she didn't know his feeling for her.

"Your a fucking whore! Do you have to jump every guy you see?"

"Who the fuck do you think you are? You have no right what so ever to judge me! You don't own me, you fucking bastard! No one does and I can do what the hell I want to do, because that's the deal with freedom! I might not have it for that long, but I understand the basic principles of it!"

"You don't even know what freedom is! Your a prisoner in your fight to do as you please. There will always be rules that you have to take in consideration, Luci. You're such a teenager! What? You have daddycomplex that you feel the constant need to fight the system of life? You love being a rebel and forget what it stands for."

"You don't know shit of me! So don't ever make assumptions about me. 'You can have peace. Or you

can have freedom. Don't ever count on having both at once.'"

"Quoting Robert Heinleim doesn't make your attitudeproblem right."

"You are too close minded or too much of a spoiled litlle rich boy who knows absolutely nothing about life or the pain it can bring. But let me try to explain it to you with a little help of Alber Camus. 'The only way to deal with an unfree world is to become so absolutely free that your very existence is an act of rebellion.' Cause that you stupid jackass is why people rebel, because sometimes it's the only chance of survival you've got left. Cause rebellion gives hope, and hope keeps you going. Even if things don't look good.

So don't give me shit about an attitudeproblem. If I have one, I'm damn right entitled to have it."

Somehow she had gotten free from Seth's arms and ran in a dead sprint from the room. I stopped her and forced her around to face us. Her fight with Seth weren't leading us anywhere. It was time they both realised they had an attitudeproblem.

I looked at her face and kept staring at her in chock. Not because of the sudden violet ring around her normal fluo green irises but because of the haunted look in her eyes. She was caring secrets with her from a past, not even close to forgotten.

"Let me go, Luke."

I couldn't react, those eyes, the pain in them.

"Don't make me hurt you."

I could feel her desperation, her confusion. Her turbulent feelings made me dizzy. I kept staring at her face and only looked away when I heard Seth gasp. I looked over at him and followed his gaze. His eyes were fixed on Luci's bare leg that came out from under her skirt. Thin, entwined lines started forming a pattern over the entire lenght of her leg.

"The angelsword." I whispered.

So it was true after all.

Chapter 24

daughter of hell 24

This one is super short, but it's to get you curious.

sorry if I'm killing someone with this:P

xxx impossible

P.O.V. (Luke)

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P.O.V. (Luci)

The pain constricting in my chest was close to become unbearable.

I felt my knees wobble.

I felt like my body was going to collapse, not able to keep all my pain inside.

I felt like bursting,

I felt like fainting, like some piece of me was going to die if I kept everything that had happened to myself.

I felt my muscles go weak and saw the ground coming closer and closer to my face.

Two strong arms evoloped around my upper body and pulled me close. The arms kept me together. I felt safe again, I knew this amazing smelling person would keep me save and help me carry my pain. I didn't know who was holding me, but I knew I could trust this person. I was save.

I needed to rest my eyes, I needed some peaceful sleep after all this time. Cause both my shoulders were heavy from the weight of all this shit, it would be nice to have someone who would lent me a shoulder for a change.

"I love you." I whispered, right before the lights went out.

Chapter 25

daughter of hell 25

So sorry to leave you guys hanging like that but I had tons of work for school (still do actually:P but I thought it to be time to wright some more. Because you've been so nice to me with the comments:D)

Xx impossible

Chapter:

"In the very depths of Hell, do not demons love one another?"

- Anne Rice

I felt my eyelids flutter because of the rising sun, who didn't get I wasn't ready to wake up yet.

"Uhmgrrrrr." I groaned.

The musical, annoying laughter from Nate reached my ears.

"Ready to wake up sunshine?"

What the hell was his problem?

"Go away Nate. Go to your own room and close the shutters while your at it." I ordered.

He snorted as an answer.

"I know you're still here. Go away, morning person."

I snuggled a bit more closer to Seth's chest. Hmmm, I liked waking up next to him. He smelled yummie and he felt so good pressed against me.

"We're in the living room. It's a shared room for all dormmates, read the dormpampamphlet if you don't believe me."

"What are you talking about?" I asked while finally liften my head from my wonderfull human pillow and opened my eyes.

Nate winked and I finally woke up enough to let things sink in.

Mr. Cocky's chest,

Mr. Cockey's arms wrapped around me,

me and Mr. Cocky sharing the sofa.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!" I yelled in his ear.

This made him release me, I rolled over and landed straight on the ground. I had never been so happy to touch the sticky carpet. That's what you got from rooming with a bunch of guys. Absolutely no hygiene.

Mr. Cocky lost his balance too and fell off the sofa, right on top of me. I pushed my knee in his stomac in the futile attempt to get some air in my poor lungs.

"Get of off me, dipshit!"

He balanced some of his weight on his own arms but kept me trapped with his body, pinned down to the floor. He leaned in closer to me. A very cocky smile

was spread over his face. And he wondered why I called him Mr. Cocky? Bastard.

"Now, now, honey. That's not very nice of you, is it?"

I rolled my eyes, so we were back at the honey shit.

"When have I ever been nice to you?" I snapped.

"Don't tell me you don't remember last night."

His confident smile slightly faltered.

What the fuck was he talking about? Last night? What had happened last night? I tried thinking of it but came up blank. A safe blackness had spread itself over the events of last night and I couldn't remember a thing.

Shit! What had happened? Why had I blacked out like that? The questions were stupid, because I already knew what must have happened. My mind always had had a way of covering up the things I couldn't handle. I had made myself forget, and for the first time in my life, I wished I hadn't. I needed to know what Mr. Cocky had seen. Thank the demons I

couldn't go all demonic on him, so I was sure he hadn't seen me with horns or something.

"You really don't remember?" He asked in disbelieve.

I groanded sillently. What had I done?

"Your a fucking whore! Do you have to jump every guy you see?"

I blinked. What?

"I'm sorry for what I said yesterday, Luci. I was jealous and..."

"You don't even know what freedom is! Your a prisoner in your fight to do as you please. There will always be rules that you have to take in consideration, Luci. You're such a teenager! What? You have daddycomplex that you feel the constant need to fight the system of life? You love being a rebel and forget what it stands for."

Small things started coming back at me, but they weren't ordered, it was complet chaos in my head. I pushed my fists against my head, hoping the turmoil would stop.

The pain, the angelssword. I closed my eyes in denial, he couldn't have seen me. He was human, he wouldn't be as comfortable with me as he was now if he had seen anything. It just wan't possible.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

I couldn't believe it. The stuborn girl had said 'I love you' to me and couldn't remember. Great, just my luck.

"What happened last night?" She asked me with a pained expression on her face.

I wanted to tell her that I knew she was an angel and that she loved me, even if she could only admit this to me when she was half unconscious. I wanted to explain to her that she was mate and that I had no intention of ever letting her out of my sight again.

Goddess, when I had seen the pain on her face yesterday, I had thought my heart would litteraly break. I wanted her in my sight, so that I knew she was safe and couldn't do anything stupid to jeopardize her own safety. I wanted her to know the truth about me, but I knew I she wasn't ready to hear

it. It didn't matter that the vampires and the angels had a wartreaty together against the demon race, the angels still thought themselves better than us. I knew Luci, being an angel and all that, would have trouble accepting me. She'd be a social pariah to her people, a disgrace. If I asked her to be with me now, she'd say no. And I wasn't up to hearing her cold no. So I did what every other male had done before since kindergarten, I chaffed her because I couldn't admit that I liked her.

"I never knew before yesterday that you could be a real girl."

She frowned at my words.

"How so?"

"You fainted right in my arms." I smirked.

"If you liked being in my arms so much, you could have just asked, honey. I'm sure we could have worked something out." I winked at her.

Her tiny hand curled into a little fist. She was getting mad. Good.

"Fuck you."

Now that was an interesting sugestion.

"Okay."

"Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuggggggrrrrrrrrrrrr. You are incorrigible!"

"And you know you love it." I arrogantly said.

"And don't think of love and your cocky self in the same context."

If only she knew.

"Not that I want to interupt your romantic interlude," Nate said.

"but we've got class in less than 10 minutes and I think Luci has gotten enough of detention already."

What? What time was it? I had just woken up.

"You overslept." Jake said, guessing my thoughts.

"Well, why didn't you wake me?"

Six faces smiled down on me.

"We thought you looked comfortable."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Luci getting red.

"I'm out of here." She muttered.

I promise the next one will be longer and I'll try to be quicker but I've got a shitload of work to do and I'd rather not fail my classes:S

Sorry

Xx impossible

Chapter 26

daughter of hell 26

This is a little preview for the people who wanted Luci to find out about Seth being a vampire:D

sorry it took me so long.

xx impossible

Chapter:

"Give, and it shall be given to you.

For whatever measure you deal out to others,

it will be dealt to you in return."

P.O.V. (Luci)

"Miss Satanini, my office. Now!"

I cursed under my breath. What did the bitch want? Ungracefully I let myself fall in the chair opposite from the vice-principal's desk.

"I thought I said I didn't want to see you here anymore, Miss Satanini."

I so was not in the mood for her bitching.

"Then why call me to your office?" I taunted her.

"You didn't show up for your detention. Again!"

Shit. How was I going to get myself out of this?

"I had a seizure and blacked out." I actually told the truth, even if I had let out what kind of seizure.

The bitch frowned.

"Does that happen a lot?"

"What is this? A fucking inquisition?"

"Language, Miss Satanini. Now answer my question."

"Yes." I grumbled. I suppose if I went with so much of the truth I could tell, she might believe me.

"Your mother didn't fill in any papers about an illness when she enrolled you into this school. I'm sure she would have mentioned something about your possible seizures."

I smirked.

"My mother isn't exactly the caring kind of person. I'm sure she told you that if were being difficult I should toughen up a bit and you could punish me to your liking."

The surprise on her face told me I was right. Damn the bitch, both of them.

"She did, didn't she?"

The bitch decided to ignore my words and shook her head as if to indicate that this conversation was over. Since I didn't feel like explaining the human that there 'were more things in heaven and earth' or in Hell for that matter, I let it slide.

"You are going to change that attitude of yours Miss Satanini or consequences will be dealt with."

I snorted. Worse than the two weeks of detention I already had? Please. What did the bitch have against me? It didn't happen too often, but I was an innocent in this situation, she had no right to be pissed at me.

"Maybe I should enroll in some more specific classes shared with the girls. You might learn something useful."

This caused another snort from me. I had heard about those specific classes for girl: how to be a proper lady. She had to be fucking nuts if she thought she could make me sit out that crap. Too late I realiesed I had actually said that out loud.

"Ow, crap."

The bitch looked furious.

"Your kind might look down on us, Miss Satanini, but while you are attending this school you'll follow our rules and you will succumb to my authority. Do I make myself clear?"

"My own mother can't make me listen to her. I tried the whole succumbing thing a while ago and found it lacking in its appeal."

I could feel my eyes turn violet. The bitch beared her teeth. Her pointy teeth. Wait, what?

"My kind?" I asked confused, her earlier words sinking in while I stared at those mighty pointy looking teeth.

"It is not because you are an angel that you are above us, Miss Satanini. I don't care that your mother has promised to speak on our behalve in the council for a better treatement, you are the most despicable child I have ever met."

Now who was the racist here? Her eyes flashed red and her fang were beared fully.

Holy shit, vampire.

"I am expecting a 180 turn around from you, young lady. And you will treat the prince with the respect he deserves."

They had a prince going here? A vampire prince? There were more of them walking around this building when Mr. Cocky could neuteralize my powers? Shit, fuck, crap, damn, I was in some deep

shit. How could that bitch do this to me? If they found out about me being a demon, I was toast.

Mr. Cocky. He wasn't a gifted human. He was one of the vampire nobility with an extra power. Ew, I had kissed a guy with fangs! I needed to go and throw up somewhere. By the demons, before you knew it he would be sucking my blood. Disgusting parasites. Wait, nobility?

"And who might this prince be?"

"Don't be dense 'winged one'. You know who the prince is, you share a dorm with him, by the goddess."

I gulped. Another disturbing thought, I slept ungarded with a bunch of bloodsucking maniacs in my room.

"I'd still like a name." I said quietly.

"Sethan Damorian."

Demons, this was not good.

Chapter 27

daughter of hell 27

Vampires,

fangs,

leeches,

bloodsuckers,

fucking parasites everywhere!

My eyes darted from one corner to the other while I made my way quickly through the hall to the safety of my dorm. Safety? There was no safety here, nor there. They were everywhere. How could this have slipped past me? I blamed my parents, always overprotecting me, keeping me away from the bad

things in life. It was their fucking fault that I hadn't recognised a vampire!

My mother, that evil bitch. Why had she send me to this school? Knowing her she must have known about this, and if I had any doubts before the words of the vice-principal confirmed my suspicions. She had known and still send me here. But why? She always had a reason. But knowing there was a reason and finding it were to completely different matters. My mother was a psycho, a loony. She truly was daft, a serious nutcase, no disrespect to all the nutcases, but my mother was dead-on disturbed. You'd have to be as much of a weirdo as her to understand the weird twists in her brain. I needed to get somewhere less crowded, some place where I there would be less of them, where I didn't feel like one would jump me and attack. I desperately tried thinking of all the things I knew about vampires, and found out it was precious little. Damn my parents, the only thing I knew was how vampires had come to existence and I only that because the goddess Nyx, the creator of the Night's childern, was said to be the

consort of the god Erebus, lord of the darkness and therefor Hell.

The vampire race was created by Nyx, but cursed by Erebus, the god of deep Darkness, out of jealousy. The Night childern were to die at their twentieth plus one year of life. Erebus was a very powerful god and his will had been done before Nyx could prevent the curse. To save her precious Night childern, she called upon the Moirae as a mother. Instead of cutting through the Night childern's thread they thinned them out, so instead of dying, they became the undead.

(This is to freshen up your memory, if you still remember the story you can skip this page and go on to the next one. It's just the retelling of how the vampires were born.)

Erebus became furious when he found out about Nyx' cleverness, and made his favorite daughter, Hemera, the goddess of the day, banish the now undead night children from her element. After this they could no longer suffer sunlight.

Scorned in her pride and love for her created race, the vampires, Nyx mustered her last trump. Ichor is the element in the blood of the gods, that gave them immortality. It was said that when a god was bled, the ichor made his or her blood poisonous to mortals. She could not risk poisening her precious childern, so she found a detour.

She fed her blood to random mortals, poisening them and observing their reaction to the ichor in her blood. Nintynine point nine procent of the mortals died, only a select group of females survived the godesses blood. Excited Nyx saw how the girls became marked in the form of a triangular black mark on the middle of their backs. The offspring of these marked girls bore a similar mark.

After generations had passed and all the marked ones survived, Nyx was ready for the next part of her plan to be set in motion. The most beautiful and strong one of the marked girls was manipulated to meet the leader of the undead night children. By Nyx' doing the blood of the marked girl was spilled by a simple cut in her finger. The undead king, who did

not own one drop of blood himself because of the curse, was overcome by a certain bloodlust. But for some reason the king craved this girls blood far more than any other before her. He succumbed to his desire and drank her blood, piercing her delicate skin with his sharp teeth.

By some sort of unkown evolution the girl's blood had produced a certain enzyme that had mutated the Ichor into something inexplicable but very desirable to a vampire.

In the meantime the sun had risen and cherised the vampires skin. He did not burn, there was no pain. Something in the girls blood had given him back the element of Life.

Nyx had conquered Hemera's curse. The undead night children had found a way to experience the day again. That day the quest in search of a lifemate had arissen.

I had heard stories about the vampire race from other demons. It was said that they were stronger than us, but did not possess our supernatural power, except for the nobility who were granted one rare

special ability to serve them in combat. The vampire was killed rather easy when they hadn't hit their transition yet. At least two fatal wounds should do the trick. And decapulation afterwards ofcourse, to be sure they could not rise again. But after their transition they became the undead and wouldn't be able to bear sunlight, unless they drank the blood of that one female meant for them alone.

'Destined mate.' I snorted. It was one of the most ridiculous things I had ever heard in my pretty short life. The demon race didn't believe in eternal love, since they all had ended up in Hell because of the weak feeling. Even angels didn't believe it anymore.

But once they they became the undead decapitation was the only way to ensure their dead. They healed quickly from any kind of wound and since they lost the element of life, you couldn't bleed them dry anymore. A wound to the heart would render them immobile for a while but it didn't kill them. And that's were my knowledge of the vampire stopped. I needed to now more.

Know your enemy.

They stupid vampires had have some information about their own kind? We had an archive in Hell. The libary.

Carefully with my back against the wall so I could keep an eye on the bloodsuckers on all times, I made my way towards the libary. It took me a while, but at least I got there without losing a drop of blood.

There were hardly any people in here. I'd call all vampire unread illiterates, but since they probably were all in class I couldn't do that. On my guard I walked to the V.

'Vaccinations'

'Vacuous life'

Come on I needed the V, V from Vampire.

Aha! 'Vampire, the traditional believes.'

I pulled out the book and took a seat next to the window. I would jump through it if I had to. You never knew what could happen in a school full of bloodsuckers.

'The Vampire:

Vampires are supernatural beings consuming the blood or flesh of the living. The believe in Vampires has been found in nearly every culture around the world for many centuries. Today we would associate these entities with vampires, but in ancient times, the term vampire did not exist; blood drinking and similar activities were attributed to demons or spirits who would eat flesh and drink blood; even the Devil was considered synonymous with the vampire.'

You had to be fucking kidding me. This book was crap, what idiot thought demons would drink blood? We were civilized in a way a vampire could never be. I needed a different book, this was ridiculous. Demons drinking blood, imagine that. The world would end sooner then a demon would drink blood. The idea alone was disgusting.

I started looking for another book.

'The Monster with a Thousand Faces.'

Yep, that sounded like a vampirebook.

'In popular legend, a bloodsucking creature that rises from its burial place at night, sometimes in the form

of a bat, to drink the blood of humans. By daybreak it must return to its grave or to a coffin filled with its native earth. Tales of vampires are part of the world's folklore, most notably in Hungary and the Balkan Peninsula.'

What the hell? Even I knew they couldn't change into bats. What was this book? Written by humans? It had to be, only they could be this retarded. I sighed, I was gonna try one more.

'Vampires, Burial and Death.'

Well, I liked the word vampire and death in one senctence, so let's give it a try.

'Methods of destroying suspected vampires varied, with staking the most commonly cited method, particularly in southern Slavic cultures. Decapitation was the preferred method in German and western Slavic areas, with the head buried between the feet, behind the buttocks or away from the body.

Why would anyone want to do that? Without a head it wasn't going to do much damage anymore? Stupid humans.

'This act was seen as a way of hastening the departure of the soul, which in some cultures, was said to linger in the corpse.'

What had the soul to do with this? You lose your soul after dying. Well, a vampire only losed it after getting murdered for the second time. The first time they died, they could keep their soul. I suppose you could see it as a birthday gift from their creator, Nyx. But after the decapulation the soul went straight to...

nothing. You heard me, no afterlife for the vampire. They didn't go to Hell, and they sure didn't go to heaven. Their existence just stopped. Don't ask me why, though.

'Further measures included pouring boiling water over the grave or complete incineration of the body. In the Balkans a vampire could also be killed by being shot or drowned, by repeating the funeral service, by sprinkling holy water on the body, or by exorcism. In Romania garlic could be placed in the mouth, and as recently as the 19th century, the precaution of shooting a bullet through the coffin was taken. For resistant cases, the body was

dismembered and the pieces burned, mixed with water, and administered to family members as a cure.'

That sounded rather messy, and totally unnecessary. Another pointless book. Joy.

"Shouldn't you be in class?"

I almost did jump throught the window when hearing Mr. Cocky's voice.

"Shouldn't you." I bit back venomous.

His eyes widened in surprise at my hostility. My wrists burned when the image of the two Sais appeared on the inside of my wrists. They were one of my most painfull weapons. When they came out it sliced my arteries. If I weren't part angel, part demon my blood wouldn't have been this thick and I would have blead dry before the wounds would have a change to close. Thank got I didn't have thin blood. Thin as lets say a vampire. He'd never recover if I slid a couple of his artery.

The Sai was a knife that looked like a fork. It is a hand weapon with a blade between 15 and 20 inches

in length with forward curving hand grip and pommel. It is made from solid iron weighing up to 3 pounds. It also is the kind of weapon wich Raphael from the Teenage Mutatnt Ninja Turtles fights with. Yeah, I admit, I watched 'The Turtels' as a child.

I loved these knifes because you had so many ways to fight with them. You could use the Sai guard (the two extra 'teeth' on the side of the actual blade) for trapping and breaking of weapons or you could let the blade rest on the forearm and use it to stab your opponent when he least expects it.

One wrong move and I'd stab him.

"What's wrong?" He dared to ask.

"Did something happen?"

I never took my eyes from his mouth, who knew when his fangs might pop out. He must have noticed me staring at his mouth cause he grinned down at me.

"Want me to kiss you again?"

And I could see the tips of his fangs peeking out of his mouth while he grinned. Without thinking I drew my Sais.

Chapter 28

daughter of hell 28

Blame England for my late upload, crappy internetconnection!!!!

xx impossible

"What's wrong?" He dared to ask.

"Did something happen?"

I never took my eyes from his mouth, who knew when his fangs might pop out. He must have noticed me staring at his mouth cause he grinned down at me.

"Want me to kiss you again?"

And I could see the tips of his fangs peeking out of his mouth while he grinned. Without thinking I drew my Sais.

He caught me wrist effortlessly and snatched my knives away from me, only to drop them almost immediately with a loud curse. Stupid boy didn't know only the rightfull owner could touch them.

"Damnit!" He shook his hand up and down, trying to cool down the burn.

"I forgot you can't touch an angelweapon."

I frooze.

What did he say?

"So you're going to explain what I did to almost get a knife in my face? You know, most girls scream when they are mad. You take the woman-are-lethal thing to a whole new level."

I tried punching him in the face. Notice the word 'try', as in I did not succeed. Damn the boy and his vampire reflexes. He once again caught my hand, but this time he pulled me close against his chest. One

hand kept its iron hold on my wrist while the other snuck around my waist and pressed me even closer. He rested his head on top of my hair and I could hear him take a deep breath, inhaling my scent. I started to panic. I couldn't see his face anymore, and therefore not his fangs.

"Let go of me."

I struggled against him, but I was only a crossbreed of a demon and an angel, there was absolutely no way I was a match for a vampire, even one who hadn't hit his transition yet. If I had my demon powers, yeah, the outcome of that would have had me as a winner, but the stupid cocky bastard neutralised my powers. He was even more dangerous than before. Why? Take a look at the pointy teeth and you'll know. I could have handled me being powerless in presenence of a human. I new what I was up against with a human, sort off. But my entire life I've been hearing all kind of stories about the childern of the night. Stories that made my blood chill and made me think twice before leaving Hell unarmed. Yeah, as child I had knew the stereotypical

vampire thanks to Bram Stoker. I knew that they once were people but now were dead; I knew that they couldn't stand sunlight and that they spend their days in coffins; they did not have a reflection in mirrors because they didn't have souls; that they couldn't enter a house without being invited but once invited could enter again and again; that for convenience they could change into bats; that they drank the blood of others with the result that these others became vampires after their death; and that, being dead already, they were very hard to kill.I had liked these stories and had taken them for what they were, just stories. Vampires were fictional characters from books, so were werewolves for all I knew. And yeah I realise that made me one of the biggest hypocrites: accepting and knowing I was an angel, but not believing in the Lore. The first day at practise the more gruesome tellings had entered my world. That vampires were not to be trusted, they did not love anyone but theirselves, they took humanmates and in order to survive they drank their blood. Those 'chosen' humans were nothing more than bloodslaves to the vampire race. Vampires were

cruel and did not experience emotions, they only lived for one sole purpose in life and that was taking blood, blood and some more blood. The beasts enjoyed the feeding out of the sadistic habit in order to wreak havoc and fear, the pain and fear animated the vampire even more than the actual drinking of blood. You did not have to expect any pitty from a vampire, simply because they were not capable of it. The only use a vampire had was that they were easy pions in the great fight against the demon race. So the world should give them blood, give them all that they could drink but it would never be enough. In order to help and save the human race we should let them grab a glass cause for the comming bloodbath.

Let them drink from the demons that they will slay, for a demon's blood hums with the old magic and will be better for them.

A vampire was a horrific creature, but necessary in the fight to rid the world of the greater evil. Out of the two of them, the vampire was the lesser evil. Still to be avoided if possible, but useful in its filthiness.

The first time that I snuck out to the mortal world. I had been amazed by the humanity of it and had lost track of time. Wandering down a dark obscure alley I encountered my first vampire sucking the live out of a young woman, the lifeless body of a child, bareley six, lying a couple of feet away. Anger and rage had taken over, two of the most primal feelings of men, and it had unleashed my darker side. The demon in me had awoken and would not go back to sleep. In a blind rage I slaughtered the vampire and in my rage I had went looking for more of these vile creatures, not knowing that my demonblood, thicker and sweeter than all others, already called to them. My slow heartbeat had lured them to me like a sirencall to a lost seafarer. I killed them all before my mother could intervene and take me home. She had started yelling at me that I had to suppress my inner demon, that I could never let that half of me rule.

I had been young, confused, frightened by what had happened and covered in blood, and the only thing my mother had to say to me was that I could not embaress her, that I should be normal and that if I

ever tried a stunt like that again I would be sorry, she would make sure of that.

That day I realised that demons were not the worst species of this world. How could they be if I myself was one? I was not evil and I did not enjoy the pain of innocents. I was not blind like the angels and thought myself surperior, and I sure as hell wasn't some sadistic monster like the vampire race.

The reason why I had found victory against the bunch of bloodsuckers, was my demonside. The demon in me had given me the strenght that I had needed, and without that, I wan't sure if I could ward off the leeches. Because they hadn't hit their transition yet, they could not sense my demonblood, pumping thick and slow throught my veins, yet. If they could have, they would have swarmed around me like hungry bees sensing honey.

Mr. Cocky turned me in his arms and genly touched my face. I flinched and he frowned at my reaction.

"Honey, what's wrong?" He asked with such genuine concern that it made me hesitate.

What was he playing at? Then I remembered his words. I clenched my fist in anger.

"How long have you known?" I hissed.

He looked confused at my sudden moodswing.

"Are you PMSing?"

Oh, I so wanted to smash that pretty face of his. In my anger I forgot my fear and pushed him up against the wall..

"You listen to me, fang boy and you listen well. What do you know about me? For how long have you known? And who else knows it too?"

His mouth fell open in surprise and showed me a nice set of pointy teeth. How could I have not noticed this earlier? I mean I had kissed him, tongue and everything and hadn't known.

"Fang boy?" He asked.

"You know that I am a vampire and your didn't bother telling me you were an angel? Thanks a lot Luci!"

He pushed me away from him and towered over me.

"Here I have been trying to find an easy way to tell you what I am, cause I thought you didn't know. I couldn't tell you anything without the possibity of scaring you away! Were you ever going to tell me the truth about you or was I supposed to figure it out on my own?"

"I did not know about your fangs untill today! I thought you were just an irritating human who had the talent to piss me off more than any other creature had done before! At least we're clear now how you manage."

"How I manage what?"

"To piss me off like that! See, you're doing it again!" I yelled exasperated.

He gave me one of his overly selfassured smiles and gave me a knowing wink. Seriously, he winked at me! He took a stope closer to me.

"I make you feel like no one else has before, don't I?"

I looked at him suspicously . Why would that be something to be proud off?

"That's what I said; you piss me off."

"But why? It's because you're trying to hide your feelings for me, isn't it?"

For the hate of all things evil!

"Am I that obvious about it?" I purred.

He took another step closer.

"Honey, I"

Before he could touch me again I tackled him. He went down hard, face first.

"I suppose that feelings of disgust truly are hard to hide. I'm glad you finally figured it out." I smiled and leaned over him.

It was amazing what annoyance could do with fear. It was gone completely.

"I don't do fangs."

Very happy with myself I left the libary and went to my next class to avoide more detention from the bitch.

I'd show those leeches and my mother that I wasn't that easily scared.. They could all go to heaven and rot there for all I cared. I still didn't got what my mother's motives were to sent me to this school, but I was pretty sure that scaring me was one of them. I'd be damned before I let that woman get her way. I was staying and if one of those freaks dared to bother me, I'd kick their ass! Even without my demonpowers I was still faster and stronger than a human. And if things called for it, I'd had a few tricks on my sleeve. If I had survived twelve years of heaven, I could damn well survive a vampire school. I'd show them!

Chapter 29

daughter of hell 29

To make up for my sloppy updates. Got to study frech now :-S yuk

xx impossible

Chapter:

"And each one had four faces. The first face was the face of a cherub, the second face was the face of a man, the third the face of a lion, and the fourth the face of an eagle."

"Miss Satanini!" An unpleasant voice called me.

I shuddered at the ghastly voice for it predicted trouble.

"You are not going to find a way out off detention this time."

Had I ever? I mean I skipped detention twice and had ended up with two weeks of it. Life sucked. Big time.

"I wouldn't dream of it, Sekhmet."

"I beg your pardon?" the bitch asked.

Someone obviously didn't know her Egyptian goddesses. I smiled at my own private joke, she couldn't berate me for things she didn't know. Sekhmet was the lioness-headed goddess of war and destruction. She is also an underworld deity, known for her destructive tendencies. She has the power to completely destroy not only human bodies, but also their souls. Total destruction. The kind of evil even demons weren't capable of. Yeah, the name fitted the bitch just fine.

"Nothing to break your little head about, miss." I jetsed.

Her eyes narowed and her nostrils flared, making her nose look huge. Huge as in I could count the hairs

in her nose and see the snot lump between the hairs. Not a very enjoyable sight, if I might add.

"You better watch that mouth of yours, winged one." She said while flashing her fangs.

I wasn't scared anymore. The little fit of hysteria had passed by now, and had left me alone with my sole determination to piss of everyone else while I was stuck here. Teenager, much? Might as well use it as an accuse while I could.

"I'm pretty sure that flashing your canines at a student could be seen as a threat and discrimation based on species. You wouldn't want to endanger the fragile treaty between the angels and vamps, now would you?" I smiled.

"Get to your detention."

Long live my inner bitch.

Detention was...

something different.

I had never went to school before, wasn't allowed to spend much time in the human world, and didn't have a tv in Hell.

The result?

I had no fucking clue what so ever what detention contained.

So what does a girl do when she doesn't know what her punishments means? She looks it up in a dictionnary. I know; it's a real damper on all the supernatural stuff, but hey, I'm still just a teenager.

So let's see, detention: the act of detaining.

Well, duh! Still, couldn't see the punishment in it, though. I hope there were other explanation or I was going to this detentionthingie unprepared.

The state or a period of being detained, especially:

a. A period of temporary custody while awaiting trial.

b. A period of confinement to a detention home.

c. A form of punishment by which a student is made to stay after regular school hours.

That was it? A punitive delay was my punishment? And demons wondered how on earth vampires could have been so stupid to make an allience with the angels. Pfffff, they could learn a thing or two from us when it came to punishment, where was the imagination?

But after an hour of this detention I was ready to jump from the fourth floor, if only to escape the boredom of sitting here. This was torture! How did the others sit their so calmly? I couldn't take this anymore. I shoved a tissue in my neighbour's face.

"Please," I said in a desperate tone.

"use it."

I had been forced to endure hearing him sniff up his own snot for exactly 43 minutes and 8 seconds. Wait no 9, 10, 11. Ah! I give up! This was pure agony. The bell rang and I all but flew from my chair, beating everyone to the door.

I needed to work of some steam, to get the impatience of boredom out of my body. What to do? Something fun? A slow smile spread across my face

and an evil glint came in my eyes. Let's go and bug Mr. Cocky. I hadn't done that for at least 2 hours.

I entered the dorm with a big smile upon my face. They all looked at me like I was some kind of freak, so their usual expression.

"You should go more to detention. It does wonders to your face." Nate jetsed.

"I don't know," Mr. Cocky murmured.

"the corners of her mouth stand in a funny angle. Is it normal that they are turned upward?"

I was so not going to let the bastard bother me. I was so not going to let the cocky bastard bother me. I was so not going to let the arrogant son of a bitch, cocky bastard get to me. I sang over and over again, untill I was sure the fake smile I had plastered on my face would stay in place.

"And good evening to you too, dead boy."

"Technically, I am not dead."

"Yet." Slipped out off my mouth before I could reign my inner bitch.

"So Luce, you seem to know a lot about us lower lore creatures. Do you get classes like Vampire 101 in heaven?" Nate joked.

He had no idea how close he was with that little comment.

"Something like that, but we call it Vermin Extermination."

"Ouchhhhh." Nate covered his heart with his hand as if he was stabbed there.

"You hurt my feelings. That's discrimination and we'll have none of that here in this school. We are respectful, proper vamps who believe in the treaty we have with the angels. We do not judge you either, o great winged one." He made a little bow towards me.

I rolled my eyes at him.

"It's not even a proper insult. 'Winged one.'" I mocked.

"The angels race takes great pride in their white fluffy wings."

I said white and fluffy because that were the kind of wings they had awe for, how more white, the better. If your wings had a slight yellow edge to them, you were redeemed to ugly. I suppose I don't have to mention how they felt about mine dark blue and silken wings.

"I didn't know that." Lucas said thoughtfully.

"Can we see them." He added.

I paled at the thought. Not because of the pain, there was barely any except for the first time when your wings appeared. No, the boys may be ignorant about the angelic ways but even they would realize that dark blue wings weren't standard among the angelkind.

"So you ever made out with a cherub?" I heard Mr. Cocky ask.

I looked at him with real disgust, but my scowl quickly turned into a smile of malicious delight. His tone was right, the same arrogant note coloured his voice, but the look in his eyes was off. He looked real tense when he asked me this, as if he was scared that

I actually had a fuzzy angel waiting for me in heaven.

Right, fat change at that. I suppressed the urge to snort. I could use this set my laughing muscles to work. But I needed to be careful, for some reason that I didn't got, Seth always got on to my lies. It was strange, because I was a really good liar, except when it came to him, he seemed to look straight through me, to the my very essence. The thing I wasn't even sure I possessed; my soul. So I opted for the halftruth.

I let my snort brake through and Mr. Cocky visibly relaxed. He interpret my snort for a 'hell no'.

"Cherubs." I scoffed.

"We don't do little chubby kids with wings in heaven."

That got their attention.

"Really?" Dustin asked.

"You don't have little cupids up there." He pointed to the ceiling.

Seriously, they had this treaty going with the angels for several centuries by now and they didn't know squat about their allies.

"So, you don't have a hierachy in heaven?" Jake asked curiously.

"Why would you ask."

Jake wasn't the kind of person who asked questions without a useful purpose. He shrugged like he didn't care, but I knew he did.

"Tell me, I'm curious."

He ignored me. With a graceful movement I stretched from my seat and joined Jake in the loveseat, throwing one leg over his lap and snuggled close to his body, being careful to keep his teeth in my vision.

"Tell me more of those hidden secret of yours, Jakey." I purred against his neck.

I felt him shiver. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Mr. Cocky shoot daggers at me, and I barely suppressed my laughter.

"I don't have secrets." He stubornly said.

I rubbed my cheek against his shoulder like a kitten.

"Oh, but I think you do. No guy can have such mysterious eyes and have no hidden depts."

I saw him hessitate and lick his lips nervosely.

"Tell her already Jake!" Mr. Cocky snapped.

"And get off of him, will you." He said to me.

"Have you never heard of personal space before? You are making the guy uncomfortable."

With a carefree laugh I rested my back against the high armrest but kept my leg slung over Jake's lap with a now daring smile for Mr. Cocky. I could hear him grind his teeth.

"I read somewhere that the Seraphim are the highest of the angels, being at the top of the first triad of the angelic hierarchy." He finally said.

I was impressed, I hadn't thought a vampire, let alone a teenage boy, to know anything about a species that was so close-lipped that it was a miracle that there existence was known to others.

"They are." I said somewhat stunned. My own mother belonged to that group. I was supposed to be one to, but up till now I had always refused to do the final rite that would make me one of them.

"Tell me about them."

"I don't want to bore you."

"You could never bore me." He said with such an intense voice and gaze that I had to look away.

Behind those cold and calculated eyes I truly believed there lay a hidden passion in Jake. But if could handle that kind of passion, once released, I did not know.

"The Seraphim are tall and, as would be expected given their exalted position, highly devout." I recited my history book back from when I was a eager student. I even sounded dazed to my own ears, like I had been kissed silly.

"A key feature of Seraphim angels is that they have six wings. Two are on their back as usual for flying. Two other adorn their upper arms and the final two are to cover their lower legs." I continued.

Jake kept his intense gaze pinned on me and I couldn't make myself look away.

"In the Bible, cherubs are assigned to guard the Tree of Life and prevent Adam and Eve from returning to the garden of Eden after their expulsion." He said in a husky voice.

He was talking about the bible and still made it sound hot. That detention had really messed me up.

"Fiction." I muttered.

"I suppose you didn't do one of Serphim then, huh? No one from a heigh hierachy would want to do easy."

That snapped my out of my confusion and made rise from my seat. I narrowed my eyes.

"Than maybe you should step down from your possition as prince, since you obviously want to do easy."

I referred to our mutual attraction. No, not mutual! I meant his attraction for me.

"Fuck you."

"You wish." I smiled.

"I'm going to take a shower."

Stupid Mr. Cocky, had to go and ruin my fun at pissing him off. I'd get back at him for that, later. I first needed a shower, a cold one to clear my head.

"I'll come with you." Nate rose too.

I pushed him back in the sofa.

"Ah, come on, Luce. You're supposed to be easy." He whined.

I flipped him off.

His easy laughter following me.

Chapter 30

daughter of hell 30

sorry for the short one but I'm working on the next chapter and this bit belonged to the previous one.

xx impossible

P.O.V. (Seth)

I waited untill I heard her turn on the water from the shower before I turned my angry glare at Jake.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" I yelled, wanting to punch my best friend so much.

"She is my mate, you have no business letting her be the whore she is and letting her be all over you!"

A look I had never before seen in Jake's eyes made me stop yelling. He looked almost... deviant? Jake was the suffer in silence, don't ever let them know what you think kind of guy. Jake possessed finesse and used tricks and treachery to get even when he thought you wronged him. It's not like I didn't trust him, I did, it was just the way he was. But right now he looked at me like he wanted to use my face as punchingback. Something was wrong.

"What's wrong?" I asked confused, momintarily forgetting Luci and her sluttish ways.

"She is no whore." He said through clenched teeth, while flexing his fingers.

"You treat her like shit, okay."

I shrugged one shoulder. So? She treated me like shit too.

"Your such a fucking hypocrite, Seth!"

Wow, Jake never yelled at me. We'd been best friends for forever. It wasn't that I was a sentimental guy or anything but Jake had my back, and watched out for him. That's the way things were, and the way we

always acted around eachother. It wasn't like him to go and be all open about his opinion of me. He'd normally just grunt and saw the planks of my bed in two or something stupid.

"What happened to you. You're going to turn into a chick if you're not careful. Going on about my faults but never explaining why you're upset, damn, you're starting to act like Luci."

"Maybe that wouldn't be such a bad thing."

Huh? What the hell was that supposed to mean. Fuck it, he really was acting like a girl.

"How did you manage to get in touch with your feminine side in ten seconds time?"

"She's not all bad, Seth. Only to you and that's because you treat her like shit and constantly tell her what to do. You'd go crazy too if someone pulled something like that on you."

Why was he sticking up for a little bitch like Luci? Bros before hos, we had never broken that code before.

"Stay out of this Jake. You got no business getting involved in any aspect of my mate's life, including my opinion and treatement of her."

"Do you have any idea how lucky you are to have found her?!"

Oh, so that's what this was about. He was jealous because I had found the person born for me, the other half of my soul. Damn, that sounded cheesy. Jake's mushy feelings were starting to infect me. He was so lucky he was my best friend or I would have kicked his ass for this. I noticed all the others had left the room to let us alone with our fight. Smart guys, me and Jake have been famous for letting our anger out on innocent bystanders, punching whatever loser was in reach.

"You'll find your mate too, Jake. It's meant to be."

He shook his head. Not in denial but more like he wanted to show me that I had got him wrong.

"I'm not worried about that. I just think you need a wake up call. Luci is amazing, she's your match Seth. You are not going to find another girl who'll never

bore you or one who will never fear you. Because you might hate it sometimes that she doesn't fear you and that you can't scare her, deep down I now you're happy. I've seen what the distant and fearfull attitude of others does to you, but she's not like that. And even though you're doomed to love her, she does have a choice and with the way you've been acting around her she'll make the wrong one."

"Wrong what?" I muttered. But my thoughts weren't with Jake and our conversation anymore. I was thinking about the stuff he'd said. He was right, she didn't have the universe against her making it impossible for her not to love me. It was me who was in that situation. Although I didn't love her yet, I knew that if I let myself I would fall for her, hard and irrevocably and I didn't want that. Right now I just wanted to revel in the thought that she belonged to me, that she was mine and that no other guy could touch her, but the truth was that she wasn't mine and I hated the doubt plaging me and tellig me that she never truly would be.

"The wrong decision. You two will be great together, but you have to let her see that." Jake answered my earlier question.

Let her see she belonged to him? I caught myself snorting, making the awful noise Luci always produced in her own disdainful way.

I didn't like to admit it, but that girl had gotten to me. She had slowly invaded my life, my every senses, I was attuned to her like I wasn't even to my twin. I loved pissng her off and see her get all worked up about it, she was too damn cute when she was angry.

No way was I going to admit to Jake he was right. So I just grunted.

"Come on." He bumped my shoulder.

"Let's go play some ball and let the lady cool off a bit." He ginned.

I smiled right back, I loved basketball.

"Lady? Are you high?"

He rolled his eyes.

"Try to reign the comments when Luci is within earshot."

"Nate, other losers! We're going down to the court, you're in?"

Chapter 31

daughter of hell 31

Chapter:

"Every time a bell rings an angel gets his wing."

-Logh-

P.O.V. (Luci)

I woke up to the smell of coffee and bacon, I almost gagged. The only thing that went down my throat in the morning was cornflakes and sometimes yogurt, I made up for breakfast around ten O'clock, midday, noon, evening and midnightsnack ofcourse. The boys were gone and I was happy for it. I so did not want to face Seth. I was sick of hearing him call me a slut.

Who the fuck did he thought he was, judging me? I quickly put on my schooluniform and softly opened the bedroomdoor. With any luck I could sneak out without anyone noticing me. I should have known by now that luck wasn't a big part of my life. The soft sound of a jingling bell made me jump. Nate gave me a big smile.

"Every time a bell rings an angel gets his wings."

I rolled my eyes in annoyance. I should have known he would start making bad jokes about me being an angel. I wondered if he'd still make jokes if he knew I was part demon too. I was tempted to find out, almost.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked.

"It's a song that reminds me of you."

"I don't think I know that song."

Thank the demons, it sounded cheesy.

"Which band is it from?" I asked trying to distract him from further bad jokes.

"Logh."

"No it isn't."

"How would you know? You just said you didn't know the song."

"But I do know Logh, they do have an album called 'Every time a bell rings an angel gets his wing.'"

"Smartass." He muttered.

"Not if I actually know what I'm talking about. I only wanted to correct your stupidity."

"Yow, Seth!" He yelled.

I groaned inwardly. I didn't want to deal with that cocky bastard right now.

Mr. Cocky entered the livingroom with his jeans low on his hips and his shirt unbottomed, showing off a mighty sexy tattoo on his chest. A black triangle intertwined with blue and red thorns, damn but that was hot! I mean, showoff.

He cast me a warry glance while I tried tearing my hungry glance from his chest. He noticed me ogling him and smirked, and damn him again for looking twice as sexy. He dropped himself in his/my chair

and sat there like the true arrogant prince he was, looking mighty fine if you don't mind me saying. Fuck, I needed to get a grip on myself. Stupid hormones.

"You alwright, honey?" He drawled.

"Your drooling a bit."

That mad me snap out of my little fantasy of me and him, minus the clothes. Fucking hormones.

"Fuck off." I tried leaving again but Nate stopped me and threw me on Mr. Cocky's lap with a flick of his wrist. Mr. Cocky's big hands encircled my waist and I suppressed a shiver running down my spine. A shiver in disgust, yeah, whatever I needed to tell myself to make myself feel better.

"Let go of me." I said through gritted teeth.

I could feel him smile against my hair, his lips moving downwards to my neck.

I froze.

"You touch my neck with those fangs and you're dead." I said in a cold voice.

He laughed and kissed my throat, obviously not taking me serious. I tried grabbing his balls to give them a good twist but he was on to me and before I knew it I was on the ground with my arms pinned above my head and Mr. Cocky on top of me.

"Get off, jerkboy."

He ignored me and looked up at Nate.

"What was it you wanted to ask me?"

They both exchanged one of those masculine grins that said 'showing her who's the man!' Assholes, machos.

"Yeah, do you know another song from Logh except for 'Every time a bell rings an angel gets his wings'?"

Mr. Cocky frowned but stayed on top of me. I stopped strugling. It wasn't like I was able to throw a vampire of me without my powers.

"Isn't that an album?"

My mouthe dropped open. He knew Logh?

"Damn, you sure? Can you give one of their songs?"

"'The bastards have landed.'" I said before Mr. Cocky could answer Nate's question.

"Headed into their world, headlights off.

We're not, despite the sign,welcome at all.

Don't let them know who we are,

don't let them know where we're from.

Sorry sir, we were just trying to get home.

Waiter, serve us our drinks then leave us alone.

Don't let them know what we've got.

because they don't know what they want.

But right or wrong, it's their call."

Well, drop dead and call me shocked.

"Logh has created the soundtrack to a tormented murder mystery in Every Time A Bell Rings." I said dryly.

"You want to confess something to us, Nate?"

Being pinned beneath a sexy vampire prince somehow softened the sarcasm in my words.

"Do you have point, Luce?"

I laughed but stopped when it started to hurt because of Mr. Cocky sitting on my chest. He noticed and quickly got off. I eyed him suspicous, he almost looked like he, like he cared. Cared if I hurted or not, very strange.

"Your point? Luce? Hellllllllllllllllooooo."

Nate blew in my ear and I punched his shoulder.

"Eeew, disgusting. Don't ever do that again." But I smiled while saying that. You couldn't get mad at Nate, he was too easygoing.

"My point being that don't rile me with jokes wihtout knowing what you're really saying."

"And what does 'Every time a bell rings an angel gets his wings' really mean?"

I looked at Mr. Cocky and stared him straight in the eyes, my gaze never faltering while I talked to Nate.

"Not even darkness can bring us comfort."

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

She stared me straight in the eyes while talking to Nate. Her gaze never faltered.

"Not even darkness can bring us comfort."

Her fluo green eyes clouded over, like a storm brewing and that's when I felt a darkness inside of her. I could hear her heart beat:

thump... ... ... thump... ... ... thump...

A rhythm so slow that I could not believe I ever thought her to be human. Her hair seemed to come alive, like crackling flames on a late summer's night. Her skin turned ashen and her lips a brilliant red. She blinked and looked away.

"I have to go."

And almost as quick as a vampire she left the dorm.

That was no angel I just saw leaving.

Chapter 32

daughter of hell 32

The last upload was too short, I felt bad for leaving you guys hanging like that. I'd hate myself if I was following the story and the writer wrote so little btw: thank you all for reading my story:D

so here's another part

xx impossible

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

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"I have to go." And almost as fast as a vampire she left the dorm.

That was no angel I just saw leaving.

"Did you see that?" I asked Nate.

"Luci running away?" He asked.

"Of course I saw it, she almost ran me over in her haste. What would be up with her? Did we tease er too much?"

Nate hadn't seen the change in her, the darkness that she was telling us about. I had thought I had finally figured out her secret. Which I had, but apperantly she a couple of more mysteries, demanding to be unraveled.

"I'm going to see if she's okay."

"That's sweet." I heard Nate say right before I flipped him off.

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

I felt my powers rise for no reason at all. This should not be happening, and it wasn't only because Mr. Cocky's extra ability should have neutralized my powers. Something was seriously wrong; I've always had full control of my demonpowers, I never slipped.

I felt my body turn more demonic while I ran for cover in the woods. By the time I had reached the treeline my little black horn were visible and I knew my eyes were reflecting the emptiness of a lost soul.

I tried telling myself that I was safe and that no one had seen me, but remembering the look in Mr. Cocky's eyes warned me I wasn't so lucky. I could only hope that he hadn't figured out what I was, he already knew too much.

As sudden as it had come the turmoil of energy dissolved into the nothingness I had become used to since rooming with Mr. Cocky. Just as well. Footsteps

were closing in on me and that sexy, sweet, comforting smell that shouldn't be any of those thing, told me Mr. Cocky had come after me.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

Damn, the little angel was fast. She'd had a three minute headstart and already I couldn't find her. I was going to need to look up on the physical boundries of the angel race. The sweet spicy smell of Luci told me she'd made a run for the threes. Why would she go in the forest at eight in the morning? If it weren't for that strange cold look in eyes I wouldn't have bothered going after her, but what if she had some weird disease? She hadn't smelled sick but what did I know about angels? I heard her soft melodic voice and got curious. Who was she talking to? Had she arranged for someone to meet her here? Cody? That thought had me seeing red. Angry I pushed my way into the bushed, ready to beat the crap out of the person who dared to touch what was mine.

"You call me when he gets back, okay? Tell him its urgent."

I moved forward when she twireled around and disconnected her cellphone.

"Who were you talking to?"

She crossed her arms defiantly, but all I saw was how that gesture pushed her breasts up, almost spilling over the dark blue leather corset thing she wore in addition to her schooluniform. She looked hot. I let my gaze wander down to her bare legs, showing from under her short skirt.

"Do you mind!" She said in an irritated voice.

I gave a sideways grin.

"Not at all."

"Uuuuuuuuuuuggggggggggrrrrrrrrrr. You're so immature. What are you, twelve?"

"You mind want to watch the growling, honey. People might mistake your heavenly ass for a werewolf's."

She narrowed her eyes and pursed her lips.

"Good thing there aren't any people her than."

My eyes slit to splits when I caughed on to her barb. If she was going to be mine queen, she was going to have to lose the superior attitude all angels seemed to possess.

"We're all supernatural creatures, doll. If I'm not a person, neither are you."

"Lore creatures." She said.

"I don't have mud mixed in my blood."

Her stuck up attitude bothered me. No it didn't bother me, it infuriated me. I reacted on pure instinct and didn't really think.

I roughly grabbed her arm and quickly flicked my nail over the tender flesh on the inside of her arm. I wanted to show her that her blood was exactly the same as mine, thin and red.

No blood spilled from the cut and I stared at it while it closed. Huh? I might not know a lot about angels but as the next monarch I have studied the former battles between vampire and angel, some of those battlehistories had some pretty gruesome details, and I knew for a fact that angels bled like us. Even the

small cut should have at least bled a drop of blood. There was no way a wound could close in less than a second, which it hadn't, it just hadn't bled. I cocked my ears to listen to her blood pumping through her veins, my body and hers tense. Their you had that slow rhythm again. Thump... .... thump... ... thump.... .....

I heard a crunching sound and saw Luci's face draw in pain. No sound escaped her lips. That's when I found out I had been gripping her wrist real tight in my concentration to hear her heartbeat. I quickly released it and saw her cradle it to her chest.

"You freaking psycho!" she yelled at me.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?! You fucking broke my wrist."

I didn't know what to say.

"Stay the hell away from me, sicko."

The look on her face spoke of absolute repugnance and contempt. I couldn't blame her this time.

"Don't you ever come near me again."

I didn't feel like going near her again, she was so fragile, and like the jerk I was I'd forgotten she wasn't from my kind. No, that wasn't true, how could I forget with her reminding me all the time that I was nothing more than a leech, never mind that I'd never had drunken blood before. No, it was that she always looked so strong, that I forgot that it was all a show, a brave face. I thought psychology was shit, and I didn't waste my time overanalizing stuff, but even I saw that she carried a deep sorrow with her. Something had happened in her past, something awful enough to give her the iron core she possessed today. My fangs popped out when I remembered her indifference to the pain her broken arm must have caused her. The indifference to pain suggested she had gotten used to it. She shouldn't have had to get used to it, damn it! I wanted to take the hurt away from her, but all I managed to do was hurt her some more. Shit! I needed to make things right between us. I needed to stop being such a jerk around her. I would have to swallow my own pride.

This wasn't going to be easy, nothing about Luci ever was.

Chapter 33

daughter of hell 33

I didn't feel like rereading so sorry for the grammar and spelling :s

Hope you like the story:D

Xx impossible

P.O.V. (Seth)

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P.O.V. (Luci)

I was lying in on my bed, doing nothing when my phone rang.

"The amazing and most lovely creature that roams this world speaking. What can you do for me?"

I bit back a laugh when I heard my dad groan at my greeting.

"Really Luci, is it so hard to answer the phone like a normal person?"

I laughed at that.

"But I'm not normal, not even to demonsstandards."

I shifted my weight and hissed in pain when I accidently used my right arm.

"What's wrong? What happened, Luci?"

I rolled my eyes, not that he could see it.

"For your information. I'm rolling my eyes. It's only a broken wrist, it'll be healed in a couple of hours. No stress."

"A broken wrist shouldn't take two hours to heal. What really happened?"

I rolled my eyes again. Sometimes my dad could be so overprotective. Funny how Satan shared so much resemblance with a mother hen.

"So I crushed a couple of bones. It has happened before, don't know why you're freaking out like this. Well, unless you found out my dearest mother has sent me to a vampire boardingschool."

Damn that sounded bad to say, I went to a boardingschool. The princess of Hell went to a boardingschool.

"I still haven't forgiven you to agree with the outlandish idea to sent me to school. The teachers don't like me. Hard to believe, I know, but what can you do about it? I"

"Lucifer." My dad said in a hard tone.

"Please tell me I did not hear you say vampire school."

"Of course not."

I heard him take a relieved breath.

"I said: vampire boardingschool. There's a difference."

"You are comming home this instant!" He boomed through the phone. I held the thing further away from my ear, damn he was loud. To anyone else he would sound angry, but I knew he was only worried about me. Him being this overprotective should piss me off, but after living with my mother for fourteen years, I had learned how to appreciate it when someone actually gave a shit where I was concerned.

"How long have you known?" He kept yelling.

"You should have come home right after finding out. Why aren't you hear yet?! So help me, young lady if you're not here in five seconds."

I listened how he counted to five, not bothering to interupt him. When my dad started a tirade, you couldn't get a word in edgeways.

"Five. That's it! I am comming to get you."

I heard him curse.

"That better not be fool words, old man." I teased.

"Cause else you are the biggest hypocrite alive."

My dad thought it to be improper for a yound lady to curse. Absurd with him being the devil and all.

"Why can't I matirialize?"

I bit my lip neverously. Good thing he couldn't matirialize, cause if he could he'd have my head for not telling him.

"I didn't tell you?" I asked trying to sound innocent.

"I have no idea what you're going to say, but I'm pretty sure I am not going to like it and that you

haven't told it to me for a stupid reason that will only make sense to you. Now, don't test my patience, Lucifer."

Wow, that was a mouthfull.

"Why shouldn't I test your patience?" I questioned him.

"Because you won't like the consequence. Stop beating about the bush."

"I think that if I ever were going to test your patience, today would be the best day." I said, ignoring my the devil's threats.

"Cause how are you going to make me dal with the consequence whit Mr. Cocky neutralizes all demonpowers?"

"Lucifer." He said in a low threatening voice.

"Who is Mr. Cocky."

"Mother didn't tell you she made me room with Sethan Damorian?"

"The vampire prince?!" My dad yelled.

What was up with the yelling today.

"Unless he got a cerealbox named after him... Of course I mean the freaking vampire prince!"

"Language." I groaned, this was getting old.

"Please tell me he doesn't know you're a demon."

"That's the first thing I told him when finding out he had fangs."

"I take that as a no."

The tone in my dad's voice made me cool down a bit. He sounded really worried.

"He thinks I'm an angel."

I heard my dad scoff. Not too upset to see the irony of my words.

"Is he blind?" My dad laughed.

"Do you know how far his powers reach?"

Back to business.

"Far enough to make me to have to walk a couple of miles. I checked it when I came to Hell to talk to

Marcus. How did his litlle tête-à-tête went with the Fates?"

My dad ignored my last question.

"You knew that he was a vampire and didn't tell me?!"

And we were back in anger mode.

"I didn't know back then he was an ugly leech. I thought he was one of those rare gifte humans. Didn't think I should fear a human."

"I hope you are being sensible and fearing him as a vampire. Especially since you can't use your powers."

"Relax. I still got the angel mojo. I can handle him if needs arise."

"Like how you handled him when he broke your arm?"

"This conversation is so over. Talk to you soon. Bye dad."

"Be careful and come home as soon as you can!"

"Sorry, no can do. Mother's deal still hold and I be damned before I move in with her again."

I disconnected the line.

"Hey, Luce."

Nate popped his head in my room.

"We're going to be late for class. Let's get a move on or you'll double your detention."

"Shouldn't I be excused for a broken wrist, or something."

Nate laughed.

"Sure, but then we'd have to actaully break your wrist, cause there's no way the vice-principal isn't going to check up on you. If only to see if you aren't lying."

"Good thing we have Seth then, huh."

Nate who had already left the room came back in with a frown on his face. It didn't look good on him, unlike Mr. Cocky who looked like he was born with a frown.

"Your joking, righ?"

His eyes zoomed in on my limp arm.

In one blink he stood before me and had me pulled in his arms. His tender fingers pressed lighty on my wrist. He cursed under his breath.

"Son of a bitch. This isn't broken, Luce. This is crushed. I am going to kill him."

I laughed at that.

"You're going to kill your prince? Damn, let me take my camera."

"How can laugh when you got your freaking bones crushed?"

I shrugged.

"I'm not that weak. It'll be healed in a couple of hours."

Nate started to shake his head.

"Plus, it gave me reason to yell at him and make him feel bad. I am fully plaining on using this against him

for the next couple of days. I can make him suffer, and he won't have a leg to stand on."

I smiled broadly. This was going to be a great day.

Nate started smiling too.

"Leave it up to you to come up with such a crazy idea."

He threw an arm over my shoulder, hugging me close.

"You truly are insane. I like that."

Chapter 34

daughter of hell 34

Chapter

"Accept the challenges so that you may feel the exhilaration of victory."

- General George S. Patton -

P.O.V. (Luci)

"We have a problem." He panted.

I rolled my eyes at Marcus. He had to materialize a couple of miles away from schoolgrounds to come and see me. I personally thought he could use the exercise, since he was sweating like a pig.

"Don't know how you get to keep that amazing body of yours while being such a lazy ass."

His worries momentarily forgotten at my easy banter, he grinned.

"Thank you immortality."

His face clouded over.

"Speaking of which. You got yourself a big immortal problem. I can't believe you haven't told me."

I rolled my eyes. Marcus could be such a girl sometimes, going all paranoid about nothing, making a big deal about something non existent. Only a girl could multiply zero with ten and get to a hundred. For a moment forgetting the fact I was girl.

"I got no idea what you're talking about, girlboy."

He opened his mouth, no doubt to return the compliment but his gaze got caught by my wrist, laying limply at my side.

"What happened to your wrist?"

I shrugged.

"The big boys picked at me and thought it to be funny to see how I would react to a crushed wrist." I said in a little girls voice.

"Help me Marcus. It hurts so much."

I shouldn't have exaggerated the truth like that, he was pissed off enough as it was. He gritted his teeth angerly.

"Who" He said in a low threatening voice.

"did this?"

I hugged him close with my good arm.

"The hot fangs that neuteralizes your powers."

I gave him a sharp look.

"Don't do anything stupid."

I grinned.

"That's my thing."

He looked very angry and pulled me close by my crushed wrist. I hissed in pain.

"Damn sorry, Luci."

I rolled my eyes, I wasn't as fragile as everyone kept thinking I was.

"Why did he brake your wrist? Does he know?"

"First of all, he crushed it."

"Big difference."

"Actually when you're the one with the injury. It is."

"Keep talking."

"And he doesn't know I'm part demon. I thought for a minute he would find out, but the crushed bone thing was a great distraction."

"He was there when you momentarily went demonic?"

"Unfortunately."

Wait, what? How did Marcus know I had had a disturbance of power?

"How do you"

"It's what happens when someone is trying to locate you." He cut me off.

"He drew upon your power to deliver the message."

"What message?"

I said while a piece of burnign paper flew towards me through the open window.

I had a bad feeling about this.

'across town the fires break out all around

far off the sirens bleed for the unsound

waiting for nothing now

but waiting is all that we can do

for now

before we fall'

I crushed the delicate paper while it burned up in my closed fists, the flames not able to hurt my immortal demonskin.

"Fucking bastard."

"He's going to challenge you and you'll lose. He the most powerful son of a bitch that I have ever known."

"He want's my position in Hell, the position I got because I am better and stronger than him. He'll die if he goes through with this. It's not an official challenge, Marcus. Just some note to try and scare me. I can take him, don't worry."

"I'll take him on for you."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll challenge him."

Was he crazy?

"Hell, nooooooooooooooooooo. He'll kick your sissy medieval but. ... he is an ancient."

"Medieval?" He looked confused.

"You know how old I am?"

I gave him a croocked smile.

"I stole your file from daddy's office. I know all about you, Marcus. And before you get into a hissy fit about privacy, you let me no choice. You never told me anything about yourself. Hell, I even had to work to get your first name. You are my best friend, Marcus. I wish you had trusted me with your past."

"Like you have with yours?"

Ouch, touché. I guess I deserved that one.

"That's different, and you damn well know it."

He latched his hand through his hair. Something he always did when he was trying to figure something out.

"I don't see what could be worse than be a murderer of innocent people."

I got mad at hearing his words and he got a devasted expression on his face.

"See? This is why I didn't want to talk about this, Luci. I didn't want you to know who I was. I was, and probably am still, a horrible person with no conscious what so ever. You're pure, and I'd just smudge my dirty past all over your sunshine."

I would have laughed at this if he hadn't looked so damn serious when he said it.

"What part of Satan's daughter don't you get? I am more evil than you could ever be, it comes naturual to me, punny human with your big heart."

"I'm not human, I'm a vengenance demon."

"Yeah, but you once were human. That's more human than I could or will ever be. And we both know how the guilt ate at you. Evil people don't get all beaten up about killing someone."

"I never cared about the dead." He said with a cold look in his eyes.

"They deserved it. I might not have been in right to play executionar but they got what had been comming for them."

Marcus had only killed the rapists, the childmolesters, and massmurders of the gouvernement, but he had still cared. Maybe not about the dead, but he had cared about the family they had left behind because of him. That was what made him a good person, and if he hadn't slit his own wrists, he would have gone heaven. No questions asked.

But I knew he wouldn't believe me if I told him. So I went for the halftruth.

"I don't think in black and white, Marcus. I have lived with angels, the supposed good ones, and I have lived with demons. There is no such thing as the ultimate evil, and there sure isn't something like the onehundred precent good guy. Take it from someone who knows, you got more heart than some archangels I know.

The war between good and evil will never end. But it are not the angels that personify that good and no demon, not even my dad, can repressent all evil. They like to act though and pretend they are, but it's a farce.

Good and evil must exist. There is an explination but I fell asleep in class when they brought up the 'there-is-a-balance-in-the-cosmos-that-can't-be-broken'-crap.

It's a twisted blend, so don't crack your pretty head open trying to figure it out. You won't."

And people said I did not give great peptalks. Hell, I should join cheerleadertryouts. Or maybe not.

"You truly are amazing." He said while ruffling my hair.

"I've been told." I told him not so modest.

"What are you going to do about Zereck?"

I gave him one of my most evil smiles.

"Sent him a message in return."

"You think that's wise? You shouldn't provoke him."

"Don't suck out all the fun, I already live enough suckers."

I couldn't draw upon my demonpowers and I couldn't ask Marcus to deliver my message, but I had some other trick up my sleeve.

I dug up a pen and paper.

I whistled a sweet song song and watched how the piece of paper got itself a nice couple of wings.

"Wow." I heard Marcus whisper.

"You get the ugly demon."

I whispered to the now goldenwinged paper and watched how it flew out of the window.

I didn't care if anyone saw the entchanted paper, they already knew I was an angel anyways.

"What did you write?"

"A small reminder of who he's dealing with."

Marcus nodded.

"As long as you didn't make it a threat, I'm sure it will be fine."

I bit my lip to hide my smile.

I wouldn't tell Marcus about what I had written. It would upset him.

My reminder to Zereck was a threat for I was Lucifer and no one crossed the demon second in command of Hell for a reason.

'they said he'd been in for quite a while when they found him by the riverside

those bones won't be identified

I saw a man the other night

yeah he looked just like a lookalike

of the man that I had left to die'

Chapter 35

daughter of hell 35

Short, short recap: =P

So Marcus is on schoolgrounds and Luci got threatened by another (powerful) demon.

P.O.V. (still Luci)

"Jow, Luce. You comming? I don't want to sound pushy but I got orders from the big boss to carry you if I have too. I think he's feeling guilty. You should take advantage of that while you can. Seth isn't know for being guilty about something. So"

He stopped mid sentence seeing I had company.

His gaze zeroed in on my hand resting on Marcus' cheek. I saw the little hamster in his brain picking up the tempo in his little wheelthingie and drawing it's own conclusions. He looked from me to Marcus. To Marcus and back again. Me, Marcus, Marus, me, me, Marcus, Marus, me, me, Marcus, Marcus, me. He kept this up for a while before he finally spoke.

"Seth's not going to like this."

Talk about an understatement. The cocky bastard was so possessive of me for absolutely no reason.

"Like I'd be interested in her like that." I heard Marcus say.

"What do you mean? Is there something wrong with me?" I asked in a fake hurt voice.

"You forget that I know you, Satanini. No guy in his right state of mind would want you after actually getting to know you." Marcus said catching on easely to my joke.

Nate, who didn't know me so well, didn't understand our joke and looked genuinely offended at my behalve.

I smiled.

I knew why I liked this guy.

"You should be so lucky to have a girl like Luce interested in you! In fact you should be honoured to even be allowed in her presence. Now beat it, before I make you."

Marcus threw me an amused smile, saying: 'is this guy for real?'

Normally I would have laughed right along with him, since Marcus possessed a great deal of power and some pretty amazing muscles. But he apparently had forgotten he had lost his powers the minute he entered schoolgrounds and that even his imperessive biceps would be to no use against Nate's vampirestrenght.

I shook my head slightly to indicate that he was making a mistake.

The stupid, slow boy looked confused.

I saw he was going to make a fatal error and intervened before things got out of hand.

"Marcus, Nate my roommate. Nate this is Marcus, my best friend who'd I never think about in any other context. Don't make me puke by implying it."

Marcus slung his arm over my shoulder and kissed the top of my head. Nate tensed.

"No power." I whispered in his ear.

Understanding washed over him and left his expression in a big 'OH'-like expression.

"Marcus needs to go now." I said.

"Maybe I should escort him towards his car. This is no place for a puny human after all."

I saw Marcus narrow his eyes on Nate. I could praticly hear him screaming: 'You just wait till I get my power back.'

I shook my head.

"Machos." I muttered.

"You should all get an oestrogenic shot to balance out all that testosterone. No modern girl likes an alpha male."

"How come all those romance books are so popular then?"

"First: it is so wrong that you know what romance books are about.

And second: the keywords here are 'write' and 'read'. No girl in her right mind really goes all swoony about arrogance."

"Says the arrongance princess." Marcus muttered.

"Don't you have to go and suck faces with Clotho or something?"

Marcus suppressed a shudders at my reminder of him having to seduce a favour from the hags.

"How about you finish the dare first?" He retaliated.

Touché, I suppose.

"Right when Hell freezes over."

There was no way I'd go all lovey dovy over a guy with pointy teeth. I kind of liked the way my neck was, unpierced.

The evil smirk on his face didn't gave me the feeling that I had made my point clear.

"I'll see you around, Luci."

"Swell."

"He feels..."

Nate tapped his the small ring in his lip.

"wrong."

I rolled my eyes at him as if exasperated.

"You're weird. We should get to class, we're already late and I don't feel like getting more attention. It's dreadfully boring, and nothing is worse than having the word dreadful used to describe the experience. I'd rather get set on fire alive than have to sit there one more second staring in front of me, seeing each hundredfold of a second pass." I said.

Nate glanced at his watch.

"We still got two minutes. Plenty of time to get there."

"To the other side of this building?" I asked.

"In case you hadn't noticed; it's a fucking huge castle!"

before I knew it, he had picked me up and was running with me in his arms thruogh the empty halls. The speed was exhilarating. I had always thought of myself as a pretty good runner, but these vampirespeedthing was, was ... wow! Freaking wow! The only time I had felt this alive before had been when I went flying, but even then I had to sneak around, afraid my mother would find out. Nate ran carefree, not giving a shit about what other people thought.

Nate was one of those rare creatures who were absolutely free. The only true free creatures were the spirits of the wind. They went were they wanted to and didn't let anything stop them. I had always shun my empathic ability, for the simple reason alone that it was a gift from my mother. No, gift sounded far too positive; it was another one of her attempts to curb my inner demon. She had hoped than if I could experience more human feeling it would make me less dark, but my aura had stayed the same as before:

midnight blue. No amount of the human feelings that crashed through my defences could have changed that. I had learned how to shut others out, only the real strong emotion got throught these days, but right now I wanted to know. I wanted to know what it was about Nate that made me feel like I did have a change at freedom, that I could lose controll without fear.

I opened up to him.

A warm breeze caressed me from the inside. The smell of blosseming flowers and freshly cut grass evaded my sences. A forest streched before me. I entered it and kept walking untill I saw a fire. A small fire, that radiated just the right amount of heath.

Opening up to a vampire was very dangerous. The fire should have been blazing with heath, burning every mind that came too close, but than Nate wasn't a full vampire. He was something unique. Something I had never seen before. A crossbreed between leech and free spirit. I hadn't even know it was possible.

Suddenly the fire leapt up, and the wind came up stronger. And before I knew it, he had thrown me

out. But not brusque like anyone else who's mind had been invaded would have. No, he was almost gentle about it.

I opened my eyes and looked into the deep green pools of his eyes that reminded me of the forest I had seen only seconds ago.

"I know what you saw." He said.

"Please, don't tell the guys." He pleaded.

"Why would I?" I asked surprised he didn't started yelling at me for invading his privacy.

"Vampires are all about controll. They shun everything that has a wild edge to it. A spirit is unpredictable and goes wherever it feels like going. They wouldn't understand."

He paused.

"But you do." He said confused.

"No, I don't." His face fell.

"But I can imagine how great it must feel. Don't worry spiritboy, I won't tell."

He looked reassured by my words.

"An empath, huh?" He grinned.

"Don't even say it." I grumbled, knowing what was comming.

"For such a selfish bitch to be in tune with others their feelings?"

"The universe loves its irony." I muttered.

"Nah, just contradiction."

Nate being, vampire and spirit, controll on one hand, ultimately free on the other,

me being an angel and a demon, light and dark.

"You have no idea."

He put me down in front of the door.

"Will you look at that? We made it in tame after all."

I laughed, a carefree laugh that Nate always seemed to evoke from me.

Chapter 36

daughter of hell 36

I had a rough couple of days and I'm really sorry but either you oversee my batch spelling and grammar or you don't read it yet and I'll clean out the faults later.

Your choice

xx impossible

Chapter:

Fake a sprain when you embark. You will be sent to the infirmary in the stern. The explosion will take place at the bow. If you survive, come to Paris.

Otherwise, death will be better than perpetual detention.

-Satanas-

I was not sure if I was going to survive this. I groaned in discomfort and tried to find a comforatable position. Damn, the stool was too hard and the guy next to me kept sniffing up his snot. The one in front of me had draw a beautiful little idilic village but was ruining the drawing by 'letting it snow'. Why did the snow come from since it was only autumn? Let's say the guy must have never heard from antidandruff shampoo.

This detention thing was killing me.

I sighted.

Drum, drum go the fingers.

I sighted.

Drum, drum go the fingers.

I sighted.

Drum, drum go the fingers.

I sighted.

Drum, drum go the fingers.

I sighted.

Drum, drum go the fingers.

I sighted.

Drum, drum go the fingers.

I sighted.

Drum, drum go the fingers.

"Miss Satanin!"

I looked up bored at the teacher.

"Yes?"

"Keep it down."

I clacked my tongue.

"Sure."

I clacked my tongue again.

"Miss Satanini!" She shrieked.

"That is my name."

"If you don't stop this right now..."

I probably should have stopped by now, but I had never been one to take the hint and shut up.

"You shouldn't make threats if you aren't planning on finishing them or carry them out for that matter." I said sounding every bit of the arrogant princess I was.

I felt my eyes turn violet from the desperation of sitting here.

Miss-whatever-her-name-was looking down at me like I was a piece of dirt htat she wouldn't even pick off her shoe with a long stick, like she'd rather throw away the shoes. I glanced down at her shoes and snorted. Maybe that would be for the best.

"You disgust me."

"I must say, I have never been more disgusted with my behaviour myself." I said in a dissaproving tone that I heard my dad use a countless times.

"I should leave this room, right now, this instant."

The ugly-shoe-wearing hag sputtered, not knowing what to say.

"I'll see you tommorow, miss Satanini." She said after she took a really long time to get her wits back.

"Witty comeback." I muttered.

"Would you like to make that a daily appointment, miss?"

"I really don't see the point why you keep inviting me in here if you're going to be like that, babe." I winked.

Her mouth fell open astonishment.

Thank the demons the bell, indicating the end of detention, rang.

I was out of the door befor you could say pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis, which maybe wasn't that fast, but still fast enough to beat the hag to the door.

"You did what?" Nate yelled.

We were lying on Nat's bed while throwing peanuts at eachother. His head rested on my stomac so I had a better aim.

"Miss Rosebucket is going to destroy you."

I gigled like a stupid a girl at the hags name. 'Rosebucked?' I had never in my pretty short life a person whe repressented roses less than the hag.

"How?" I joked while blocking twenty peanust thrown my way.

"Crush with her monstershoes?"

"Who'd want to watch a monstertruckshow when you could see the Bucked crush innocent students?" He laughed.

"Did you just call Luci innocent?"

I looked up at Vic looking for his closet. Yes, I said looking FOR his closet, since the thing was invisible behind all the crap they had in here.

"Seriously, have you guys never heard of the word cleaning? Or at least a garbagecan?"

I looked at the dump that repressented their room. Only Nate's corner was closed to clean, and that was because I had refused to enter the room before he disinfected at least a part of the room. So he had push all his crap aside and under his bed.

"But that would endanger the rare fungus that grows here!" Nate exclaimed in shock.

"Yeah, the ones that grow here are threatened with extinction. You won't find another place where it grows so well." Vic added.

"Have you seen my closet?" He had the nerve to ask.

"Keep diging till you find the chinese food from last week. It must be somewhere on the left side of that."

"You boys are disgusting." I said with a laugh.

I saw Victor dive in the pile of dirt.

"Good thing you vampires don't have to breath, or he'd be in serious danger of suffcating."

"Luce, you really need to learn to distance the fiction from reality. We need to breath just like you do. I got a heartbeat too, you know."

I felt myself turn red.

"I knew that." I said embaressed.

"Sure you did, beautiful." I heard the muffeled voice of Vic say.

"Found your closet?"

"No, can't find it. No biggie. I'll borrow something from Seth. Need to use a twin when he comes in handy."

I watched Vic leave after hearing his reminder that he and Mr. Cocky were twins.

"How those two can be twins." I said.

"And how you can be friends with him?"

A mild smile played on his lips. Very kissible lips, I might add.

"By the way you say 'him', I suppose you mean Seth?"

I rolled my eyes. So what? I hadn't made it a big secret that I didn't like their little prince.

"My dad is the king's treasurekeeper. We're only low nobility, but I'm cool with that. Anyway, we sort of

got pushed together when we were little. I now you don't believe this, but Seth is a really good friend to me."

"If I were your mother I'd never let my child come in a ten mile radious of such a pompuous jerk." I muttered

"Well, it wasn't like she was around to stop me." The hurt in his voice caught my attention.

"What do you mean, Nate?"

"Windspirits aren't well known for their great sense of responsibility." He said with a bitter edge to his tone.

"Don't pitty me." He said.

"She'd left before I had a change to even remember her. It broke my father thought. She broke him by leaving."

My heart reached out to him. I'd like to blame my tenderness towards Nate as an inconvience of my emphatic ability but then I'd be lying to myself.

There was something aobut Nate that called to me, made me want to hold him and tell him everything would be okay, even if it wouldn't.

I mentally slapped myself.

This was no time to go all mushy and corny. I mean I was a freaking crossbreed with no demonpower in a vampireschool.

Wow, my life was messed up.

"It's better to have a mother leave you than to have one stay and let her torture you."

The words hadn't left my mouth for two seconds before I wanted to take them back.

"What do you mean tortured you?" Nate asked in an angry voice.

"Was your mother your dad's mate?" I asked, trying to distract him.

It worked and the sad look returned to his eyes.

I felt bad for doing this to him.

"She was his mate, but they never bonded."

He saw my confusion.

"You don't know a lot about vampires."

"I know how to kill them, that'll do for me." I said only half joking.

"All vampires have a mate, when we find our mate we bond with them and nothing will ever seperate a vampire form his bonded mate but dead.

My mother never agreed to the bonding which made her free to leave whenever she wanted.

I think my dad is still hoping she'll come back to him one day."

"He loved her."

Nate nodded.

"You were a lovebaby." I teased him.

He ruffeled my hair playfully.

"And you?"

I shrugged.

"Don't know what the bitch and my dad were thinking when they got sweaty together, lust at least. I guess."

"No love?"

"Damn that's a scary thought!" I laughed.

"I'd have to have my dad's head checked out if he has ever loved that bitch."

"I can feel you stomac grumble.

Want to get something to eat?"

"Bless you."

And we both laughed.

This boy was too good to be true.

Chapter 37

daughter of hell 37

Chapter:

There's a hole in the world like a great black pit

And the vermin of the world inhabit it

And its morals aren't worth what a pig could spit

Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

P.O.V. (you wish you knew by who:P You'll find out by reading:D)

"Marcus." I nodded.

The boy looked at me like he'd kill me, right there on the spot in the busy hall of torment.

The boy's hostility amused me, his loyalty towards the daughter of Hell, not so much. In fact it was the boy's only flaw, that and the fact he didn't belong here. So much light shone from his inner good or whatever you called that shit.

I on the other hand new this was my place. I belonged here, between the vermin of the earth. The boy should know better than to think he could take me on. I was older, and far deeper in the darkness than him. She had made sure of that.

I didn't remember much from my human life. It was long, long time ago and human memories fade with the years.

But I did remember the pain, the hurt, the hatred. I remembered how those feelings had let me through the gates from Hell, how their little watchdog, Cerebus, had smelled my hatred and had let me pass through, mistaking me for a demon.

I had smelled the rotting odor of untruthfulness and had flared my nostrils.

Every little detail of that night I remembered like it had only happened yesterday, it is only the reason why that I can no remember. But the pain and hatred had consumed me, I must have had a good reason for that.

My heart had pounded in my chest as I got closer to the second greatest demon of Hell, the sole cause for my hatred, the one who was called Lucifer.

Blind rage had consumed me, making me see everythin in a red haze. I stabbed him with vicious strikes, needing to see blood flowing from this vile creature. The great demon at my mercy. I gave none, it had no soul.

I should have realised that it all had been far too easy, I should have known I was being set up.

How I wish I could regret that day; the day I learned that Lucifer was not a he, but a she and how hatred and bloodlust were the last shove I needed to become a vengance, bloodspilling demon.

By spilling this great demon's blood I condamned my soul to darkness, bottomless darkness.

The day I encountered Lucifer and paid the price, part of my useless soul come to her.

She would live and would die.

And rise as a demon,

under her command.

"Xerxer." He muttered and walked away.

You walk away from me now boy, but I will get my revenge. That bitch was going to pay for what I had become, for the piece of my black soul she took from me.

I might not have been able to kill her as a human, not even as a young demon. But I had aged and gained power. I could take her down, and I would.

I considered myself merciful wher she hadn't been.

Dead was a small price to pay for the torment I had gone through.

It was a price that she would pay, I would personally see to that.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

She was sitting on the kitchen counter with a piece of heavy parchment gripped tightly in her hands. She frowned at the piece of paper like she didn't get what it meant.

I didn't feel like talking to her, every time we talked, we fought and I was sick of it.

She made me tired, like I was an old man that had seen to much in life.

I would have ignored her if I hadn't noticed the black seal that she had broken to open the letter. A black seal with as essence a bloodred S. The seal of Hell.

Fear for her constricted my throat.

They had found out she was my mate and were scaring her. How long had this been going on? Was this the reason why she kept her distance from me?

"Can I see it?"

She looked up at me in surprise.

"It's homework, I'm not boring you with that. You already got your own."

I narrowed my eyes at her. When would she ever stop lying and stop thinking I was too stupid to see through her lies.

"Homework on parchment? A bit expensive, don't you think?"

I saw her flaring her nostrils in annoyance.

"What do you care?"

"I care" I said slowly, emphazising every word.

"when my mate gets note's from Hell."

Her eyes widened in surprise.

What? She hadn't thought I would recognise the ancient sign of Hell?

"Why would I get a message from Hell? I am an angel. We do not associate with demons."

She sounded frantic, guilty? That didn't make any sense.

"I think I'd recognise the Hell symbole and the dark magic comming from it."

"You sense any magic?"

That question made me frown. Now that she mentioned it, no. I couldn't sense the demonic magic that usually came with their letters. How odd.

"You can't, can you?"

"No." I said still deep in thoughts.

"Their is your answer. It's not a demonmessage. It's just some stupid joke from Raphael. He likes to think he's funny."

"Raphael?" I asked, arching an eyebrow.

She rolled her eyes as if annoyed by hearing his name.

That pleased me. I didn't know why, probably at her being annoyed at hearing another guy's name.

It made me hopeful. Maybe she wasn't that 'friendly' with everyone after all.

"Raphael, the archangel?" I joked.

"Yeah." She said with an hard edge in her voice.

My eyes widened.

She was serious? I was joking!

"He was my mentor back when I was a training to be a guardianangel." She said with barely suppressed anger.

"You don't sound very fond of him."

"It is said that Raphael delights in bringing health, happiness and joy everywhere he goes,as he encourages the Guardian Angels in their work." She mimicked a high female voice.

"You should be happy to have him as your mentor, daughter. He is the best and you should be grateful he would have you. I do not want to hear your lies about him anymore. He is an archangel and you should ever be so lucky to be as great as he is. Knowing what blood flows through you vains, that's very unlikely. Now go train harder!"

She balled her little fist like she was ready to punch someone.

I hoped I wasn't that someone.

"Demons! It was all she could talk about! Raphael this, Raphael that. Fuck off, bitch, was all I thought. He is a smug cocky bastard."

She looked at me.

"Much as yourself, I might ad."

I sighed, she couldn't let that one slip by, could she.

"I mean, she didn't even know him. I was the one who had to put up with his constant bragging and arrogant attitude. Like it wasn't bad enough that I had made the horrible mistake of kissing him once, he had to go and rub my face in it!"

Wait, what?

"What? You kissed him?!" I screamed.

She rolled her eyes downwards. Not heavenwards like a normal would, as if asking help from above. No, Luci rolled her eyes downwards as if asking the power under her for strengt to put up with me. She was an odd one.

"I kissed him like once at this stupid dancething. 'Celebration of Life.' I was bored he looked hot. Every straight girl would have gone for it. I mean I knew he was arrogant, but we never had run into eachother

much before, so I thought that after that one kiss I wouldn't have to see him. Demons, was I wrong."

I decided to let it slide. It sounded like she really didn't like him.

I pained my brain to remember some of the boring stuff we learned about archangels. "Raphael is known to be chief ruling prince of the second heaven, chief of the Order of Virtues, guardian of the Tree of Life in Eden, and one of the seven angels of the Throne,

or the seven who stand before God."

"One more reason to not accept the 'honour' to become a virtue. No thank you, I said to that. But did they listen? Of course not!"

"Wait, you're a Virtue?"

"Wait, you actually know something about archangels? How the fuck did you miss me being an angel?"

Chapter 38

daughter of hell 38

damn, I like writing way too much for my own good, but hey:

you guys get a nice long one from it:P

xx impossible

P.O.V. (Seth)

I pained my brain to remember some of the boring stuff we learned about archangels. "Raphael is known to be chief ruling prince of the second heaven, chief of the Order of Virtues, guardian of the Tree of Life in Eden, and one of the seven angels of the Throne,

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"Wait, you actually know something about archangels? How the fuck did you miss me being an angel?"

P.O.V. (Luci)

"Wait, you're a Virtue?"

"Wait, you actually know something about archangels? How the fuck did you miss me being an angel?"

"I know a lot about angels."

To say I was shocked would be an understatement, the heavenly Virtues were the angels most well guarded secret. In the angelic hierarchy the Virtues came second, above the archangels. Yep, that made me higher in command than Raphael. The only good thing that had come from that shit.

I hadn't wanted the position and actually had refused but my mother was a Seraphim, one of the highest ranked in heaven, she'd said she would die if her own flesh were anything as low as a pathetic guardian angel.

A stuck-up snob? My mother? Hell yeah!

"Then what do you think a Virtue is?" I asked, testing how much he knew.

Virtues possessed great power, because for every earthling that expressed a virtue the power of that specific Virtue grew.

For exemple when you had a prude; when a virgin gives her boyfriend the disapointing no, no, no the Virtue Chastity gets a powerkick. I suppose I don't have to explain why he loves doing his freshmanyear over and over again. Where I had always shun going to school, we actually had to drag him away from it.

And, yeah, I got the irony behind Chasitity being a guy. That was one joke that never got old. We teased him a lot.

But we kept the Virtues a secret because where there were virtues, there was also sin.

Chasisity couldn't go near the junior boys in highschool for there was a lot of lust, and lust was a sin, one that could suck his power dry.

This knowledge in the wrong hands could cost the angels dearly.

"You think I don't know do you?"

"I'm pretty sure you don't know. For knowledge you actually have to possess a brain, and you obviously missed sales."

"I am the vampire prince."

He said that like that should explain anything. It didn't.

"So?"

"If you are going to be the next monarch you need to know about your allies. I read the bible." He proudly stated.

I burst I out laughing. The tears rolled over my eyes.

The bible! Ha!

That puny little book was the biggest charade I had ever seen in my entiry life. So much bullshit in one little book. Ha, ha, the joke.

"It is not easy for man, wounded by sin, to maintain moral balance. Christ's gift of salvation offers us the grace necessary to persevere in the pursuit of the virtues. Everyone should always ask for this grace of light and strength, frequent the sacraments, cooperate with the Holy Spirit, and follow his calls to love what is good and shun evil."

He quoted the bible. I fell to the ground clutching my stomac, but I couldn't stop laughing.

"It is a great honour for an angel to be chosen to represent a Virtue."

I only laughed louder. Stupid vampire, didn't know shit.

"You made that last part up, you have to."

I whiped away the tears that rolled over my cheeks from too much laughing.

"I'll give you two point for creativity though."

If anything, he looked insutlted.

"I can tell you now that the greatest thinkers of my race have thought about this and have come to that conclusion."

"Your great thinkers are retarded."

"Then you tell me what a Virtue is."

I wiped away the last traces of my tears.

"The opposite of sin." Was all I said.

"Think about that."

He looked dumbstruck that I hadn't given him a straight answer.

"Fine be like that." He snapped.

I didn't bother to look at him, I didn't think I could handle much more laughing.

"You're like the rest of them."

I stopped dead in my tracks and wipped my head around.

"I am not." I said in a whisper.

"You guard your secrets like a true angel. You don't tell me anything about yourself. Is there anyone who really know you?"

I couldn't anwer that, because the truth was, he was right. Even I didn't really knew myself. Yes, I was a crossbreed, but I had no idea what that meant. I didn't knew the full extent of my power, and I had never in my life told anyone the truth about my past. Yes, my dad and Marcus knew a bit, pieces of the shit that had happened to me in heaven, in my life. They didn't knew half of it. And I wanted it to stay that way, I didn't need anyone to carry my burden. It was mine, and I would deal with it.

"People keep secrets for a reason." I said.

"Secrets are made to be found out with time."

That was my biggest fear.

"Let's hope that isn't true."

"Why's that?' He asked.

"Because I won't be there to face the consequences."

For I would be dead,

most likely by his hands.

P.O.V. (Seth)

"People keep secrets for a reason." She said in a soft voice that sounded so damn reasonable.

"Secrets are made to be found out with time."

And I would unravel every last one.

"Let's hope that isn't true."

There was something, it was in the way she said that, like something dreadful would happen. She sounded said, and yet accepting.

"Why's that?" I couldn't keep myself from asking, even I knew I wouldn't get a straight answer from her. And something told me I would like it if she'd actually tell me.

"Because I won't be there to face the consequences."

What was I supposed to make of that?

I watched her while she walked away from me, her hips swaying softly with every graceful step she took.

How had I ever thought her to be human? I found myself thinking again.

A Virtue? What kind of Virtue?

I laughed softly to myself. Well, I could at least rule out Chastity, Humility and Patience. I was a demon if she was any of those.

'Then you tell me what a Virtue is.'

'The opposite of sin.'

Such a strange answer. But then Luci was the main exemple of strange.

My eye fell on the piece of parchment she had forgotten. The joke from this dude, Raphael.

I couldn't help my curiosity, I knew that if I read the private not I would be invading her privacy. But then, she didn't even like the archangel, so she wouldn't really mind, would she?

Befor I knew what I was doing I already had picked up the note.

'Picture yourself in a nightmarish scene of such

grotesque complexity that you'd kill to be dreaming.

Your body's been dying, while your mind has been trying

to make you picture a life where you'd kill for your

lover and a song in your head.

The deaths of countless others

simply set up the lyrics for your symphony.

That's where you'll find me.

Don't be afraid to meet me,

I know I wasn't,

But then that's the only thing I remember.

That, and that we have a score to settle.

Don't be afraid little girl,

it will all be over quick.

If you are lucky.'

I had chills creeping all over my body after reading these words, written in a dark bloodred. I inhaled and froze. My fangs extended.

That was no red inkt, this was blood.

I took another sniff and made my mound watter.

Demonblood, it smelled delicious and the power of the ancient blood called to me. I had never drank demonblood before, but I had heard the stories; how it was supposed to taste like ambrosia, how it would feed our power, how...

I mentally slapped myself. How could I be thinking this? Luci had received a not from a demon, an ancient demon and it was clearly a threat.

This wasn't some prank pulled on her by an angel. No angel would be able to get his hands on this much demonblood.

It looked Luci and I were going to have a nice honnest talk after all.

I'd die before I'd let anyone hurt her.

The door opened.

"Yow, what's up? Dude don't look that serious, your face might decide to stay that way. Your ugly with that frown by the way." Nate laughed.

A fresh breeze came into the room.

Nate gasped catching the smell of the demon's blood.

"What the fuck?"

I wordlessly handed him the note. I saw his pupils grow large while his eyes danced over the words.

"This isn't good."

"No shit, Sherlock."

"Please, tell me this isn't adressed to Luci."

"Wish I could. That girl got some serious enemies."

"Let's hope she knows how to handle them."

I looked at Nate.

"What do you mean? She doesn't need to be able to handle them. I'll make things righ for her."

Nate shook his head. It pissed me off.

"Don't shake your head. I am not letting her face this alone."

I said, pointing at the piece of paper.

"Do you know the demon who sent this threat?"

I frowned.

"How are you planning on finding out? Your only option is to ask Luce, and we both know she'll deny this."

"I can't just do nothing. She's in danger!"

Damn, that girl got me frustraded.

"The only thing you can do is keeping a close eye on her."

I cursed. I knew he was right.

"Where is she know?"

I cursed again, I didn't know.

"Detention?"

"Nah, she finished it an hour ago."

He grinned.

"She had Miss.Rosebucket."

I laughed.

"That must have caused some fireworks."

Miss. Rosebucket was one of those uptight bitter women who tried to control everyone around her. Than you had Luci.

"Even when I'm bent and broken, I pray my spirit always stays untamed."

Huh?

"What the fuck? Dude?"

I looked up at Nate and saw him with his nose buried in some book.

"Luce's diary. She wrote it a couple of years ago."

My mouth fell open.

"Aren't you supposed to be her friend?"

"Yeah? And?"

"Friends don't read other friends their diary."

Nate shrugged.

"They do when it's in their friends best interest. If you don't want to know what she wrote, don't worry, I won't tell you."

I picked the book from his hands.

"I'm not her friend I can read it." I said with a cocky smile.

I leafed through the thick leatherbound book to the right year, damn she had been keeping this diary for quite some time.

"Why does she even have a diary. Somehow Luci doesn't strike me as the kind of girly girl that keeps a diary and writes down her latest crush." I found myself saying, hoping Nate had an answer.

"I don't think she writes about her her latest crush. I don't even think she has a latest crush."

'She despises me. I just know she does.

It doesn't take a genieus to figure out, but I do wonder why.

I find myself unable to answer that question, to find a reason why she looks at me like she wished I could just die.

I have tried everything, I tried being the good daughter. I tire myself, work myself to exhaustion to end up with a disapproving glare from her.

Gabe stabbed me today, not on purpose, even he wouldn't go that far. It happened during practice; we were duelling and I got too confident. I thought I had him, I had managed to wound him on his side, making it impossible for him to lift his right arm. Now that I think of it, it is not my confidence that got me in trouble. It was my compassion, the compassion that I had thought that bitch had long since killed in me. I should have finished him off, but I do not revel in blood, so I knocked him of his feed and I back guarded him. It was a perfect back guard: my sword pointing down and diagonally backward, making it impossible for him to move without ending up like a shish Kebab.

I should have know better than to trust Gabriël. Gabe has inherited the 'Khopesh'. It is the weapon he calls on in battle. It is his natural inheritence, he born to wear it, I on the other hand am forced to wear it. He knew this, and he called upon the Khopesh, not any

Khopesh, he called upon my Khopesh. It fucking ripped open my stomac while surfacing. He took advantage of my pain and stabbed me right through my liver. If I were mortal I would be blessfully dead. But I am an immortal, so that makes it fucking painfull and almost unbareable. Not to mention that a Khopesh is a weapon with a fucking blade of forty centimetres that bends off in a crescent-shaped. It burned to surface on my stomac, so now my entire body ages and the stupid basard couldn't stop himself from drawing his own Khopesh and cutting me up from my ear to my nose. If I had remembered on time that the fucking cutting face of the sword was on the outside, not on the inside, I might have been able to prevent that last bit of fleshwound. But seriously: who thinks about that when you're already in excruciating pain? Not me, I can tell you that.

The bitch, that calls herself my mother couldn't care less. Or so I though. She was worried, worried about the family's reputation that I had smutched by losing like that in a fight to a guy twice my size!

She forbade me to go see a healer for my wounds, she doesn't want my shame to become public. At times like this I am happy I started this stupid diary, it kills the time while I wait for my face to heal. I can cover the stomacwound, but I can hardly wear a veil.

I shouldn't care about her opinion of me. She never acted like a mother, I don't know why I keep hoping she'll change.

I wonder why she loads me like she does. I think I know.

I've seen angels bleed before, thin red blood, less rich from color than a human's blood. I've bled before, but I had never, before today, actually seen my blood. My wounds, always pretty shallow healed within seconds, not spilling a drop of blood. Even an immortal angel shouldn't heal that fast. But today I felt my blood glide down my skin. It felt like a thick substance, like cream. It didn't look like cream, it was black. Black with little specks of a reddish copper colour in it. What is wrong with me? What is in my blood that makes me different. What could possibly

be so worse that my own mother would hate me for it?

I think I know.'

"Dude!" Nate yelled.

I let the book drop on the floor. The words, written by a twelveyear old Luci had captivated me.

'What is in my blood thatmakes me different.

What could possibly be so worse that my own mother would hat me for it?'

The words thugged at my heart, my heart reached out to that little girl she had once been.

In a blink of my eye Nate was standing back in front of me. Where had he gone?

"Luci's comming, I put the diary back." He answered my unspoken question.

I heard the door open and saw a vision of bravery step through the door. I stared at her.

She looked uncomfortable.

"What are you staring at?"

I opened my mouth and closed it again. I couldn't say a word.

I ran towards her and pulled her in my arms, holding her.

"What the hell?"

switch P.O.V. (Luci)

He pulled me in his arms, crushing me to his chest.

"What the hell?"

What did he think he was doing.

I looked over at Nate, asking for help. The bastard just laughed at me.

"Damn it! Let me go."

I struggled to get out of Mr. Cocky's arms. I might as wel been trying to move a wall.

"Not yet." He muttered.

"Let me..." He burried his face in my hair.

"Let me just hold you, a little while longer."

He didn't try anything, didn't try to kiss me, didn't try to bite me. He held me close and I felt the sudden urge to melt into him. To let him hold me, to trust him to keep me together. I made quick work of that feeling.

He finally released me, holding my face in his big hands. I felt small, and I didn't like it.

"You're safe."

I rolled my eyes at him. Of course I was safe, I was a big girl, I could handle myself fine.

"You're weird."

He must be sick, because he only smiled. No cocky words, no witty comeback, no snide remark. He smiled. And he kind of looked hot while he did that.

Stupid hormones.

Chapter 39

daughter of hell 39

Chapter

"I like to look good, that makes me a tease. I like to eat, that makes me a pig. I like to get off, that makes me a slut. I like to be treated with respect, that makes me a man-hating dyke. Trust me, I have no problem being labeled a bitch."

- Maddy -

P.O.V. (Luci)

To say today was an tribulation, would be an understatement. I never would have thought I would have been happy to go to detention! Mr. Cocky hadn't

left my side for an entire day. I couldn't sigh without him asking me if I was okay. He had been fussing all over me and I hated it. He treated me like I was made from glass and would brake any moment. It was maddening irritating and at the same time kind of sweet.

- Fuck, I was losing my inner bitch. -

Well, it had been sweet (and weird) in the beginning, in the end I had wanted to rip his throat out.

- Wait, there she is again. -

No one had ever treated me like something breakable before, and now I counted myself lucky. I had felt tempted to tell him who he was dealing with, he wouldn't treat the second in command of Hell like a freaking china doll.

"You're in time, miss Satanini?" The hateful hag, miss Rosebucket, asked, sounding surprised.

"I couldn't stay away from your delightful company." I smirked.

"Take a seat, miss Satan."

"It's Satanini, Satan is my dad's name."

"Aren't you the funny one." She dryly remarked.

I smiled to myself, she thought I was joking.

Half an hour in premature death, I mean detention, the door swung open.

"Mr. Vantienen, you are an half hour late. Why do you even bother to show up?"

"Miss Rosebucket!" The boy exclaimed.

"I had no idea it was you who would be teaching this class! If I had know I would have made the effort to be on time."

Those gorgeous hazel eyes found me, and seemed to sprakle with amusement. I gave him a crooked smile. Premature death seemed awfully tempting when Cody would be there with me. I hadn't had the chance to talk to him since the fire at the sciencelab. One of his reddish brown curls fell over his forehead, he winked at me.

"I'm sorry, I didn't catch the name of this class. What was it again?"

The hateful hag looked like she might explode.

"Premature death," I noticed miss Rosebucket glare at me.

"or so I am told." I finished.

"You, you two!" She screamed.

"How could I asist you?" We both chorused.

We looked at eachother, slightly amased, and started laughing uncontrolely.

"Sit down and shut up!"

I hadn't been busy shutting up for two minutes like the hag had told me to, when a piece of paper hit the back of my head. I turned around furiously, intending on murdering the kid that had dared to throw something my way, but then I saw Cocy smiling at me and indicating for me to pick up the piece of paper. I rolled my eyes and picked it up.

'Perhaps the world's second worst crime is boredom. The first is being a bore.'

I laughed softly, scribling something back and aimed it at his head. I saw his eyes go wide before he started laughing and falling of his chair, still laughing.

That of course got the hag's attention. She snatched the paper from Cody and turned red.

O, crap.

'Boredom is like a pitiless zooming in on the epidermis of time. Every instant is dilated and magnified like the pores of Rosebucket's face.'

"Out! Now! Both of you!" She screamed like the hysterical bitch she was.

I highfived Cody and walked out.

"Thank you! Detention with the hag is almost worse than living with my mom."

I bit my lip and grinned.

"I never thought this day would come."

"What do you mean?" He asked confused.

"The day that I would meet someone who came close to the shrew calibre of my mom. And believe me

when I say that my mom has conquered the top all on her mighty bitchy self and made herself right at home."

He shook his head laughing, his choclate eyes darkening in enjoyment.

"She sounds my kind of gal."

"I could give you her numbre if you were interested. I heard she was into younger guys."

"You heard?"

"It's not like we talk."

"So." He said.

"So what?"

"I got you out of detention. What will you do to repay me?"

I punched his arm, kind of hard, but since Cody was a vampire he didn't even flinch.

"Excuse me? You got me out of detention?! I got myself out."

"Yeah, but I helped. That deserves something right?"

I brought my face closer to his.

"And what would you have in mind?"

He gave me the most wicked grin ever. What can I say I am a sucker for everything wicked.

But before my lips touched his, a piece of burning paper landed on Cody's shoulder.

"Fuck." He brushed it off.

"Where the hell did that came from?"

I picked it up, the flames not hurting my skin. I read it with dread, already knowing what it would say.

'Now, place your ear to my lips.

Trace these notes with your fingertips.

They dance alone on my last breath.

This is the end. This is death.

When would you like to die?'

Okay, now I was pissed off. That demon wouldn't know what hit him when I was done with him. Who the fuck did he think he was? I knew who Xerxes

was. Hell, the guy had been there even before I was born. I hadn't done anything to him and his threats were starting to bug me.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

I opened the diary on a random place somewhere in the back.

'I don't even know why I keep writing in this stupid thing. I mean, I finally got out of the bitche's clutches. I don't need to fight boredom anymore, this place rocks! I never thought that living with my dad would work out so well. Yeah, all the woman are lusty, horny, wanton sluts and most guys give me the creeps, but I actually made a couple of great friends here. I get along with the ancient ones, the young ones are weird. I suppose they are entitled to; I'd be pretty weird too if I just got away from hundreds years of torture. But then again, living with my mom was the same as torture. Pure mindrape.

I get along really well with this guy Marcus. Although I don't get what he's doing here. I didn't need my empathic ability to know he was one of the good guys. Speeking of empathic abilities. My dad gave me

this wicked old ring with an onyx stone in it. It's pure magic and it represses my emotions. For the first time in years and I can wake up without the fear of my and other peoples turbulent emotion srewing me up. I haven't had a lapse of control for two months now, it feels amazing. No more burning sensation of fucking angelwapens ripping through my skin. No more contempt from others. They either love or fear me and it feels amazing. I get nothing but respect and my dad... he loves me. It feels strange, but really good to be loved, unconditionally. I mean who had thought the hottest place to exist, the place were all the scum of the world gathere would be'

The door flew open and a very angry Luci marched in. I quickly hid the diary I was reading. I didn't know why I bothered to hide it, seeing how pissed of she was I figured she already knew. Damn. But the high-spirited redhead surprised me again. Instead of killing me she stomped towards her closet and started rummaging in it. Her being bend over her closet gave me a very nice view of that nice little ass. Damn, I hated the little skirt she wore when all the

guys ogled her assets, but when it was just me; I loved it.

"Stop staring at my but and clean up your trash."

Wow, she sounded pissed, but not at me. This was a nice change.

"Damnit!" She swore.

"Can't you guys at least keep all your rubbish on you own side of the room?! I can't find a fucking thing in this mess."

A very dangerous looking mighty pointy shoe was hurled at me.

"You do know that the whole staking a vampire thing is just a myth. We don't die when you pierce our heart with a high heel."

"Like I'd waist my beautiful shoes on you. I'd hate for them to go all dusty."

"Myth."

"Like I care."

A black blade missed my face with not even an inch.

"Watch that!"

"So, do you undead creatures reflect in mirrors?" I heard her ask from withing the closet.

"Wait, don't answer that! I've seen you guys busy with your hair in front of a mirror."

"Found what you were looking for?" I asked, a bit insulted that she thought I looked in the mirror too often. I didn't, it was more Vic's thing.

"And you know that's more Vic's thing. You probably got us confused."

Me and Vic were identical twins, making Vic the oldest by only five minutes.

"Nah, I think I know the difference. You two are nothing alike."

And that secretly pleased me. She noticed me enough to not mistake me with my brother. "Do you burn when I hold a crucifixes against your bare flesh?"

I laughed at that ridiculous question.

"No, but I know a couple of other things that I'd like to have touching my bare skin. Your hands for exemple."

"Keep dreaming." She muttered.

"No, than I would have said your lips."

Another shoe flew in my direction.

"I can stand the sun, so I don't know why you thought a stake would kill me."

"I was joking, you moron. I actually had lots of very boring, wasted time of my life that I will never get back, classes about vampires."

"Ah, to know you allies."

A very unfemale snort left her lips.

"More like know your enemies. You are a fool if you think those stuck-up angels will ever accept you."

"You are not much of a 'fight-for-your-own-species-kind-of-girl', are you?"

"They haven't done anything to deserve that from me. If you ever need some help with beating up a

couple of the suckers, I'd gladly give you a hand. Same goes for the vampires who need a beating."

"I think I can handle myself."

"Whatever you believe, dollface."

I gasped. Did she just call me dollface?

"What the hell, Luci? You kind call a guy dollface."

"Why not?"

By Nyx, she was impossible.

"You just don't."

"Whatever you want, sweetcheeks."

Chapter 40

daughter of hell 40

Hope you guys like this one :D

P.O.V. (Seth)

"What the hell, Luci? You kind call a guy dollface."

"Why not?"

By Nyx, she was impossible.

"You just don't."

"Whatever you want, sweetcheeks."

"Ugh, you are so annoying!"

"From you, I take that as a compliment."

She smirked and dove straight back into her closet.

"What are you even looking for?"

"Aha! Got it."

I saw her throw a bundle of leahter on her bed. The typical heavy smell invaded my senses. This was the real expensive stuff, not some fake rip off.

"Nothing as sexy as a gril in leather."

"This is not for your sake."

"Then for who's sake is it?"

Even I could hear the jealousy in my own question, but I didn't care. I was done playing games, for now at least. I wanted her, she belonged to me and it was damn near time that she realised that.

She gave me a pointy look as if she knew what I was thinking and wanted to contradict my claim on her. A sudden chill crawled up my neck when a new though popped up inside my head.

"You can't read minds, can you?"

She blinked her eyes a couple of times, then she threw her head back laughing. I liked her laugh, it was the most beautiful sound and despite my earlier jealousy, I found myself smiling.

"What the fuck do you think I am?" She laughed.

"Some run down character from Twilight?" She shook her head.

"You don't hear me asking who turned you into a vampire and if you still have human memories, now do you?"

"Vampires can't be made."

"I know that." She said, sounding slightly annoyed.

"Than why ask?" I retorded.

"To point out the stupidity of your question. Angels don't have extra abilities, we are supernatural, like demons. Humans, and every now and then the occasional vampire gets this bothersome abilty to see the future or other shit, not supernatural beings."

"Vampires are supernatural beings."

"No they are not."

"Don't discriminate." I teased.

"I don't! Whether you like it or not, you are still part human, Seth. You should cherise that, not stand here denying it."

"Humans don't have superspeed, they don't have amazing strenght, and they centainly do not become immortal. You tell me how I am human."

"You are born from a human." She simply said.

And damn her for being right. Female vampires didn't exist, if we breeded it was always with a marked one, because they were the only ones who were able to mate with us. Yes, the marked ones became immortal after the mating but they stayed human. It made them vulnerable, no wonder we were so protective of them.

"Now, leave." She said.

"Why? You got your periods?"

She groaned and rolled her eyes downwards.

"I want to change."

I stayed were I was. She tapped her foot and crossed her arm under her breast wich draw my attention to...

"What are you waiting for?" She interupted me midthought.

"And don't you dare say: 'to watch you get undressed.'" She guessed my thoughts.

"Close, but no." I lied. That had been on my mind too. But first things first.

"If you can't read my mind, how come you are so tuned to me."

If things were different between us, I'd blame it on the mate thing, but me and Luci hadn't rached that stage yet. So what was it.

"You don't know?"

"I wouldn't be asking if I did, now would I?"

"Nate didn't tell you?"

Now, that got my attention. Nate knew something about Luci and didn't tell me! Some friend he was. Jake would have told me. On second thought, judging

by the way he'd been acting lately, maybe not. He liked Luci a lot, as did Nate. What was it about this girl?

"Damn, I would have thought he'd tell you. I really need to give people more credit."

"Luci! Just say it."

"I'm an empath, nothing more to it."

"You knew what I was feeling?"

"Speaking of feelings. You don't have any right to be so possessive of me, you don't own me, asshole. So drop the attitude and go chase after someone who actually wants you."

Now, I could take a lot from her, but not her lying to me. She wanted me, and I wanted her to admit it.

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

"Speaking of feelings. You don't have any right to be so possessive of me, you don't own me, asshole. So drop the attitude and go chase after someone who actually wants you." I said.

"Don't lie to me." He said in a hard voice.

"I" I started, but hesitated. I did lie to him, just not about this, or maybe I was lying myself. Then I realised I didn't care about lying, I did it all the time, and had no reservation about it.

"I don't."

A sly smile spread over his arrogant handsome face. I didn't trust it. Hell, I didn't trust him, and everything that came with his cocky little self.

"Lying again." He came closer, too close to me and place both hands against my closet, trapping me with his body.

"Admit it." He said in a low husky voice.

"Admit what?" I asked, distracted by the proximity of his lips.

"That you want me." He buried his nose in my neck and traced a hot line from my collarbone to my earlobe, gracing his teeth over it. I suppressed a shivern, not from fear but from pleasure.

"Never." I breathed.

"Why not?" Little kisses were being placed at my chin toward the corner of my mouth.

"We both know you want me, why hold back?"

His shaky words told me I wasn't the only one who was overcome by desire. Time to turn the tables. I wrapped one leg around his slender hips and pulled him even closer. I could feel every rippled, muscled, delicious piece of him. I threaded my finger through his hair and nipped his pinna. His hand found its way up my hip and hesitated near the edge of my skirt, but deciding to take the risk and slide further up. Brave boy, but there was a thin line that led to stupidity. I wondered wich way he was going.

"That you can make me want you like this." He whispered.

"I can't imagine what you in leather will do to me."

Those words brought me back to the matter at hands. I needed to chane into my fightergear from Hell, I was going to face Xerxes and end his game.

I didn't go for subtlety, there was no way I could talk the lusty teenage vampire to get off me, and there

was no way I could fight him off. So I went for the classical knee in the were-the-sun-don't-shine place.

I must be getting predictable, because he easely avoided my knee.

"Damn you." I yelled, strugling to get free from him.

"What the hell, Luci?! You just tried to knee me in the nuts and now you're mad?" He yelled straight back.

He pushed me away and turned with his hands in his hair. I heard him mutter something along the lines of 'stupid females, fucking screwed up weird...' He turned again, looking at me.

"Care to tell me why you felt the sudden need to try and knee me?"

"I needed to get changed, you were in my way."

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

"Care to tell me why you felt the sudden urge to trie and knee me?" Still pissed she had tried to knee me.

"I need to get changed, you are in my way."

She said that like it was the most logical thing to say. Like it was a spontanuous reaction to knee someone if they were in your way. Crazy chick.

"You could have asked."

She looked surprised.

"You would have moved?"

Damn, I wouldn't have. She drew her own conclusions from my silence.

"That's what I though. Now you have to leave."

"I think I'll stay."

"Fine!"

She was too cute when she was angy. She gathered her clothes in her arms and left the room with angry strides, banging the door when she left.

"Real mature." I called after her and was rewarded with hearing the bathroomdoor bang close.

"Hot, hot, hotter than hell, you burn me like the midday sun!"

I heard wolfwhistles coming from the livingroom.

"Damn, Luce. You should wear this more often."

I went ot the livingroom to see what all the commotion was about and was, was stunned. In the middle of the room stood Luci, or at least I thought it was. The girl wore black leather pants that looked like they were painted on her legs, the same could go for the top she was wearing, it looked like it was made of tiny little gold chains, but I knew that couldn't be true. In her hair she wore old gold jewelry, decorated with precious gemstones and leather pads, bound close with strings protected her arms. A viscious looking blackered sword was strapped across the girls back. The sword must have been at least 44 inches long, it looked to big for the slender girl in leather and gold. The handle alone was 12 inches long, and decorated with an emarald in the hilt. It was a cutting weapon, and primarily used for cuttign or slicing an opponent and was capable of cutting off the limbs or head of an enemy in one stroke. I didn't like a girl that resembled Luci so much with a weapon like that in her hands. The girl's red hair was piled up on top of her head, held up by jewelry, more to protect the head than to

decorate. I met the girl's eyes, they were a briljant green, almost fluolike. It was Luci, her next words comfirmed my horror.

"Stop staring, you look retarded."

"YOU ARE NOT GOING OUT DRESSED LIKE THAT!" I yelled.

"You can't tell me what to do. I've got an imporatnt date and you are not screwing it up."

"Date?" I said venomous.

She waved her hand in a dismissive gesture.

"Well, more like a serious asskicking, but you know me. I'm not violent."

I didn't laugh. She was going to fight someone? That did explain the sword.

"I'll come with you."

I knew I couldn't stop her from going, she wasn't that kind of girl. But I could go with her and make sure no harm came to her.

"You can't."

"Why the fuck not?"

"Because you being there would only get me killed. I do better on my own."

"I'll protect you."

She narrowed her eyes on me, making her look glorious with the blue warpaint patrons that decorated the erea around her eyes.

I had never seen anyone wear that kind of warpaint like that, those symbols, they seemed familiar, yet I was sure I had never seen a person wear them before today. Now that I thought of it; her whole outfit looked kind of familiar. Where had I seen such a daring armour before?

Armour. Blue warpaint. Those symbols. All elements a demon of status wore when he entered battle. Demon, no it couldn't be, she was an angel. I had seen her angelweapons before, she couldn't fake that, could she?

Her diary, I rembered reading:

'I've seen angels bleed before, thin red blood, less rich from color than a human's blood. I've bled before, but I had never, before today, actually seen my blood. My wounds, always pretty shallow, healed within seconds, not spilling a drop of blood. Even an immortal angel shouldn't heal that fast. But today I felt my blood glide down my skin. It felt like a thick substance, like cream. It didn't look like cream, it was black. BLACK with little specks of a reddish copper colour in it. What is wrong with me? What is in my blood that makes me different? What could possibly be so worse that my own mother would hate me for it?

I think I know.'

I grabed a kitching knife from the counter and marched towards Luci, not hesitating when I held her arm in an irongrip. I sliced her thin flesh open, making a deep and large cut. Black, thick blood flooded from the wound, dark demonic magic invading my senses, only to dissapear again. But I didn't stop to think of it, the blood was black, black like the blood of demons that had flowned during the

great war centuries ago, but writting down by our own historici. Demonblood, I felt my fangs extend, the water came in my mouth; demonblood, so much sweeter than any other bloodtype my kind would ever crave. We could deny ourselves the poor thin blood, but the rich thick magical blood of a demon... that was something different. I bit her and she screamed. Not a shrill sound of fright, but a roar in utter rage. Her blood was the sweetest, not that I had drank a lot of blood before, but I could tell the difference. While I sucked and tasted her blood, the atmosphere changed. The air felt heavy with demon magic, the magic I had sensed before but I had disappeared almost immediatly. A ball of fire hit me in the face and I stumbled back, releasing my grip on the demon's throat. Heat scorched over my face, quit a contrast with the cold metal pressed against my throat.

Chapter 41

daughter of hell 41

I wanted to thank all of you for the wonderfull comments! and of course for reading (and liking) my story:D

A special thank you to Sondra, for she always reminds me of thing I might have forgotten to explain. really what would I do without your comments?

P.O.V. (Seth)

While I sucked and tasted her blood, the atmosphere changed. The air felt heavy with demon magic, the magic I had sensed before but had disappeared almost immediatly. A ball of fire hit me in the face

and I stumbled back, releasing my grip on the demon's throat. Heat scorched over my face, quit a contrast with the cold metal pressed against my throat.

"You fucking piece of shit." A low, mean, cold voice spoke.

"You did not just bit me, cause if you have, I am so going to kill you."

Those amazing fluo green eyes that told me this girl was Luci, were changing, changing to a darker colour, making them almost look black. Little sparks of fire crackled at her fingertips, touching and burning my skin.

"You are a demon." I choked.

I could not believe I had mated a demon. By drinking my mates blood the mating should be completed. But I couldn't feel the bond, I couldn't feel anything from her. Was it because she was a demon? Or was it because she had not offered her blood freely to me, because I had taken what I wanted from her without her consent? A little voice in the back of my mind, a

small part of my being, told me I should feel guilty. I had taken the blood from my mate when she clearly hadn't wanted that. I should be ashamed of myself, but I couldn't. I repressed the guilt with the knowledge that she was a demon. A demon who was probably sent down here to kill me or my brother. I needed to finish this, I should kill her. But something in me held me back, I couldn't kill my mate. No, she couldn't be my mate! She was a demon! A drop of black blood rested at the corner of my mouth, I could smell its sweetness. I licked it up and the demon's eyes clouded over.

"You fucking parasite." She hissed.

I saw the sword move backward, ready to finish me off. It wouldn't really mean my dead, I would become immortal, but without the blood from my mate, I wouldn't be able to stand sunlight. I wasn't looking forward to it.

"Don't worry." She wishpered, almost in a caring voice.

"I'll kill you a second time too." She finished coldly.

I waited for the blow, but it never came. I heard her sword land a couple of meters away from us. With my vampire speed and strenght I captured her small frame, only to release her immediately. I looked down at what used to be my T-shirt, she was burning hotter than a campfire. She was hotter than Hell. What had I expected from a demon? I should stop thinking about her as Luci, my mate. She was a demon, my enemy!

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

Rage burned hot through my veins. Murder was the only thing on my mind, but the last sane part of my brain held me back. I was my fathers daughter, the second in command of Hell and I knew my politics. If I killed the vampireprince, it would mean war and I was not ready to be the cause of that.

A drop of my blood rested at his bottomlip, he licked it up and the last sane part of my brain was taken over by the burning desire to kill the creature that had taken my blood.

"You fucking parasite." I hissed.

I moved my sword backward, ready to decapitate him. I saw the lack of fear in his eyes. It bothered me, I wanted him terified before I killed him.

"Don't worry." I said in a soft voice.

"I'll kill you a second time too." I saw the fear come, it filled his eyes and his entire body went rigid. Good.

But before I could strike I felt a pull and my sword flew from my hands, and clattered to the ground. Déjà vu. The strong smell of iron invaded my senses, vampire nobility. Seemed like one of the guys controlled metal. I slowly backed away from the bastard that had bitten me, and turned to face the metalguy.

"Seems like I'm not the only one with a secret, Jake."

He looked at me grimly.

"Not such a terrible secret like yours, demon."

I laughed bitter.

"I do not take offense to that word. I am proud of what I am, fangboy, so do not think this is the way to insult me."

"I can't believe you fooled us to think you were an angel. Why are you here?"

"I wish I could tell you, but unfortunately I do not understand my psychotic mother, and I count myself lucky for that. So no, I do not know why I am here."

"You denie you are to kill our prince?"

Now, there was a pleasant thought.

"I didn't even know this was a vampireschool. How stupid do you think I am, to come alone on hostile turf."

"You still stayed after finding out."

"I am no coward." I stated.

"Plus, if I don't finish school here, I have to go and live with the motherbitch. So not wanting that to happen."

"How did you pull it off?" Lucas asked, gripping his axe more securely.

"How did I pull what off?" I asked confused.

I saw Vic closing in on me on my left and quicly pulled up a wall of fire. I heard him curse and saw him leap backwards.

"We all remember how many religious wars were fought for a religion of love and gentleness; how many bodies were burned alive with the genuinely kind intention of saving souls from the eternal fire of hell. Still believe that's the way to kill something demonic?"

"We know how to kill a demon." Cute little Dustin stated.

"Theorie is something entirely different from practise."

"We'll manage."

"I'd love to see you trie."

Seeing Mr. Cocky/ Asshole tryng to grab me again, I made my skin burn. He quicly forgot his plans.

"Seriously? You think you can handle me? I could escape any moment, I would be gone if I thought I couldn't handle you."

"We are not afraid of a little fire." Jake stated.

"Autumn burned brightly, a running flame through the mountains, a torch flung to the trees." I quoted Faith Baldwin.

"You are right. Fire is beauty, you should not fear it if you know how to play with it. Do you like to play with fire?" I asked advancing a step.

They all took a step back, I could almost smell their fear.

"I've killed vampires before." I said to see their reaction. They did not look surprised.

"Of course you have. You are a demon, it's what your kind does. Hunting down and killing ours."

I laughed at that.

"We are demons, for demons sake, not some fanatical believer. Where do get this stuff from? We corrupt souls, we do not have time to kill a harmless race like yours."

They didn't seem to get what I was saying.

"Angels kill vampires, not demons."

"Yeah, that's what a demon would say."

"She's not." Nate spoke.

He had been awfully quiet the entire time, he was the only one who hadn't armed himself against me.

"What the fuck Nate?! Stop acting like a lovesick puppy and see the truth." Lucas yelled.

"Look at her! She's evil in flesh and blood. Disgusting black blood, but blood nevertheless."

"And yet your srewed up prince couldn't help himself and had to take a bite." I said fuming.

"You are a succubus! You can't blame a man for wanting to have a taste from you. Your role here is to tempt and kill!"

"That's why I have always felt so weak after kissing you!" Mr. Cocky/ Asshole exclaimed.

"You suck the life-essence out of others to survive. You are one of those bitter females who traded their soul for a favour of the devil. You probably even slept with him. You are one of those bitter creatures who lives on the energy of others, in your own bitter

contest against the male gender. Because somewhere in your life, the goddess forbid us, one male has scorned your pride!" He looked at me in utter disgust.

Oh, I may be a lot of thing! But I was not a succubus. I straightened my spine, pushed my shoulders backwards and raised my chin defiantly.

"I am not a succubus. I do not need to suck anything from anyone to get my kick. I am not a fucking parasite!"

How dare they call me one. I was a full, pure vengance demon. The nerve to call me a temptress, a lifesucking succubus.

"Speaking of parasites, you try biting me again, fangboy and you'll need a quick visit to the dentist! Consider yourself warned."

It had been a while since I had been this angry at a living being other than my mother.

"Everybody, shut up!!" Nate yelled.

We all looked at him surprised. Who had thought laid back Nate could look so serious?

"She's not a fucking succubus, Seth. So get over it!"

He looked at Jake and Luke.

"She's also not a full demon."

"I so am." I childishly interupted.

"No, you are not, Luce." He flashed me a grin, pointy tooth and all, but still a friendly grin.

"You're part angel too."

"And I'd like that to stay between us. It's not really something I'm proud off." I spoke darkly.

"Why the fuck not?" Mr. Cocky spoke up.

"If anything, you should be ashamed of that demonblood that runs through your veins."

"You don't now shit about angels. They are nothing like anything you have ever seen before. They can be as cruel, cold and unfeeling like any other demon. The only difference is, demons don't hide themselfs behind a fancy façade. I have lived with angels for fourteen years, and I only started living for the last two years I have lived in Hell. Don't give me crap that

demons are worse than angels, for the only thing an angel has given me was contempt and loathing."

"I..." He started.

"My own mother hates me. My father loves me, no matter what I am. Which life would you have chosen?"

He paused, looking at me, as if the answer lay there, hidden deep within.

"You said you have killed vampires before. Why?"

I took a shaky breath. It wasn't a fond memory.

"I was ten, and my mother thought I was ready for my first mission."

"Ten?" He asked.

"Isn't that a bit young?"

A bitter laugh escaped my lips before I could lock them.

"It's young alright. The normal age is sixtytwo. It's a hard training and lots of angels give up before the end of it."

(flashback)

"You are going, daughter." She stood there above me, tall and graceful. My mother was a true angel, in every sense of the physical meaning of the word. I wanted to please her so much. I wanted her to be proud of me for just once.

"When do I leave."

She couldn't even crack up a smile, not even a fake one.

"Don't come back before you have at least killed two, daugher."

"I will."

"Leave."

(end flashback)

"Vampires are an abomination to the living. Well, that's what an angel thinks." I started to explain.

"You are not natural, to them, you should not exist. Don't take it personly, they think the same about demons. Humans are weak,but they are tolerated

because the have idealized angels over the centuries."

I took a deep breath, before continueing.

"We are learned special tactics to make it look like it was a demon that killed one of your kind. When I went down, I didn't have to use those tactics."

"What do you mean." He sounded worried, about me. Was he bipolar?

"I walked into an ambush. Five were feeding from this young woman, she couldn't have been more than twentyfive. She wasn't fighting them, and I understood why."

(flashback)

The small body of a boy, not more than three years old, lay on the ground, facedown in a shallow pool. His body lay there lifeless, pale from the loss of blood. The little boys buggy stood only a couple of meters away. The woman hadn't gotten far before the vampires had taken them. I felt the leaving of her soul, it stroke my cheek briefly, before it disappeared. The vampires laughed, anger boiled hot through my

bloodstream. I saw red from anger. I couldn't think straigh anymore. Their sadistic joy in what they had done flooded through me. I felt my body turn, not angelic like I always had. Power hummed in the air, and I felt more powerful than I ever had before. One of the creatures took a step to me, and reacted pure on instinct. I blasted him away with fire so hot, the steel balustrade on the side of the road melted. The others got scared and tried to get away. I wouldn't let that happen.

(end of flashback)

"By Nyx." Seth clapped a hand for his mounth.

"That is not your average vampire, Luci. We don't kill, nor do we really need blood before our turnign."

I touched my neck where he had bitten me, the wound had already healed.

"I can't explain why that happened."

"Pathetic excuse, and not nearly good enough to change my mind on inflicting some serious bodyharm."

"I bet your mother was proud after you killed five of our kind."

Was that meant as a distraction? It worked.

"You would think, wouldn't you?

She, she went crazy when I came back. I was covered under blood and had a killing headage. After her screaming about my new horns, I found out the reason for my headage. She kept going on and on about the disgrace and if anyone saw me, and that I couldn't tell a living soul."

What I didn't tell them, was that I hadn't even know what the horns had meant. I had taken me another two years before finding out why she resented me so much.

"Well, I think it's cool. I have always wanted a demon for a friend."

Bless Nate and his amazing heart.

"Can I see your horns?"

I laughed and shifted form so my horns were visible.

"It's kind of kinky."

I playfully stomped him.

"Trust you to make a joke out of this, Nate." Luke dryly remarked.

"Oh, come on." Nate said.

"If she had wanted to hurt us, she could have done it a million times before."

Actually I couldn't have, but I kept my mouth wisely. I didn't understand it completely but from the moment Mr. Cocky had bitten me, my powers had risen. It was like him tasting my blood had opened a door, setting my powers free. It was like I had become immune for his neutralizing ability.

"I suppose that's true." Jake said.

"I never would have taken you for a coward, Jake."

He charged towards me and ruffled my hair.

"Better be careful or I'll mess up your hair, o great demoness."

And with that, the ice was broken.

Seemed like I'd confront Xerxes on another day.

Chapter 42

daughter of hell 42

So sorry that this is kind of short, but I haven't slept in like three days, and no I do not count five hours in three days as real sleep. Blame my schoolwork and the christmasparty and my best friend's birthdayparty that I am o so tired. But I wrote this with the promise of more.

Bear with me.:D

Xx Impossible

Chapter:

Where were you when I fell from grace

Frozen heart, an empty space

Something's changing, it's in your eyes

Please don't speak, you'll only lie

I found treasure not where I thought

Peace of mind can't be bought

Still I believe

Time, it has a way of catching up with us. We like to pretend everything is okay, we like to act normal, but in the end; we, ourselves, are the only ones fooled.

Time clearefies things, it forces us to see what was there all along, we hadn't wanted to see it, but we knew alright.

We can hide from ourselves, we can hide from others. It doesn't take long for creatures like us, to collect quiet a collection of masks. We layer them, they fit us like a second skin, and sometimes we forget, even if it is just for a moment, who we truly are. I love it when that happens, when I forget who I am, when I am free of my past and when I don't have to live up to the consequences of my choices, right or wrong.

But you can't hide from time, it is there and we can forget if for a while, but it never lasts more than a couple of hours.

I am afraid of time, which is peuliar for an imortal. Time does not show in my physical apereance, I am not limited by it, and that is why I made so many mistakes, and why there are so many consequences.

I remember making a deal, a deal for a fresh start, a new leave. They took my memory and a fresh start was given to me, but at the end, nothing will change.. All was in vain, for even if I can not remember, there are others who have knowledge of what I did. Others who know what I truly am. I might have forgotten, but it doesn't erase the past. They will make sure of that.

I am right to fear time.

P.O.V. (Luci)

I woke up bathing in sweat, breathing heavily. I pressed my fist into my mouth to stop myself from screaming. I felt like screaming, not from fear, but from frustration. Demons!!!! I so desperately wanted

to remember. I knew there was something that I should remember, the memories were still there, so close and yet too far to reach. Damn it! I wanted to know, even though I could feel that that would be something I'd regret. Regret! I knew these lost memories had something to do with an awfull feeling of regret, wich was strange, because I have never felt regret before. I was sixteen, damn it! How much could one forget?!

I could not remember, but I blamed HER for it any way. Why? Habit, I suppose. I have always blamed my mother for all the shit that has happened to me. Up till this day, it has always been her fault if something bad happened to me, so I was pretty sure this was her fault.

"Uuugrrrrrrrr."

I wasn't going to fall asleep anymore. With a sigh I rolled from bed and stepped on something hard.

"Auchhhh! What the hell?"

The lights were flipped on and three boys were standing in front of me with raised swords. I rolled my eyes. Pathetic losers.

I looked more closely to the object of my pain, a silver cross. What the hell? When I looked around me I saw the floor around my bed littered with holy objects from crosses to what I could only assume to be holy water.

"Losers." I said this time out loud.

"I am not a fucking vampire. Demons are not afraid of Christianity. In fact, I am gratefull for it's existence. To put it in a few words, the true malice of man appears only in the state and in the church, as instituions of gathering together, of recapitulation, of totalization. You can not imagine how many priest we got in Hell. We even have a couple of popes."

I shook my head.

"Crosses? Are you for real?"

I saw the stupid boys shift their weight, uncomfortable at being caught in their stupidity.

"Well, vampires are not the only supernatural being that have been accused off consuming the blood or the flesh of the living. Creatures like this have been found in nearly every culture around the world for many centuries." Jake bravely started explaining.

"We just don't know much of demons. I mean, we know they are disgusting and vile and ugly but..." When he realised what he was saying Dustin voice trailed of.

I laughed.

"You think I am ugly and vile?"

"Not ugly." Mr. Cocky murmured.

I threw him a murderous look.

"You'd know everything about vile, wouldn't you?"

"Morally despicable? I kissed you, didn't I?"

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean? You are such a moron."

"It means that I would know about vile things because I actually kissed one of them. Vile means morally despicable, wich is what you are."

"You have issues, dude. You need to snap out of you little bubble, that is called your ego, becaue it is huge and other people would like to have some more breathing space."

"People, not demons."

Oooooh, that boy pissed me off like no other could.

"Poor, little vampire." I shook my head sadly.

"Huh?"

"Your wish to have a bigger dick must have backfired because I could have sworn you had became one instead!"

"You're such a bitch, Luci. I'm already visualizing the duct tape over your mouth."

I could not help myself, I actually laughed with that one. Hahaha...

"Demons, who would have know Mr. Cocky could come up with such a witty comeback. I can't even feel offended that you'd rather not see, stare and kiss my beautiful lips like so many others, seriously that what a good one.

"What do you mean? Others imagine kissing you?"

I rolled my eyes. This was getting old.

"Cut it out, asshole. We already covered that you have no right to be this possessive about me, so do us both a favour and just stop."

"As I was saying." Jake interupted our bickering.

"Blood drinking and similar activities were attributed to demons or spirits who would eat flesh and drink blood; even the Devil was considered synoymous with the vampire. Almost every noation has associated blood drinking with some kind of revenant or demon, or in some cases a deity. Why would it be strange that even a vampire has a stereotypical image of demons. You had one of vampires."

Damn, I hated it when someone had a point.

"Still, I didn't try to stake you guys when finding out you all were vampires!.

Who's idea was this anyway?"

Funny how the feet started shuffling and all the eyes were cast downwards at my question.

"Don't bother, there is only one of you who is retarded enough to think this might work."

"Hey, we already covered that it is only normal to have a stereotypical image of demons. No need to get even more insultive." Mr. Cocky defended himself.

"Why someone feels attacked by my comment. I meant it in general, but you confirm my suspicions."

I heard him cursing all the way to the citchen.

Chapter 43

daughter of hell 43

as promised:D

P.O.V. (Luci)

Picle, tomato, salad, molten cheese, picle, ketchup. Oh, this was going to taste so good. Who ever said a demon could not love? I loved my sandwich.

"How I wish you'd eye me up like that."

"Dream on, loserboy."

"Oh, I will."

I turned around and pinned him down with a hateful glare.

"Do not dream of me. The possibilities of how you'd dream make me uncomfortable. So don't."

"Sorry about the crosses."

That made me stop. Did I hear an apology from Mr. Cocky? That alone was enough to tear my eyes from my sandwich (who I still loved very much).

"Correct me if I am wrong, but did I just hear an apology from you? You, the priggish Mr. Cocky, are apologing to a mere demon like myself? I must be dreaming."

The playful grin he flashed me, did not made me feel victorious.

"I knew that one day you'd be able to admit you dreamed of me."

"Nightmares, I can assure you." I added dryly.

"Nightmares are dreams too. I'll take what I can get." He shrugged.

"Nightmares are terrifying dreams. Dreams in which our worst fears are brought to life in fully convincing detail."

Ha, that shut him up. Yeah, I wished.

"Did you know that to some cultures, nightmares were the result of the visitation of demons. the word nightmare comes from the Anglo-Saxon mare, for goblin or succubus."

"I think we covered the part of me NOT being a succubus. It's downright insulting for you to even think such a thing."

"Why? A succubus is a demon. You're all the same."

"I can assure you, we are not."

"What's your rang in Hell? I already know you're pretty mighty in heavon, but how about in Hell?"

I grumbled, this was exactly the subject I wanted to avoid.

"Do you ever have nightmares?" I asked to distract him.

"Sure, I do. Who doesn't?"

I so badly wanted to say: me! But I couldn't, I had them all the time and each time more terrifying than the last. In nightmares we are alone. The terrifying

worlds we create in our minds are populated with our fears.

If we run from an axe- wielding maniac, he can find us no matter where we hide. If we stab an angel with a knife, he may not even notice, or the knife may turn to rubber. Our thoughts betray us; if we think, I only hope he doesn't have a gun-lo! he has a gun. It is no wonder we are grateful to return from nightmares to the relative sanity and peace of the waking world.

Relative being the keyword, because true sanity was something my mother stole from me a long time ago.

A cold hand cupped my cheek, and a cold arm encircled my waist and pulled me into a wide chest.

"Don't let your fears get the better of you. It are only dreams, and when you are awake I will be there to keep you safe."

Why did I found this reasuring. I should not be comforted by his words. I knew I should fight him, but for the hate of all evil, I could remember.

"Talk to me." He said.

"Distract your mind by talking to me."

Distract my mind, that was exactly what his sent was doing to me. He smelled so good and his arms around made me feel safe. Before I knew what I was doing I found myself talking to him.

"Did you knew there is an eight Virtue?" I found myself telling.

"No, but I don't know much of virtue."

That made me laugh.

"You can say that again."

"You are beautiful, even more when you laugh."

I could not help myself but feeling pleased by the compliment. I mentally slapped myself. I did not neet his compliments to tell me something I already knew. I knew I was pretty, no reason to be falsly modest about it. I mean, I was the daughter of the Devil and an angel: they were both beautiful creatures. How could a child from them be anything but pretty?

"Slimeball."

He sighted.

"You were telling me about Virtues?" He encouraged.

"Yes, but insulting you is much more distracting."

"Would you rather talk about your position in Hell?"

Damn him! He knew I had distracted him from that subject.

"Iustitia." I quickly said.

"Huh?"

"Stupid boy, should a prince not be able to speak Latin?"

"It's a dead language. Why would you want to learn a language some guys in dresses spoke centuries ago?"

"Never mind. Iustitia means Justice. The eight Virtue is Justice."

"Why not just call it justice instead of some stupid Latin name? It might have made sense if you had said it in some other foreign language like 'Gerechtigkeit' or 'rechtvaardigheid', but Latin?"

"You are missing the point, asshole! It is not about the language! Angels are acient, Latin is an ancient

language. Can you shut up about the whole language thing?!"

"Sorry."

Again with the 'sorry'.

"You know, that are two apologies in less than an hour. Is this becoming a habit of yours?"

"Shut up and tell your stupid story filled with dead-language-terms."

"Iustitia" I started to annoy him.

"stands for honesty, and the giving of righteousness. Being fair or telling the truth. Doing what is right and not what is wrong. It is the light of truth that conquers the dark of the wrong, equity, impartiality. It was the eight Virtue that was given to me, or more like created as a function since none of the other Virtues were that easely killed by my mother. If she could have killed one of them I would have been Chastity, Temperance, Charity, Diligence, Patience, Kindness, or Humility."

He laughed, real loud I might add.

"What's so funny."

"Good thing you aren't any of them. I mean you have no respect for others, you are down right mean, you are impatient, you have a quite a temper, you're bone-idle, selfish and let's not start with allt he reason why you could never be Chastity."

He gripped his stomac and almost fell to the ground laughing. I kicked the back of his knees and watched him as his face connected with the ground.

"Floor meet Mr. Cocky. Mr. Cocky meet the floor, she's real wood, so don't insult her by calling her plastic."

"Damn, Luci. You don't have to get mad at me for stating the obvious."

"Well, I'm glad I'm not one of them. They are plain boring."

"I agree."

"W, w, w, what?"

"It would be a damn shame it you were celibate. It would kill the fun for both of us."

I kicked him in the stomac.

"Ugh. Be careful honey, a bit lower and you would have spoiled your own fun too."

"Like I'd let you."

"Oh, you will."

"Arrogant bastard. Read these lips: NEVER!"

"You keep telling yourself that, sugar."

"Are you calling me sweet?"

"I bet you can be."

"Don't fool yourself."

"I don't."

Before I fully knew what was happening his lips were molded against mine and he was kissing me. His tongue flicked out and touched my lips, wich opened on own accord. Damn it, stupid lips! Resisit him. But I couldn't. I kissed him back and pulled him closer to me with my fingers in his hair. If one of us tasted like sugar, it was him. One of my hands left his hair to roam his muscled chest. I felt him shiver and smiled against his lips, he wanted me alright. His hands wandered lower and grabbed my ass and

lifted me up. Instinctly I wrapped my legs around his narrow waist.

"Holy shit! Guys you have to come and see this."

Eight quick feet joined the yeller in the kitchen.

"Where's the fire, Vic?"

Vic, as soon as I was done kissing this fine species of male, I was going to kill him. Slow and painful.

"Holy guamola!" I heard another idiot say.

I finally tore my mouth from Seth's and tried to do the same with my body that was still intertwined with his. He wouldn't let me. I shifted my knee a bit so that it rested against his crotch. I was released fast enough. Quicly I pushed myself away from the dark temptation Mr. Cocky represented.

"I can't believe it." Vic exclaimed.

"Can't believe what?" Dustin said, slow as ever.

"That out of 10 000 sperm, you were the quickest." I venoumsly answered.

I did not like it that they had seen me in a moment of weakness. Knowing the guys, they would never shut up about it.

A burning piece of paper came flying down the floor. I groaned, I did not feel up to Xerxes' threats right now. Faster than I thought he could be, Mr. Cocky had picked up the paper. I saw his eyes go over the lines and his face getting redder near the end. Angrily he crushed the paper in his fist.

"Care to explain?"

I cracked my neck and saw him winch.

"I haven't red the lette yet, so I really can't tell you anything."

"Damn you, Luci! This isn't the first threat you got from Hell. I know it, so you better tell me why or so help me Nyx."

"I don't fear Xerxes." I simply stated.

"Who's Xerxes?"

"The demon threatening me. I don't know why he wants me dead, but don't worry, I can take him."

"Don't worry! She is telling me not to worry when an demon wants her dead!"

"I suppose I don't even need to hear what he wrote this time. It's always the same jadijada-I-am-a-big-strong-man-you-just-wait-and-fear-me-fo-I-will-kill-you-bla-bla-bla."

Shaking with anger he unfolded the threatnote and read it out loud.

"I'm writing reports of the days and the nights

locked up for years in a measure of mind

when with a net of nothing

I was trying to catch the motions of a mind

I never saw the chance

and never what i held in my hands

a red haze,

I never had a clue of the role that i played

but that's the condition and the price that we pay

across town the fires break out all around. far off the sirens bleed for the unsound

waiting for nothing now

but waiting is all that we can do

for now

before we fall

I see death around the corner

trying to keep it together, no one lives forever anyway

madder than a motherfucker, you never should have had me

your mistake, my gain,

your pain

I am comming"

I laughed.

"You see, he's crazy. That didn't make any sense. Don't know why you fear such a nutjob."

"Crazy people can be dangerous too and..."

A strong wind came from nowhere and messed up our dorm, not that you'd see the difference, our dorm was a mess thanks too the filty males I lived with. The heavy odor of Hell fumes hung in the air.

"What's that stench?" The boys coughed.

I inhaled the smell and welcomed the dark touch of Hell. So Xerxes thought to bring the fight to me. This better be good. I felt like a good fight, to work of my edge.

"Goodday Lucifer."

Chapter 44

daughter of hell 44

For all of you who are waiting for some movement in Luci's en Seth's relationship: it will either be next upload or the one after that. Sorry if it took me so long but I first wanted to finish with the issue: Luci is an angel, a demon, daughter of Hell. I finished them both so now I can focus on the relationshipthing:P

Please put up with a couple more 'boring' chapters:S

Xx impossible

P.O.V. (Luci)

A strong wind came from nowhere and messed up our dorm, not that you'd see the difference, our dorm

was a mess thanks too the filty males I lived with. The heavy odor of Hell fumes hung in the air.

"What's that stench?" The boys coughed.

I inhaled the smell and welcomed the dark touch of Hell. So Xerxes thought to bring the fight to me. This better be good. I felt like a good fight, to work of my edge.

"Goodday Lucifer."

That son of a bitch had called upon my power to appear. I did not only hate it when someone tapped into my power, I destested it. My magic hummed heavinly in the air, the air was loaded with tension and magic, but it was not enough.

Realisation hit me: Xerxes had used my power to get on schoolgrounds, looking at his overconfident face told me hadn't found out about Mr. Cocky's neuteralizing ability. Sucker.

"Xerxes, always a pleasure." I mock saluted.

"What brings you on schoolgrounds? You're a bit old for highschool, aren't you?"

"So are you."

What was I supposed to make of that? I was sixteen, I'd like to think I was wise and old enough to skip school but that didn't make it true, unfortuneately.

"No, I am not, but enough about me. What brings you here?"

"We have some unfinished business, Lucifer. Don't play dumb, we both know you're more than a pretty face. Although you have changed your appeareance from the last time I saw you. You seem younger, more girlish. If you had looked like this back in 400 I might not have mistaken you for a boy."

What was he talking about? I had not been born yet in 400, I was sixteen for demons sake.

"I am afraid you mixed me up with some else. I am not that old."

Switch P.O.V. (Xerxes)

"I am afraid you mixed me up with some else. I am not that old."

She dared to lie.

(flashback)

My heart had pounded in my chest as I got closer to the second greatest demon of Hell, the sole cause for my hatred, the one who was called Lucifer.

How I wish I could regret that day; the day I learned that Lucifer was not a he, but a she and how hatred and bloodlust were the last shove I needed to become a vengance, bloodspilling demon.

By spilling this great demon's blood I condamned my soul to darkness, bottomless darkness.

The day I encountered Lucifer and paid the price, part of my useless soul come to her.

She would live and would die.

And rise as a demon, under her command.

(end flashback)

That bitch was going to pay for what I had become, for the piece of my black soul she took from me.

I might not have been able to kill her as a human, not even as a young demon. But I had aged and gained power. I could take her down, and I would.

"The deaths of countless others simply set up the lyrics for your symphony." I murmured.

"Excuse me? You are one fucked up demon, do you know that? You aren't making any sense."

That bitch! I would not kill her before she admitted to what she had done to me, if I had to torture the truth from her, so be it.

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

"The deaths of countless others simply set up the lyrics for your symphony."

What the hell was that supposed to mean. I was starting to think Xerxes was a bit of a loony.

"Excuse me? You are one fucked up demon, do you know that? You aren't making any sense."

This seemed to piss him off. And my mother called me untalented, ha.

I was getting tired of this game and wanted to end it.

"Why don't you tell me what I did to make you cry and than we can settle this once and for all."

"Do you have any idea how insultive you are? Like it isn't bad enough that you killed me, that you took my soul and made me what I am today, a soulous creature, damned for all eternity! But now you fake innocence of that act? You deserve far worse than what is coming for you."

His words trigered something inside of me.

I remember making a deal, a deal for a fresh start, a new leave. They took my memory and a fresh start was given to me, but at the end, nothing will change.. All was in vain, for even if I can not remember, there are others who have knowledge of what I did. Others who know what I truly am. I might have forgotten, but it doesn't erase the past. They will make sure of that.

I reincarnated, but the Fates made me the same. I used to be second in Hell, centuries ago, life has a way of coming right back at you and bite you in the ass. Damn, I had turned the dude in a demon centuries ago and he wanted revenge for it? Even if I had remembered doing so, I woudln't have felt guilty.

People made choices, good or bad. His must have been pretty bad if they had let him to Hell.

"Yeah, I am so not saying sorry for taking your soul. It is kind of my job."

"Do not tempt me Lucifer."

"And as I am your superior that is general to you."

Oh, I loved flashing the rang-card.

"I will kill you and become second in Hell myself."

"You're too stupid for that position."

"I am not."

Please, he sounded like a toddler telling he did not piss on himself.

"You challenge me to fight when you have no powers?" I laughed, kind of sadistic, but hey I was my parents daughter after all.

The look on his face when he realised the debt of my words was priceless, hilarious.

Scorching heat blasted his way and turned the poor bastard to ash.

I turned toward my roommates who stood there, dumbstruck.

"And that is how you finish off a demon."

Nobody spoke.

"I should enjoy this silence, right? Because I have the feeling there is going to break a storm lose any moment now."

"YOU ARE LUCIFER?!"

"You are the daughter of Satan?"

"You truly are the Devil's spawn."

That last was said with a laugh and came form no one less than Nate.

"Not to menton the daughter of a royal angelic bitch." I smiled.

"But really, my mother should get the credit for my cold side."

"She sounds fun."

"Well, she is a Seraphim, from the Hebrew term meaning 'fiery serpent'. Oh the look on her face when I told her that one." I grinned.

"She's such a buzzkill." I shook my head sadly.

"Reminds me of you, asshole." I said with a look in Mr. Cocky's direction.

"I can not believe you are an Abaddon." He said.

"I'm sure I'd have something cute to say if I actually knew what that was."

"It's the Destroyer, the chief of demons. It's a term vamps use." Samuel helped me out.

"Well, that would be my dad, not me."

"What?!" Seven voices shouted at the same time.

"Oh, you didn't know?" Oepsie.

"I thought that the whole second in command thing gave it away." Might have found a better way to brake that news to them.

"You did know Lucifer was Satan's daughter, right?"

"Well, yeah, we knew but you're name is Luci... fer."

"Bingo. A coockie for the smart boy."

"So she no Agrat-bat-mahlaht?" Dustin asked, sounding ancious.

"Again, I have not idea what that is but it sounds painful."

"It's one of Satan's wives and demoness of whores." Vic said happy.

"Okay, now I am insulted."

"So what kind of a demon is she then?"

"Mania." Mr. Cocky murmured.

"Forget it, I do not even want to know what that is. And you mock me for my Latin?"

"Don't worry." Nate put his arm over my shoulder.

"It means goddess of Hell."

"Vain much?" Vic fake coughed.

"You know, you guys are taking this news really well. I mean, only an hour ago you tried to I-still-have-no-idea-what me with crosses. No screaming panic attact

that you find yourself in the room with one heck of a powerful demon who could kick your ass any time?"

They all just smiled. I was feeling mighty dissapointed.

"No accidently running into a wall to get away from me?" I asked.

I would have loved seeing that, it would have been so funny.

"You are Lucifer, general of Hell. If you'd hurt any of us, it would start a war, you wouldn't do that."

"Who said I was that much of a diplomate? I might like a good ware, I am a demon after all."

"I am tired. Let's go back to bed." Vic yawned.

Six other sleepy heads murmured there approval.

You had got to be kidding me? No screaming, no running away, no holy water? I was a terrifying demon, people feared me. Why did they not fear me?

"I just killed an ancient, powerful demon and you are not scared? Are you stupid? You are scared of a succubus but not of me?!" I yelled indignant.

"Litlle tip, honey."

Oh, he made me so furious, I could feel my horn grow.

"Wear another T-shirt if you want to be scary."

I looked down at my baby blue T-shirt, it had been a gift from Marcus when I turned fifteen last year. It was kind of small, leaving my stomac bear but...

'Sweet Little Devil.' It read with an elegant devil's tale under the words. Not the most scary oufit I owned, I suppose.

"FYI, those horn are hot."

He closed the door in time to avoid the kitchenknife I threw at his head.

"Crazy bitch." I heard him mutter.

"Scared yet?" I asked hopefully.

"Clean up the demondust, it stinks."

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Stupid vampires!

Chapter 45

daughter of hell 45

For some very annoying reason I can not type the reversed sign of '

so instead I am typing a *

Very pissed of with my computer, hope you still like the story:d

Xx

Ps: merry X-mas and a crazy New Year:P

Chapter:

where were you when I fell from grace

frozen heart, an empty space

something's changing, it's in your eyes

please don't speak, you'll only lie

- Depeche Mode -

Okay, let's see what kind of bookcollection those stupid vampires had about Lucifer, scary demon from Hell. I grabbed a thick book with a worn leather binding: 'Demons through centuries' was writen on the band in bold, golden lettters.

' (see it still worked here!!!!!) Demons have no typical appearance. There are of course certain similarities if you compare various species of demons, but generalisation is difficult. A great amount of demons are twolegged, horned, have exceptionally great claws, sharp teeth and wear tails, some are winged as well; but all these properties very seldom occur on the same demon."

Come on! We were not animals, I had yet to encounter a demon with a tail or one with *great claws', and demons did not have wings! Yeah, I had wings, but I wasn't an ordinary demon, didn't matter how much I wished I were. Claws, ridiculous.

*Depictions of demons with ram's horns and goatfeet are very common, yet they often are mere simplifications and shouldn't be taken as the real thing. There also exist demons which are of spiritual form only for example like the mystrans, who have the abilities to possess others.'

Simplifications?Come on goatfeet, who the fuck did they think we were? The god Pan? This was a stupid book for morons, I mean come on: like we'd be able to possess others and what the fuck was a *mystran'?

Something below the page caught my attention.

*Very often one can see a strong tendency towards the element of fire at a demon by looking at its appearance or by watching the way the monster behaves in battle. Certain demons can spit or breathe fire or can even cast fire magic themselves, or seem to be composed of lava-like substances and therefore are often immune against fire-weapons'

It wasn't all true but it was most accurate thing I had read about my kind. Fire, it was our element, my element. I could breath fire and it would make me stronger, rather than... well dead.

Than I read something that had me seeing red. How dare they?!

*Common among the demons is their uncontrolled desire and greed for various things that they seek for satisfaction, and their generally chaotic and unpredictable behaviour, though this depends of course as well from the beast's intelligence.'

Beasts? They dared to call us animals? No, not animals, something more basic, more primitive: they called us beasts! I closed the book with an anry thud. I was no longer interessted in finding out more about my past, about the infamous Lucifer. I was... outraged, insulted and.... I did not even have words for it. Yes, I had known that the vampire race did not understand us, but to be treaded like a freakshow, it was... I caught myself before the word formed itself properly in my mind. Inhuman, as if. None of us were human, maybe a vampire more than any other, but not exactly. That frailty, that exquisite beautiful thing that I could never be. I had never envied a human before, but I did admire their joy in life. They knew their time was limited and it made them

cherish it, it made them capable of taking risks, of being rash and not being able to regret it, for they knew that their time in this world was limited. My mother, and even my dad, told me, spelled it out to me time and time again that I should take things slow, analyse them, think before acting. It was unforgiveable to an immortal to act rash, something I had a gift for. I didn't like the way my thoughts were going, up to memorylane. I glanced at the watch that hung above the libarydoors. Fuck! I had a class in three minutes. I so did not need another detention, I still had two weeks to go.

Switch P.O.V. (Jake)

"I don't think she'll harm you."

"Of course she won't." My friend said in his usual self-assured way.

"Who could? I mean, look at me." He indicated to himself.

"I am gorgeous. Who could harm such perfection? She isn't stupid. I even think she is pretty smart..." He left a dramatic silence.

"... for a demon."

I shook my head laughing. If Luci had heart him talking like this, she'd have gone for his throat and I was getting tired of having to pull her off of him.

I frowned. This brought my thoughts back to early this morning when we had found the two of them tangled up, kissing, almost breathing eachothers air. I did not like the feeling of jealousy that were raging throught my system, I repressed, but it was getting harder.

"Speaking of demons, where is she."

"What am I? Her boyfriend?" Seth said bitter.

"With the way you two were going at it this morning." Vic chimmed in.

"Shut up, brother."

Vic, as always, ignored his twin's wishes.

"You know, if you mated her, we'd have an allience with the demons, it'd be better than the one we already have with the angels. Wow, this increases the

pressure, little bro. You sure your up to it?" He laughed.

"Come to think of it. Can you handle her. Let me know when you need some help. I'd gladly lend a hand."

And with those words, another famous fought between the two brothers would have broken free if I hadn't caught Seth's fists in time.

"Man, just chill. Can't you see he's only messing with you? Like Luci would have him."

This made him smile.

"Moron." I muttered.

Promosing that those two were the royal heirs to the vampiretrone. What would come of our race?

"You sound like Luci when You talk like that." Seth dryly remarked.

"For demon's sake." I laughed, the rest joined in.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

I was starting to get irritated with Luci. Class already started and she still was here yet. Suddenly the door flew open with a loud bang and the source of my irritation appeared. Without any explanation for her tardyness, she took a seat with a scowl on her face. I smiled to myself. I had saved her seat, and not others were available.

"The very least you could do is to give us an explanation for you being late, miss Satanini. It is called elementary courtesy."

She yawned loud and stretched in her chair.

"Thank you for the lesson in elementary courtesy, miss Vanderbergh." She told her mathteacher with a charming smile.

"I will try and remember this valuable lesson next time I am late."

I saw miss Vanderbergh get red and worked up when hearing the implication this would not be the last tim she would be late.

"Do you wish another detention miss Satanini? I have heard you became quiet popular with miss Rosebucket."

This earned another charming smile from Luci.

"Yes, we are what you'd call quiet intimate." She added a fat wink with.

The rest of the class burst out laughing.

"Miss Satanini..." She started.

"O, no Emily. Please do not get jealous. I am still very fond of you too."

I almost choked from holding back laughter.

"You are asking for it, miss Satanini. Do not push me."

She turned back towards the blackboard and started writing. The smirk on Luci's face told me she wasn't done yet.

"I'd let YOU give me a pink slip, anytime."

Miss Vanderbergh turned in time to see another wink from Luci."

"Miss Satan..."

"Miss Vanderbergh." I interupted her.

Her temper quicly dissapeared and her voice sounded much nicer when she asked me what I needed.

"What do you need, my prince."

I heard Luci make gagging noises.

"Didn't know you like older women, loverboy."

If I had detected any real jealousy in her voice I would have responded, but I knew she was only riling me up.

Me and Miss Satanini have other plans already, I would appreciate it if you would forget about this incident and if you'd ever be so kind to let her off the hook with a warning. I will make sure she behaves herself from know on." I said with my good-boy-smile on my face.

"What the fuck?" She swore loudly, Luci not miss Vanderbergh.

"You arrogant piece of shit. I am not your dog, as a matter of fact, I am not your anything. So shut the hell up!" She was breathing heavily by now.

"And I certainly do not have any plans with you. I'd rather get detention."

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

"And I certainly do not have any plans with you. I'd rather get detention."

I saw his big smile and knew he was up to something.

"It is only moring and already you are working on my vomitreflexes. Leave me alone or I'll throw up on you." I said anry but mostly annoyed.

"You are going on a date with me."

"No."

"Yes."

"Why the hell would I go on a date with you?"

"Because if you don't, the headmistress will find out about your not so angelic side."

"You'd tell on me?"

Just when I thougth he could not sink any lower, there he went.

"Yes."

"That's blackmail."

"It's persuasion."

"Jerk."

"So Fridaynight? Be ready."

I honestly do not know why I hadn't thought of that asshole using the knowledge of my demonidentity againgst me.

I hated that sneaky weasel.

Chapter 46

daughter of hell pissed off!

Pissed of like crazy!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I think someone stole my storie or at least one heck of a lot ideas from my story

but I can never be sure:s but it looks scary alike!!!!!!!

it is called "angel+ demonboardingschool= TROUBLE" I don't know what to do.

I am mad like hell!

I mean the heroine of this story has angelwapens, a bitchmother, is an angel and doesn't know who

her father is... Hint, hint demon!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

aaaaaaaaaaah, it is written only a couple of days ago so I am sure I had those ideas first!!!!!!!!!!!

some on that does sound supicious, doesn't it???????

a very angry Impossible

Chapter 47

daughter of hell 46

Okay, so I was looking throught the what's hot page and guess what I saw?? My story on the freaking page two!!!!!!!!! Wow, wow, wow, chicka wow, wah, wha. Amazing. Thanks to all the people who got me there:D Oh and I have over 200 fans, so thank you all for not thinking my story sucks that bad:P

So, although I am still mad that some ripoff tried stealing my story, I am feeling better since a couple of you reported the bitch, and I have to hope it will turn out right. I am not letting some little bitch beat me, so here is part 46 with a part in Marcus' point of view:D (I know some you like him and I haven't mentioned him for a while.

nigh101, I haven't forgotten about the dare:D

Hope you guys like the story

Ps: sorry it's such a short one:S

P.O.V. (Marcus)

"So I heard about your hot date." I smirked.

"Go away, Marcus."

I closed the door behind me. From the moment Luci had entered her chambers in Hell, the rumours had started. Before she had come back I had heard the whispers about her killing Xerxes. No one really knew what had happened and with Luci back they certainly would not leave it alone. This was mostly because they feared her, Xerxes had been powerful and rumour had it she had walked away from it without a scratch. I hated that I had to listen to the rumours, that she had not conatacted me as soon as it had happened. In the past she would not have hessitated to tell me everything. Well, not everything, she was awefully quiet when it came to her past, but who was I to complain, I did the same thing.

"I hate it when you keep secrets from me. I wish you'd talk to me more." I said in a soft voice.

I lowered myself next to her on the bed and she curled herself up in my arms.

"There's nothing to say. He came, I killed. It was easy, he underestimated me."

I could hear she was not telling me the entire truth.

"What else happened."

Her sigh told me this was not something she wanted to talk about.

"Lot's of things, but I don't want to talk about it."

"Yeah, too bad, you still are going to tell me."

"You can't make me, I'd kick you ass any day."

I laughed at her words, there was no serious threat in her voice, she loved me like a brother and would never hurt me. She knew it, and the handy part was that I knew it too.

"Let me guess, you kissed the fangs again, didn't you."

She gasped.

"I certainly did not."

"Luci." I said with playful hard note in my voice.

"He kissed me, and so what if I kissed him back? He is hot, a girl has to have a genderidentitycrisis NOT to notice. I mean, even if I liked girls, wich I don't," she added, already knowing I'd make a joke of it.

"I would have noticed his hotness. I mean, the boy is fiiiiiiiiiine." She took a deep breath.

"That and I think I used to be evil."

That made me laugh.

"No shit Sherlock?"

"Not funny, Marcus. I'm not... troubled over the evil thing, it is part of my nature. I am an angel after all." She smiled wickedly.

"But I have a feeling that I am, and please don't laugh at me." She said with a stern look.

I locked my lips together and gave her the thumbs up.

"I think I am some ancient demon reincarnated."

"Messed up."

"I know, but I haven't figured it out yet, so let's not talk about it."

She rubbed her temples. Silly human thing to do, since an immortal could not get a headache.

"I can't believe I succesfully avoided you for three days and still ended up telling you everything. You have a gift, my friend. If you were human, you'd make an excellent psychiatrist."

She shook her head.

"Distract me from these thoughts."

Oh, I knew just the subject to distract her.

"So maybe you can finish our little dare at you date, tonight."

"Screw you."

"I'd rather not. But thanks for the offer." I smirked.

"Remind to never use that expression again when it comes to the male gender. They simply do not get it was not a proposition."

"I wasn't? Dang."

"You are inconceivable boy."

"You know you love me."

"Brat."

"Lover."

She snorted.

"You wish."

I didn't, and she knew that, we were friends and comfortable with eachother. The first time I realised that I didn't wanted more from her than the frienship we already shared, I thought I was gay. She was, and still is, gorgeous, funny and easy to talk to, what kind of guy was I to not want more from a girl like that? Now, I just accepted that I was straight and could be friends with a beautiful girl.

"You need some tips about what to do and in your case, what not to do on a date?"

"I, don't call it that."

"Why?"

"Because it's not a date, he manipulated me into it."

"Forced or not, it's still a date."

"Shut up."

"You sure you don't need some pointers? I mean, you've never really been on a date."

"I've kissed guys before." She protested.

"Kissing, not going on dates and have actual relationships."

"Who are you? Opera Winfrey?"

"Who?" I aked, only to irritate her some more.

"Never mind."

"So you ready to hear my tips for you?"

"Can I stop you from giving them?"

I smiled.

"One; try not to offend your date. I've been thinking, it'd be for the best if you didn't talk at all, we both know you'll never manage else way."

"I can be polite if I want to."

"Really? Give me compliment."

"You are a hansome guy."

I just waited for the insult to come, she wouldn't be able to help herself.

"For a guy who survived the plague."

"See? You can't not be insultive."

"What if I wanted to insult him?"

"But you have to finish the dare, you have to act all loved up with him."

"I think I gagged in my mouth."

"Don't do that on your date, it might ruint he kiss."

She snorted.

"Not the most femine sound, you know."

"Like I care." She sang.

"You are hopeless."

"Thank you, let's hope 'my date' will think so too and leave me the hell alone."

"Lucifer! Damn it, language." I heard Satan yell from the troneroom.

"Hypocrite." She muttered.

"I heard that!"

I saw she was ready to get into another fight with her dad, it was what they did, and thought I'd better prevend it this time, because knowing Luci, she'd probably leave in time so Satan would take out his frustration with his only daughter at his employees, namely me.

"Save your breath, you're going to need it to blow up your date."

"Now that's a good tip!"

Chapter 48

daughter of hell 47

Chapter

"And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion; for we are many."

- Mark 5:9 -

P.O.V. (Seth)

She looked amazing, black skintight jeans with dark red leather boots and a sportjacket she had stolen from Jake who was on the hockeyteam of our school. Did it bother me that she was wearing a jacket with

another boys name on it? Yes, but she still looked good.

"Your outfit goes great with that scowl on your face."

"Shut up." She said through clenched teeth.

She had been like this even before I had anounced we would have to walk the last mile.

"Are we almost there yet? It is freaking november and it is cold."

I slipped my hand under her luxurious red hair and skimmed my fingers over the bare skin of her neck. She felt so warm. An elbow connected with my stomac.

"Get those freaking icicles away from me."

"We can't all be demonhot."

"Well, I can't help it that you are a freaking snowman."

"What's up with 'freaking'? Learned a new 'difficult' word?"

"I'll give you a freaking difficult word." She muttered.

"Try me." I challenged.

"And to think, I first wanted to date your brother. You are by far the more annoying one of the two. Oh, the joy you bring me."

The knowledge that she was baiting me was the only thing that stopped me from saying something stupid and letting her know how much I cared.

"Whatever. Thought up a good word yet?"

"Several, if you must know."

"This better be good, little one."

I felt the heat radiate from her at my words.

"Microphallus."

"Too bad I already know that one."

"What your last girlfriend had complaints and you had to look it up?"

I traced the shape of her lips with one finger, they parted on their own accord.

"Sweetheart, I never had complaints. I actually pay attention durning biology and therefore know that a

microphallus is an unusual small penis. You'll need to do better than this."

"Oh, I bet that is what she said."

I rolled my eyes.

"You could admit you don't know much difficult words."

"Feist."

"A mongrel. I am afraid you got me mixed with the other species in the Lore, I ain't no werewolf, honey."

"Stop with the petnames, leechboy and I was hinting after the other two meanings of the word."

I scratched my head. Damn, feist had another meaning?

"I'll give you hint, pretty boy. It describes you perfectly."

She looked at me with a small smile on her lips, sure she had won this round. And damn her, she had!

"A person of little worth or someone with a bad temper, and my all time favorite: a silent fart."

"I remind you of a fart?"

"Among many other things.

Are we there yet?"

"Stop being such a child, it's only a mile." I looked at her with self assured smile.

"I could always carry you."

"I'd rather make out with Miss Rosebucket."

I cringed inwardly. That was sick.

"Sick."

"Where are we going anyways?"

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

"Where are we going anyways?"

That's when I saw the icerink. No, he would have brought a firedemon to an icerink. It could not be.

"Demons, where's the Tylenol?"

"Immortals can't get headaches."

"Why does everyone keep pointing that out. It should tell you enough that me, a mighty immortal, is able to get a headache from you and your stupid ideas."

"What's stupid about skating?"

"There is nothing stupid about skating. ICEskating on the otherhand..."

He didn't look like he got it.

"Firedemon. Ice. Fire and ice..."

He looked confused.

"It melts! Fire melts ice! Are you retarded?"

"You're not that hot."

"I am when pissed off, wich is my constant state whenever you are around." I said with slitted eyes.

"I bet you can't even skate."

I bit my lip, he might be right about that. I had never done it before. I'd be damned if I'd let him know that. How hard could it be.

"Of course I can. Are you going to get me some skates or do I have to get them myself? You are a horrible

date." Not that I would know, since I had never gone on a date before.

"What's your size." He asked and he was off.

Once I had gotten over the fear of falling and making an incredible fool of myselve in front of Mr. Cocky, I kind of enjoyed iceskating. It hadn't taken me long to master it and demand some hockeyskates. They looked so much cooler and you could go even faster with them on.

"Good looking and practical. Who had thought?"

"Thanks."

"I was talking about the skates, asshole."

It didn't remove the smile from his face. I could understand: the first half hour I had clung to him to stay upright and more than once I had heard the rather loud whispers about 'Ah, young love; aren't they cute, oh, they are so adorable; what an amazing boyfriend that girl has, why can't you be more like that?' Stupid Mr. Cocky had liked those comments a lot.

A familiar tingle at the back of my neck told me another demon was close. I smiled, I would recognise that raw power anywhere. The power drew closer and dissapeared. What the heck? Mr. Cocky grabbed my hand. Oh, I had forgotten about the neutralizer. I looked around and stared straight in the face of a very familiar pair of dark blue eyes.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

A guy with black hair and ridiculous blue higlights and a lippiercing moved closer to us. I eyed him waridly and saw Luci smiling at the dude. The smile on her face when seeing the boy radiated from her like sunshine. Okay, now I definitely wanted to know who he was.

"Ah, Lucifer. This is why you are by far out my most favorite demon of Hell. You are better than a succubus."

"Long time no seen, pretty boy. I like the blue highlights, electric." She flirted shamelessly.

"Oh, do I love it how you can put a boring atmosphere on fire? Definitely yes. First all that lust,

and now the jealousy. Should I call Envy I make it a party."

"Only if he brings popcorn." She smiled, a private smile meant only for him.

I curled my arm around her waist in a possessive gesture and pulled her close. The move made her lose her balance and she had to hold on to me. I smirked in satisfaction and she glared at me.

"You're not going to introduce us, honey?"

Her eyes flamed a more vibrant green and I saw the ice under her skates beginning to melt. She looked even more beautiful when anry.

"Listen, fangs, you call me honey one more time and I'll..."

She stopped midsentence and gave the blue-hair-guy a funny look when comprehention (for her) came.

"He is lusting after me, isn't he?" She said in an angry voice.

The blue-hair-guy opened his eyes and smiled lazily.

"He wants you bad."

"Shut up, Luxurius. I am so not into your lusty shit right now."

What the hell? What had lust to do with the blue-hair-guy?

"Wasn't the last guy you said this to Chasity?"

She burst out laughing.

Wait, this guy knew one of the Virtues?

"O, by the demons, yes. I can not believe I had forgotten that!" She laughed again and this time the guy joined in.

"That little striptease you started almost made him faint. He was turning all green and white, it was hilarious."

"Damn, don't you just love evoking lust with the forever virgin nearby?"

She had deliberately invoked lust when the Virtue of purity was present? Yep, that sounded like my Luci. Mine, I liked that thougth.

"Greedy son of a bitch, isn't he." The blue-hair-guy suddenly said while nodding towards me.

"Where you going possessive again? I told you not to think about me and ownership at the same time! Damn it!"

Okay, how did that dude know my basic urges? This could not be good.

"Would someone explain to me who the fuck this blue-hair-guy is?"

"Luxurius, meet Mr. Cocky. Mr. Cocky, Luxurius."

"Oh, he's still at the petname stadium? Damn, you're going on a date with a guy you don't even like? You're twisted, girl, I like it."

And he came way to close to my female for my liking.

"Don't worry man. She called me 'boytoy' for four months before I got her to use my real name."

He playfully pulled Luci's red hair.

"Back off, asshole." I growled, exposing my fangs.

"Oh, parasite, I am so scared."

"What the hell?"

"He's one of the Seven Deadly Sins. No meager vampire can compete with that." Luci dryly added.

"Wich sin is he?" I asked confused.

"Hello? Don't you know Latin? It's basicly in my name, Luxurius."

I really did not like this guy.

"He can't speak Latin. Leeches." She said as if that explained everything.

"Philistine."

"What are you?" I demanded pissed.

"You haven't noticed the looks all the girls and even a couple of guys are giving him?"

I hadn't, I had been too busy looking at Luci and keeping her away from this creep. I looked around and saw a lot of horny looks. Huh.

"That, dear vampire, is lust. Lots and lots of lust."

"It is the biggest sin of mankind, even more popular than anger."

"Where Chasity is all self control and is all about preventing pleasure from killing the soul. We use lust the same way an athlete's muscles are: for maximum efficiency with a soulcrushing result." Luci explained.

"Damage, lust is the self-destructive drive for pleasure out of proportion to its worth. Sex, power, hunger, if you know what I mean." Luxurius finished.

"I suppose you two used to be an item." I said in a sour voice.

They both laughed so loud that they were drawing (even more) looks.

"Yeah, like I'd date a manwhore." She laughed.

"Please, if I had wanted you, I could have had you." The bastard stated.

I was ready to beat the shit out of this guy when Luci spoke.

"What's the matter boytoy, scared of daddy?"

"Damn right, I am! Demons, it's not because he acts like a warm fuzzy bunny with you that he's like that with the rest of us. Swear on my little black soul, he

morfs into a scary mutantrabbit from the moment you turn your back."

"It's a hard live." She said without sympathy.

"So I heard you finished Xerxes off."

"What about it?"

"Come on girl, spill it."

"You are the biggest gossip in Hell. If I tell you, no one can predict how things will escalate! I'm not telling you anything."

"Aw, come on. We'll trade information."

"You got nothing I want, Luxurius."

"Come on, I know you've always dreamed about sleeping with me."

I hit him before I even knew what I was doing, he went down hard.

"Damn, Seth! He was only joking. There is even a law that the Sins can't sleep or even mess around within their rank. You really didn't need to hit him."

"You're not a Sin."

"Yes, I am. I'm Corruption."

"You can't be a Virtue and a Sin at the same time."

"Sure I can. It makes me powerfull. I can be the Virtue Justice and keep my full power in an atmospher full of corruption. It doesn't get any better than this."

"We're still going."

I saw her bending down to check on the asshole I had knocked out, but I threw her over my shoulder and skated to the side of the rink.

"Put me down, damn it!"

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

I bent down to check on Lux, he went down pretty hard and didn't have his usual power to heal fast with Mr. Cocky nearby. The air left my longs in a wush when Mr. Cocky threw me over his shoulder and started skating to the sides of the rink.

"Put me down, damn it!"

I needed to learn that boys took things way too literally. He dumped me on the floor without a warning.

"Hey!"

I untied my skates an stood, rubbing my sore behind. Stupid vampire.

"Are you comming or do I need to carry you again?" He sneered.

What was he so mad about.

Without further words he grabbed my hand and started pulling me along. I had no choice but to follow or I'd end up with my face in the mud. That's when I realised he wasn't taking us back to the road, but towards the woods behind the rink. I didn't like this.

"What are you doing? The road is that way, you moron. And then they dare say women are not coördinated."

No answer.

"Let me go, Seth."

He was dragging me farther into the woods, I looked back and couldn't see the lights from the rink anymore.

"What the fuck do you think you are doing?"

He kept ingnoring me and I started to struggle. Again I was thrown over his shoulder, stupid vampire strenght.

"I want to know where we are going."

Still no answer. He started to speed up, and I was getting nauseous from the jerky momevements and vampirespeed.

"What the fuck is your problem, dude? Wake up on the wrong side of your mom this morning?"

He stopped. Ah, the momjokes always did the trick.

A strange force made me tense. A brilliant light made me fight Seth's grip harder and all my senses got into full panic mode. I knew this kind of power, Seth was opening a portal and the only portal I knew a vampire was capable of opening was... the one to their own kingdom.

Shit, shit, double shit.

I was in big trouble.

"Don't do this to me." I whispered, realizing I would no be able to fight myself out of this predicament.

"Please, Seth. I will die, they'll kill me, or worse. Please Seth, don't do this to me. If you care..."

"That's the problem!" He all but yelled.

"I care too much already and I am sick of the way you are making me feel. We are going to get to the bottom of this and the only people who'll be able to help are vampires. You are coming with me."

"Fuck you, you stupid bastard! If you do this to me, I'll hate you forever!" I screamed from the top of my lungs while bursting out in flames.

Fire was everywhere consuming me and the person holding me. With a curse he dropped me to the ground. I tried scrambling away, but he grabbed my arm and twisted it behind my back. I made my arm catch on fire, but he didn't let go. While grunting in pain I felt his fingers move across my skin. No, not

just moving, he was drawing symbols, bindingsymbols to bind a demon.

No, this could not be happening to me. I had never in my life felt this powerless, not even while at the mercy of my mother. At least she had never bound me, left me powerless. He tried grabbing my other wrist, I twisted away and fell on top of my now immobile arm. For a moment I lost my breath in pain. That short moment was enough for the vampire to push me facedown in the dirt and to put his knee on my back, succesfully pinning me down. My other arm was secured and more symbols were draw, binding me. Hot tears left a trail on my dirtmasked face. No, damn it! I would not cry, I would not cry! I felt him brush his fingers over my lower back, over the one tatoo that I had taken freely when I had gotten away from my mother. It said 'unbound', it had been my own little declaration of freedom and the vampire was taking it all away again. I had fought so hard for this and I felt it all slipping away from me.

'I'm gonna live the way I love, and love the way I live. Walk the higest wire, and stay out on the limb, away from any fences, free of any chains.Unbound, untied, untamed.'

I chanted the words in my head over and over in the hope to fight this bad dream, this nightmare. The first months away from my mother I had kept the nightmares at bay by repeating these words, over and over again.

"I'm gonna live the way I love, and love the way I live. Walk the higest wire, and stay out on the limb, away from any fences, free of any chains.Unbound, untied, untamed."

"I am not letting you go." The vampire whispered in my ear, and that is when I realised I had never truly knew hate before.

"I only want what I've got coming, I'll take the credit and the blame. Even when I'm bent and broken, I pray my spirit always stays untamed."

I needed these words, I needed to hear them or else I feared I'd might brake, beyond repair. I had pulled

myself from this dark voight once before, it had taken a lot from me and I could not say for certain I would be able to do it again.

"I take no map, I make no plans. I've let go of the reins, I have no rules, I feel no fear. No restraints, I am untamed."

I was so scared. No, I could not let the fear rule me. Fear was a mind-killer, the little dead that brings total obilteration. I had to stay strong.

The vampire pulled me upright, and I felt weak like a kitten. I stumbled an he caught me.

"Do you think you can walk on your own." He asked in a soft concerned voice that contradicted his actions.

"I hate you." I said in a hoarse voice.

"You watch your back, vampire, for the moment it is unprotected..."

I lifted my eyes to his, loadement and contempt filling them, telling him how serious I was.

"Be careful, leech, for you will beg for dead before I'm through with you."

The fear I saw in his eyes told me he wasn't as stupid as he had let me to believe. But the fear dissapeared all too soon and worry replaced it. Worry on my behalve.

"Did you hid your head? I am sorry to do this Luci but I need to figure this out and I can not leave you here. I can not bear the thought of another touching you. I need you by my side. I... I care for you."

I spit in his face.

Pain, inner pain on his face was the last thing I saw before I blacked out.

I have been staring at this part for two days now before I decided to post it. The only reason why I did post it is because I found a way to continue it. I first thougt I was backing myself up in a corner but I am full of new ideas so here you have part 47:D

hope you liked it

xx

impossible

Chapter 49

daughter of hell 48

So I really hope you guys like the way I'm going with this story. Next chap you can see Luci's reaction to what Seth did. For now... something else.

xx

You guys still remember Seth has bound her and Luci is one pissed of bitch, well she was before she blacked out:P

hope you like the story

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

"Be careful, leech, for you will beg for dead before I'm through with you."

I shivered. The way she said this and the expression on her face, the feel of her aura: black, pure hatred... for a moment I believed her, but then worry came. Had she hid her head when she had gone down?

"Did you hid your head? I am sorry to do this Luci but I need to figure this out and I can not leave you here. I can not bear the thought of another touching you. I need you by my side. I... I care for you."

She spat in my face. I could not stop the hurt from showing on my face, even though I knew that through her eyes I deserved this. I pushed the pain away and hugged her close. If only she could have blacked out ten minutes earlier, than I wouldn't have had to bind her.

I hadn't lied about my reason for taking her to our kingdom, it would have only made things more difficult. She would have put up an even bigger fight if she had known the truth.

We were being followed and I needed her safe, not foolishly trying to protect us, when I knew she could not win from our tracker. I was not going to risk her

life, therefor I would bring her to the only place that I knew off that a guardianangel could not enter.

If I had told her about the angel following us... I could not think about the outcome. She didn't understood the threat, thinking herself all mighty and powerfull and she would have gotten herself hurt, or worse: killed.

A brilliant light indicated that I could step through the portal.

"You are not as clever as I thought you were, vampire, if you think you can make it through that portal in time." A chilling voice called out.

I stiffened and involuntarly tightened my already bruising hold on Luci, good thing she was immortal and didn't bruise easely.

"But then again," The voice spoke.

"You foolishly fell for the little mutant vixen."

"Don't." I hissed.

"Don't insult my mate."

He slowly advanced on us and stepped into the light. If I had any doubts before, I could be sure now. This guy was a guardian angel; wavy blond hair, warm brown eyes and a cruel, superior smile. Plus the big white fluffy wings kind of gave him away.

"You can't take her to Gramoira."

"What is this? Am I supposed to be impressed the 'mighty winged one' knows how we call our kingdom? I'll tell you now so you don't get your hopes up: not impressed." I said, shaking with barely suppressed anger.

"I can do whatever the hell I want to do. We have a treaty going, angel, you can not fight me without facing the consequences."

"Indeed, Hell you say? What do you think your kind will do to the litle demoness, huh? They'll kill her before you can even utter the word 'mate' and even if you succeed to explain this" He waved his hands towards Luci as if she were nothing more than an irritating fly.

"to your king, he'll still order her dead."

I hated this angel, and loathed the threaty our species had, for if this was not the case I would have killed him with a smile on my face.

"You're wrong. She's important, my father would not make such a fatal error. He knows his politics, clearly you don't."

I tried trying to draw him out, hoping he would throw the first punch. One punch was all I needed and the threaty would have been broken, I would be able to gather an army and hunt this creep down.

"Ah, young love. I do not wish to kill you, give me the girl and I'll let you join the rest of your vermin in Gramoira. The city of blood, is this not what you call it?"

This guy made me neverous, he knew stuff no angel was supposed to know. Yes, in the beginning we had provided the angels with information about or kind but we had stopped as soon as we realised they did not plan to return the favour. They were not supposed to know about the city of blood, it implied he knew the why behind the name too.

"Why do you want her? Why now?"

"She hasn't told you much, has she? Silly question, of course she hasn't. There are a couple of things you need to know about our dearest Lucifer."

I shivered at hearing a name that I had been raised to fear. For some reason I could not see the feisty girl in arms as the mighty demon Lucifer. She was Luci, a little bit of a hothead but lovely all the same.

"She was raised in Heaven." The Guardian Angel spoke.

"I trained her. There was a time she followed my orders."

I knew who this guy was, the commander of the Guardian Angels.

"The Shining One who heals."

"You know my title." He smiled with a dangerous edge to it.

"Raphael." I nodded.

"What does an Guardian Angel want from a Virtue? She's higher in rank than you."

"Archangel." He corrected me.

I shrugged.

"A virtue still stands above you in the angelhierachy."

From the things Luci had told me about him, wich was very little, I would have thought this would piss him off, being reminded Luci was more powerful. He laughed that creepy laugh that made the hairs on the back of my neck rise. I had a bad feeling about this.

"Things have changed a little since Lucifer traded Heaven for Hell."

Before meeting Raphael I might have wondered why anyone would do such a thing, but if all angels were like this... I started to understand Luci better. No wonder she closed herself off from people, I had a feeling she didn't have the most easy life.

"I am know to be chief ruling prince of the second Heaven, guardian of the Tree of Life in Eden, and one of the seven angels of the Throne, the seven who stand before God."

I snorted.

"I didn't ask for your resumé. Move and let me enter my kingdom."

I wasn't sure how long the portal would stay open.

"I never tried stopping you from returning to your kingdom." He stated.

"It is your unreasonable wish to take Lucifer with you that prevents you free passage."

"Move out of my way." I growled.

"You have no power over her."

Again that creepy calculated smile.

"I got promoted."

My eyes widened. I dreaded hearing what kind of promotion.

"Lucifers mother made me chief of the Order of Virtues."

Six vampirewarriors stepped through the portal. The mighty (heavy on the sarcasm) Archangel didn't seem to have noticed. This is what I had hoped for. I knew that when the portal was opened and no one passed

through scouts would be sent. I recognised one of the warriors as Darius and I knew I would get Luci to safety. I needed to keep the angel distracted so the warrior could close in on him. We could not kill him for that would be the end of the threaty and my father would have my head, but it would slow him down. I didn't think he'd try anything once he realised he was trapped. That was all I needed, to get Luci save.

"She's still part demon." I rushed out.

"A demon does not have to obey an angel."

Again he only laughed at me.

"She really hasn't told you anything."

This time it wasn't formed as a question. What had she not told me that made me so ignorant now? When I had gotten her into safety and calmed down enought not to rip my heart from my chest while it was still beating, me and Luci were going to talk and she would tell me everything.

"Her mother wouldn't be the incredible woman she is if she hadn't found a way to control sweet unpredictable Luci in some way."

This mother did not sound like she got a lot of 'wold best mum mugs' for mothersday. Poor Luci. I made a mental list with all the things I had to ask her, if she hadn't killed yet.

Then the warriors emerged from the shadows, I saw Raphael looking for an escaperoute. That was all I needed and I rushed me and Luci throught the portal. Not two seconds later the warrior had joined us and the portal was closed.

All six massive guys in full armory turned to me and bowed their head to show their respect to the prince.

"Shall we take the prisoner for you, my prince? I will let you know in wich cell whe have put her."

Justin, a guy close to seven feet and biceps the size of a camel humps streched out his hands to take Luci from me. I quicly stepped back and - I don't know here I got the courage - snareled. I snarled at one of

the finest soldiers in the entire army, I must be going mad.

"She is NOT a prisoner. This is Luci."

I hesitated, should I tell them she was my mate? She had yet to except me, but then I saw Darius stare at her like she was one of the seven world wonders. What the hell? I thought he liked fragile blonds, who were all feminine and, well let's face it, kind of weak.

"Keep your eyes and the drool to yourself, Darius. She's my"

This is the moment Luci decided to wake up, perfect timing as always.

Chapter 50

daughter of hell 49

So sorry for the late update:S

but I made it up to you guys, this is a long one:D

Hope you like the story

Xx impossible

Ps: if the next one takes a bit long, I haven't given up on the story, I'm just going to be really busy with school so my apologies in advance.

Another PS: thank you everbody for voting and the amazing comments:D I love it!

And you should probably thank haferness3 and b1f2s3 for giving me the nudge to post this chapter, it

made me start writing more:D and of course thanks to all your comments:D

And really sorry for all the spelling and grammar mistakes but I don't have time for a double check:S

Chapter

"Heav'n hath no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd,

Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman scorn'd."

- William Congreve

P.O.V. (Luci)

I groaned in pain, oh demons! I felt like a horde of crazy poodles had run over me, yapping and irritating me with their fluffly tales while they were at it. I knew I was supposed to be mad at someone but... no that wasn't true: I felt freaking-crazy-bitch-furious and I needed to kill someone.

But for the love of all thing demonic, I couldn't remember why I was freaking-crazy-bitch-furious. I didn't get freaking-crazy-bitch-furious too often, yeah freaking-bitch-furious all the time, and that was mostly at either my mother, Raphael or Mr. Cocky.

Someone was holding me in his arms, holding against a muscular chest. I felt a cramp in my shoulder and inconspicuously tried twisting my arms in a different angle, they wouldn't move an inch. All my thoughts, my senses, my entire being froze before the flames inside erupted and the bounds broke. It may sound spectacular but in reality I was the only one who noticed the bounds breaking and freeing me. Stupid fucking piece of fangshit! I would have already ripped his throat out if I hadn't thought the ending would be too quick for him. The stupidity to think he could have held the second greatest demon in Hell bound for more than a moment. I was still pissed at myself for not noticing his intentions to bind me first. I had let my guard down, thinking we were on a date and that the retard wouldn't be this stupid. I was wrong, and I would make sure that it didn't happen again. There was no way in Hell, Heaven, earth or whatever place we were now that I was ever going to share a room with him again, I would never let myself be indolent nor unguarded in his presence again. If I couldn't get a different room I'd simply never sleep. I was goingt to... Maybe I

should first think up a gameplan to get out off here - wherever here was - and preferably alive. How many were there? I felt the power essence of at least three vampires, which sadly didn't necessarily mean there were only three vampires. It meant that at least three of them were too strong for me to take down on my own. Damn it! I could take down ten vampires easily, but I couldn't win from über strong and fast vampires who had on top of all that an extra ability in combat! How mad I was right now, it wouldn't do me any good to overreact just yet. I'd have my revenge eventually, I could wait and in the end it would taste that much sweeter. He might not realise it but Sethan, crownprince of the Night Childern, was going to die a slow and excrutiating death and mercy would not be one of the things I would give.

It took me every ounce of willpower I possessed, but I succeeded in staying immobile in his arms, not letting on that I had broken the binds. I groaned theatrical and pried one of my eyes open. The first thing I saw made me open my both eyes and blink rapidly. Wow, this guy was gorgeous! Tall, like I had to squint my eyes and crane my neck to see his face.

Okay, maybe not that extreme but he was freaking huge! Dark blond hair curled around his face and gave him something cute, well for how much such a freaking tall guy could be called cute. He looked a bit pale, like he didn't saw the sun very much, but his paleness didn't make him look unhealthy as a lot of people would have. For his physic; I could only drool. All vampires had an excellent droolworthy physic but this guy bore it like a warrior from ancient times. And then there were his eyes, black like the forgotten pits of Hell. Those eyes made you wonder about hidden depts, secrets, danger and it thrilled me. Seeing these black eyes make him look almost demonic and the arrogant smile that bothered me so much on Mr. Cocky made him look sexy as -yes again as- hell. His smile broadened and the pointy teeth became visible, I suppressed a shudder not wanting them to know I feared those teeth. The teeth told me something I had almost forgot, danger, vampire, untrustworthy.

He bowed deeply wich brought his eyes on eyelevel with mine. There was something in his eyes that ressembled pure boyish delight, but I could not trust

a vampire. He grasped my hand in his. Holy crap, his hands were huge! I stared at those roughend gigantic warriorhands with fingers that looked like they could snap a crocodile in two, or better yet crack an elephant as if he were nothing more than a nutshell.

He turned my hand so the palm faced upwarps and pressed his lips against my wrist.

"The name is Darius, my lady. I am humbled by your presence." He murmured against my wrist, but then he did something that made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. His nose skimmed my skin, breathing in my sent. His tongue stroking over my frantic pulse had me retrieving my hand real fast.

Red light flipped on in my head like a big warning signal.

Bloodsucker, danger, untrostworthy.

Mr. Cocky's arms constriced harder around me, making it hard for me to breath. His hot breath caressed my ear.

"Don't forget that I can bind you arms as soon as I have released them."

I gritted my teeth. The bastard thought I was still harmless, my powers still bound as he had done with my body only a moment ago. He thought the only reason why I could move my arms was because he had allowed it, stupid leech. I clenched my hands into tight fists, suppressing my freaking-crazy-bitch-fury. I would let him think this untill I had thought up an escapeplan.

"Don't even think about flirting, let alone look at another guy. You don't want to cross me now, Luci." He whipered hoarsly in my ear.

"Then you better put a condom on." I said calmly contratdicting the hot and angry boiling blood in my veins.

"If you are goingt to act like a dick you need to dress like one."

I'd rather die than be nice to him. It was my time to whisper in his ear.

"Remember what I said, leech."

'Be careful, leech, for you will beg for dead before I'm through with you.'

The quickening of his breath told me he did remember.

"I intent to follow through on that threat, for I do not make idle ones. There is a reason why others fear me."

I felt his grip losen in surprise and hesitated no longer. I rammed my elbow in his stomac and kneed in right were it counts. I easily broke my fall to the ground by rolling over, but again I had forgotten about that damned vampirespeed. Another enormous hand caught me by the shoulder, yanking me back by my hair.

"Fuck!" I yelled.

That fucking hurted so fucking much! The hand gripped my neck and I froze, recognizing the method to break ones neck. Although it would not kill me, I spoke from expierence that it hurted like a bitch. The knowledge that if the bones didn't heal properly another neckbrake would have to follow made me keep my mouth shut.

"Jason. Don't hurt her." A breathless Mr. Cocky spoke.

"She is to be your next queen."

Like hell I would! Hearing from the curses comming from my assaultant he agreed with me.

"This can not be, my prince." The big guy spoke.

"Let her go, Jason. It isn't like she can run, no one but a vampire can open the portal of Gramoira."

The guy called Jason released me and I scrambled out of his reach, furiously rubbing my hair that he had almost pulled out. And were in Satan's name was Gramoira? I had never heard of it before.

Jason was a big guy with black hair that needed a brush and a pair of stunning ice cold blue eyes. His toothy snear and his treatement of me made me dislike him instantly. But it was Mr. Cocky who had my blood boiling, and not in a good way.

"I don't need your help, fangboy." I all but spat at him.

"I don't know what your problem is, Luci." The bastard ahd the nerve to say.

"Yeah? Well, I don't know what yours is either but I bet it's hard to pronounce!"

"Bitch!"

That made smile. I was very pleased with myself.

If a guy called me a bitch, I knew I must have hit a nerve. If they started calling me a heartless bitch, I knew I'd got them running scared. So next goal: make the asshole call me a heartless bitch. I figured it wouldn't be so hard to achieve since I could make him call me a bitch without even trying.

"Wench, do you not know who he is?" The Jason guy asked, his tone questioning my sanity.

"How could I not? Conceited, arrogant? Tyrant. Egomaniac. Narcissist." I counted on my fingers.

"That about sums it up, doesn't it?"

If looks could kill Jason would have been my murderer. Stupid vampires had no sense of humour, well except for Nate. One of the huge warriors (yes they were all freaking huge) with brown hair chuckled.

"He does have... quirks." He chuckled.

It wasn't only his unexpected sense of humour that picked my interest, it was the scar that marred his face from his right ear to chin. I had never heard of a supernatural being scarring, thank the demons for that or I would have looked pretty disfigured by now. How come he had a scar? He didn't look like the kind of guy who would let anyone get close enough to use a knife on his face.

He noticed me staring and winked. For some reason that I could not name, I blushed. I felt Mr. Cocky grab my arm and giving it an annoyed pull.

"We better make haste. I suppose my father is expecting us, we should not let him wait."

I was about to punch him in the face for touching me when a cold hand encircled my wrist, kind of gently wich was weird. I looked up to see who had stopped me from giving the bastard what he deserved. It was the blond guy, Darius.

"You should not want to harm your mate, even if you were cross with him." He said in quite the patronizing tone.

"Sorry dude, but I already have a daddy so back off." I snapped.

I tried throwing the guy over my shoulder but only succeeded in bringing him off balance wich wouldn't even have happened if he'd been on his guard. He stumbled and grabbed hold of me trying to regain his balance.

Now, why was this not such a good plan? Let me see: freaking huge muscled vampire guy weighting at least twice my weight.... You get where I'm going?

He took me with him in his fall and landed right on top of me. Instantly I pushed my knee in his stomac, using it as a lever to get him off of me.

"Can't. Breath." I said trying to get him off of me.

Suddenly his weight was gone and an angry vampire stood above. When he saw my facial expression his features softened. Carefully he pulled me up brushed the dirt from my clothes.

"You should be more careful, my princess. Do not pick a fight with us, we would never harm you on purpuous, but our physic is large and you are only human."

Dumbstruck I looked up at the unexpected gentle vampire, the one with the scar.

"What is your name?" I asked.

In the distance I could here an angry voice berating someone but the vampire with the scar had my full attention.

"I am Demerion, at your survice, princess."

Now why did that name sound familiar?

Suddenly Mr. Cocky was in my face, looking on edge.

"Can you be more stupid?" He asked.

He was one to talk!

"You did not really thought you could take on Darius? Come on Luci!" He exclaimed.

"The guy is three times your size! Stop being difficult, you're going to hurt yourself in your foolish independence."

Foolish independence? How dare he? I had fought hard for the independence I had now. Who did he think he was?

(flashback)

"I want out, mother."

I hated myself for my shaking voice, for not being more confident.

"Oh, really?" She said in that distant tone that I had come used to but nevertheless hated, for it showed everyone exactly how she felt about me: distant, not caring, nothing.

She felt nothing for her own kin and I had come to despise her for that. I had made my choice yesterday. I no longer would fight for her approval, I wouldn't let myself be dependent on her anymore. I used to smile at any small recognition she gave me, but no more. She wasn't capable of giving me anything and I was done of that women dictating my life. I wanted

out, go see my father, find out who he was or even have a life with the mortals, but I refused to stay here any longer. I didn't want to answer to anyone anymore, especially to someone who had such poor judgement as my mother and punished me only for the sheer joy it brought her.

I had mustered up all my courage to come to the Hall of Wings and I couldn't back down now.

Full of contempt she looked at my wings, my demonic wings who were a declaration to Heaven that I was no pure blood angel. I was done hiding.

The Hall of Wings was were the Seraphim took residence, you could only enter this hall if you were winged. It didn't matter that mine were dark blue and sleek like silk instead of white and puffy, they were wings and they gave me acces to the Hall. The wings were a symbol of power, only the Seraphim possessed more than one pair. Three pair of puffy white wings carresed the air when my mother abruptly turned around to face the other attendants.

"Be gone."

And of course all obeyed.

"Do not be a teenager, daughter, it does not become you."

She marched right up to my face, I didn't know what the devil looked like but if he were female, I thought this would be how Satan scared the lost souls in Hell. Pure evil shone from her eyes.

'Be brave' I told myself.

"A lot of things do not become you either, mother, but I do not point them out to you at every opportunity."

Her hand had slapped me in the face before I even knew what was happening. The force trew against the floor, my head hitting the marmer stones hard. I sickening crack told me she had broken my skull again. The thick black unnatural substance that was my blood seeped out from the wound and left marks on the floor.

"Get to your feet, daughter. You are ruining my floor."

I hated her, I really did. I bit back a groan and tried raising my head, the hall spun. With a lot of effort I lifted my head to see my mothers cruel smile.

"Not fast enough." She simply said.

A sickening crunch and the excrutiating pain told me she had broken my left wing. Bile rose up in my throat but I kept it down, knowing she would surely brake my other wing if I dared to vomit on her floor.

Again she nudged the broken wing with her foot making me shudder in pain.

Braking anothers angels wings was not something that happened often. It was a cruel and severe punishment when you had shamed the Seraphim and had disobeyed one of their orders. It had been a couple of millenia since a wing had been broken.

"I do not want to see those ugly things on your back ever again. Do I make myself clear, daughter?"

I clenched my teeth to stop any sound of weakness. Another slap in my face mad me fall backwards on the broken wing. A cry of pure agony escaped my lips.

"Answer me!" The women who could not be my mother yelled.

I could feel another slap comming and rushed the words out of my mouth.

"Yes, as you wish." I croacked.

"Swear your loyalty to me, daughter. Swear to obey my every command and we will not speak of this again."

Even in my pain dazed state I understood the hidden meaning behind those words. If I swore myself to her, she would have absolute power over me, I would never be free.

"No." It was but a whisper, but the darkening fury in her eyes told me she had heard me loud and clear.

"What to excpect off the Devil's spawn."

Her foot came down on my neck and I blacked out.

Only to awaken the next day with an unnatural bend in my neck. As far as I could tell my headwound had healed but my leftwing obviously needed more time to heal.

An annoying chuckle made me aware I was not alone.

"Go away Raphael." I said without lifting my head.

Not that I could, but even if I had been able to lift it, I still wouldn't have done it just to annoye him. I stronly disliked the Archangel who thought he was superior to all.

"A little bird told me your neck probably would have healed wrong. Want me to kiss and make it right." He asked with a sarcastic laugh.

She had know it would heal wrong and had done nothing to prevent it. Not that I had excpected her to after what had happened.

"I certainly don't want your kisses." I said in a disgusted tone.

And I certainly would have preferred someone else to brake my neck, preferably someone who didn't take joy in it, but my options were limited.

"Want me to snap your neck?" Again that annoying arrogant chuckle that told me he was enjoying this.

"Don't brake more bones than you have to." I muttered.

But of course he did.

(end flashback)

Suddenly Mr. Cocky was in my face, looking on edge.

"Can you be more stupid?" He asked.

He was one to talk!

"You did not really thought you could take on Darius? Come on Luci!" He exclaimed.

"The guy is three times your size! Stop being difficult, you're going to hurt yourself in your foolish independence."

Foolish independence? How dare he? I had fought hard for the independence I had now. Who did he think he was?

"Foolish independence?!" I yelled.

"Who do you think you are that you can judge me? I am who I am for a reason and if you don't like who I am, tough! I don't give a tiny rat's ass about you,

fangboy. This means, in case you hadn't figured it out already, that I couldn't care less what you think of me and my 'foolish' independence. It is worth fighting for, and I'd rather die than have it taken away from me, so don't you dare call something of such value foolish."

He actually looked ashamed. What was this? He cared?

Angry and warry I turned away from him. Knowing if I didn't I'd do something stupid as start a fire under his feet or on top of his hair.

I didn't want him to care. I wanted him to be asshole I knew he was, the arrogant vampire I could easely hate and kill when the time came.

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

"Who do you think you are that you can judge me? I am who I am for a reason and if you don't like who I am, tough! I don't give a tiny rat's ass about you, fangboy. This means, in case you hadn't figured it out already, that I couldn't care less what you think of me and my 'foolish' independence. It is worth fighting

for, and I'd rather die than have it taken away from me, so don't you dare call something of such value foolish."

She held herself so proudly, so fierce that I knew she spoke the truth. She had fought hard, and if what I had heard from Raphael was true I can only imagine what kind of a life she had. When I had called her independence foolish, so many things had washed over her face: anger, outrage at someone other than me, but what had touched me most was the sadness and the pain. Seeing so much pain on such a young girls pain, it made me want to kill the person who had caused her this grief.

I saw her winch and wondered what memories plagued her? If I could I'd take her pain and bare it, but she would never let me do that. For a moment I really despised her for being this strong, for not wanting to appear weak and for not trusting anyone to carry her troubles. I'd gladly lent her my shoulder to carry the weight, but no, she was Lucifer, she didn't need anyone, least of all a vampire prince who had given her nothing but a hard time. I was like all

the others in her life, judging her, expecting her to change who she was. Damn it! That needed to change, I was not going to lose her. I needed to gain her trust.

'Yeah, good luck with that.'

I froze and looked around. That was not how my inner conscience sounded like! No one gave any indication they had heard something. I was imagining things, maybe Luci had punched me a bit too hard and my brains got rattled.

'You can't rattle something you ain't have.'

The voice had spoken again, mocking me! Great, just great, I was going crazy. I knew the girl would drive me nuts sooner or later. Apparently it had happened sooner rather than later.

'Maybe if you stopped blaming the princess, you'd be able to make some progress with her.'

This isn't happening to me, you aren't real, this is fucking not happening to me!

'Afraid so, bro. Better accept it.'

Get out of my head! I mentally yelled.

'But if I did, who would help you with the fair demoness? No, I think I'll stay for a while. It is obvious that you need me not to screw things up any more than you already have. I mean, really? Binding a girl with such a traumatic past? Not your best move, pall.'

The voice sounded male, and annoying, it kind of reminded me about Luci. Did she have a brother? Did he have some kind of psychic abilities?

'If you had taken the time to talk to her, you would have known she is an only child. Life hasn't been easy on her, you might want to give the girl a break.'

"Stay out of my head!" I yelled out loud.

Everybody's head snapped up in my direction. The warriors looked worried and Luci looked like I had lost it. She had no idea how close to the truth she was.

'You do realise you just made a complete fool of yourself? No one can hear me but you. I am in your head, no reason to go vocal, I can hear you.'

I rubbed my head, this wasn't real, I was not hearing voices.

'Of course you are not hearing voiceS, you are only hearing me!'

I could hear laughter in the voice. Crap, my father had always said that my imagination would come and bite me back in the ass some day.

'Even if I were you imagination, no thank you, your butt doesn't hold the slightest appeal to me.'

I shook my head, not real.

"Are you alright, my prince?" Justin asked.

"Yeah, just tired, you know with the angel tailing us and all."

Luci's head whipped around so fast that the warriors had to know she wasn't human. Before anyone could say anything she up in my face.

"What angel tailing us?!" She demanded.

"It isn't important. There are other urgent matters to be dealed with now, meaning we need to get to my father." I dismissed her.

'She doesn't like to be dismissed like she is nothing more than an irritating fly. You keep making so many mistakes and even with my help, you'll lose her.'

I was going to ignore that voice. It was my sleep deprived mind that was overstrained.

'Might be a good chance since evaluating you by the way you have handled Lucifer so far, your brain hasn't worked overtime too often.'

That sounded so much like Luci, this couldn't be a coincidence. I grabbed Luci wrist and pulled her closer so my words would stay private.

"What are you doing to me?" I whispered.

She tried braking my grip, but it only restulted me tightening it.

"You're going to crush my wrist again." She reminded me of not so long ago when I had accidently broken, no crushed her wrist.

Remembering, I immediately let her go.

"Jee, Mr. Cocky. Take a chillpill."

'I agree. You should listen to her more often.' The voice spoke again, making me jump.

Luci looked at me with an annoyed expression on her face.

"Huh?" I asked.

She rolled her eyes and clenched her fists.

"I asked, stupid braindead leech, what angel?"

"Oh that, it's nothing. I took you to Gramoira to get us away from this Archangel, Raphael, following us. I knew you wouldn't have come willingly so I used the bounds. In Gramoira you are safe, only vampires can open the portal."

Pure hatred showed on her face, and I hoped that hatred was directed at Raphael.

'No such luck, fangs.'

Smartass.

Great now I was replying to an imaginary voice, just fucking great.

"That is the most pathetic excuse I have ever heard! There was no fuckig angel tailing us! I would have known if there was, I am one of the best, something you seem to forget all the time. And even if there had been an angel, I would have taken down whoever it was. So don't give me crap about you having a reason for what you did."

And I was sure that if she had had her powers, she would have burned me to dust.

"And where the fuck is Gramoira?"

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

It took a lot from me not to kill right at the spot. Raphael? Please, that asshole still had lots of unresolved issues about me being higher in rank than him to show up willingly. I could take Raphael and his annoying aura was bakensign that I could feel from miles away. Stupid vampire, with his stupid excuse to bind me! The reminder of my humiliation, of the anger I felt towards him made me forget that I had a slow dead in mind for him. I needed something to distract me from this killing rage.

Wait, again this Gramoire? Where was I?

"And where the fuck is Gramoire?"

"Gramoira."

I heard a couple of snickers at my wrong pronounciation.

"Do I look like I care."

"It is the name of our kingdom." Demorion, the guy with the scar, replied.

And he said that as if it weren't a big deal. I, a lone demon slash angel, alone with a bunch of vampires.

"Yeah, that doesn't work for me. Count me out, I'm going home. So if one of you would ever be so kind to point in the right direction, I'll be leaving."

"You can not leave without a vampire opening the portal."

"Then open the portal."

I was getting nervous with these vampires surrounding me. And you might say that I should be used to it by now, living with seven vampires,

sharing a dorm with them, but I had always had an escaperoute there. I could just us my power and transport myself back to Hell.

I wanted to smack myself. I could transport myself bak now!

"Later losers." I murmured.

Nothing happened. This was very disturbing.

"How do you keep angels and demons from entering Gram.. oira?" I said not sure about the weird name of their kingdom. Who thought up such a stupid name?

"You mean how come they can not enter Gramoira with their ability to transport through space?" The angry dude, Jason asked.

I nodded. I crossed my fingers mentally, please let there not be some kind of shield.

"We have protected our borders against there kind of magic. They can not come in and they can not leave." He stressed that last word looking me straight in the eyes.

It made me wonder how much he knew.

There went my escapeplan, damn it.

"The king will be waiting." An incredible muscular guy said.

"Then you shouldn't keep him waiting." I smiled.

"You go. I'll stay here for a while." And try to figure out how to open this damn portal.

They all laughed, expect for the mean guy, Jason, as if I had something funny.

"My prince, your mate has a great sense of humor."

The evil smirk on Mr. Cocky's face told me exaclty what he thought about that.

"Let's go."

He turned towards with his arms outstreched as if he wanted me to jump in them.

"I can walk."

No way was I going near that asshole again. No, not if I could help it.

"You don't have vampspeed."

I opened my mouth to say something smart, but he cut me off.

"And no, we are not changing our pace to yours and no, you can not tag alone at your slow pace."

That didn't change anything, he wasn't carrying me.

I turned towards the guy with the scar, Demorion.

"Your prince has had a very exhausting day, I do not think it is wise to let him carry me." I said in my sweetest voice that had brought greater men down on their knees.

"Maybe you could carry me?" I smiled.

Before Mr. Cocky utter a word I had jumped on Demorions back and trees passed me in a blur. We came to a stop before some cavelike entrance. I slid of his back and eyed the cave with scepticism. It looked dark, cold and unconfortable.

"Your king lives in a cave? And people have the guts to utter a word about Hell." I shook my head. The nerve these vampires had.

"It's a backdoor." A very annoying voice said next to my ear.

I quicly put some more space between me and Mr. Cocky, but he grabbed my hand and pulled me closer.

"Thank you for your help, but I can handle it from here, warriors."

The six freakin tall men bowed and left with their vampire speed.

"I am not going into that cave with you." I said in case he got the wrong idea.

"Sure you are."

How dare he talk to me as if I were a child.

"You might want to pretend to be human. Demons and even angels aren't that popular here."

"Than why did you bring me here? Do you want me dead?"

He looked angry.

"Of course not. I brought you here for your own good. That Rapheal guy looks dangerous."

I was ready to blast him dust, I'd had it with his lies.

"And what's up with your mother. She sounds like a real bitch."

I froze. How did he know about my mother?

Chapter 51

daughter of hell 50

Haha! 50, a memorable number:P

So I know a lot of you think Luci has been a complete bitch for no reason but I would like to clearify a couple of things:

For one: how would you feel when someone rendered you powerles and made you feel completely helpless? Would you just forgive that person? You need to remind that Luci doestn't believe Raphael was close, she thinks she would have felt it (and normaly she would, she doesn't know yet that something has happened, but I'm not telling what!

That's for the next chap:D) So Luci thinks Seth has bound her for no reason but his own selfish ones.

Still think she overreacted? Well, it's how I would react, maybe that makes a bitch too:P, you wouldn't be the only ones thinking it.

As for that you all want an improvement for the Luci/Seth relationship... it'll be in the next upload (sorry:s)

Hope you like the story:D

Xx impossible

Ps: I noticed that I said 'for one' and never made a second point, sorry too lazy to change anything:P

P.O.V. (Luci)

"I am not going into that cave with you." I said in case he had gotten the wrong idea.

"Sure you are."

How dare he talk to me as if I were a child?

"You might want to pretend to be human. Demons and even angels aren't that popular here."

"Than why did you bring me here? Do you want me dead?"

He looked angry.

"Of course not. I brought you here for your own good. That Rapheal guy looks dangerous."

I was ready to blast him dust, I'd had it with his lies.

"And what's up with your mother. She sounds like a real bitch."

I froze. How did he know about my mother?

Switch P.O.V. (Seth)

Oh crap! Why did she have to be such a total bitch? She was being unreasonable and intractable and I knew she loved every moment of it. Her having a horrible childhood wasn't the only reason she was a bitch, she simply liked being one.

"Are you enjoying this?" I asked annoyed.

All my friends got sweet pliant mates, but no Seth had to get difficult child with the mommycomplex.

Why for once in my fucked up life couldn't things go smooth for me? It had went all wrong fromt he moment I had been born. Me and Vic were born as twins, me being the second one. Not so bad you say? Yes, it is! Twins are a disaster for royalty, there is always a chance the younger one will feel like his rights to the throne are being denied and all royalty fears the second born will snap one day and kill the rigthful heir to the throne. My childhood had been all suspicious stares and whispers. There had always been someone watching me, but I had grown up with it so at first it hadn't bothered me that much. My irritation had arisen with the forced weekly visits to the psychologist, analyzing and evaluating my behaviour. The smallest thing I said was picked apart and looked at, so I had started bottling stuff up, releasing my anger at fightclasses, wich of course got me the diagnosis of being violent and agressive. While people encouraged Victor to get intersted in politics, I was berated for sticking my nose in things that weren't my business. Vic had hated court live, the intrigue, the gossip and especially the politics. Whenever he tried talking about this with my dad, I

had been called, asking me if I had tried changing my brothers mind to get the throne. At one point my father had to see the inevitable: his oldest son couldn't care less about politics, were as the son he had tried to keep away from it, loved it. In a really big ceremony with a lot of unnecessary hassle, Vic had resigned his position as crownprince and had passed it to me. The roles had been reversed and Vic had become the one they kept away from courtlive. He loved the new freedom, he even loved the visits to the psychologist. Apparently she was 'banging' and he loved finding insane answers to her questions. So it had ended with me becomming the crownprince and Vic getting dignosed as a complete loony, a danger to society, but that could have had something to do with the fact that he had dumped the pretty psychologist after getting what he wanted from her.

I was good at solving problems, at working out new arrangements at being a good diplomate, and here I was having trouble with one girl. Everything I did or said, even me blinking, she took an offense too. The girl was a bitch, nothing more to it and for some cruel whim of fate I had gotten stuck with her.

"Define 'enjoy'." She said in an ice cold voice.

Ah, crap! I shouldn't have taken that tone with her, not that she didn't deserve it, but she obviously hadn't forgiven me yet for binding her and all and she wasn't accepting the truth that I had done it to save her life. She was too damn proud, and a lot of other things that I couldn't start to som up for I would be talking for days. I didn't know how she got to be Corruption, the Sin Pride fitted her much better.

"For if you mean that I enjoy the fact that you seem to more about my mother than I have told you, the answer would be no. No, I do not enjoy you sniffing out my life. No one ever told you that you shouldn't put your nose in stuff that aren't your business?"

As a matter of fact... Better not tell her that, she'd only get more pissed than she alreday was and I needed her to cool down and for her to understand that no one at court could find out about her identity, things could go really bad.

'Like they aren't already?' The voice of my insanity spoke.

'You are not going crazy, fangboy. Damn, you're a vampire and you don't believe in incredible things. What a human thing to think you're going insane.'

I needed to ignore that voice, it sounded arrogant.

'And you aren't?' The mental voice snorted.

"Go away." I groaned.

"Excuse me?" Luci exclaimed.

Oh, this was just great! Fabulously great!

"I would have left an hour ago if you'd have bothered to opened the fucking portal! And don't you dare feed me that crapy line about Raphael. He's only an Archangel, for fuck's sake! I am his superior!"

"No, you're not." I said.

The look on her face would have made me laught if I hadn't been this pissed. She stared at me with a face only showing utter disbelief and astonishment at my words.

"Yes, I am." She finally managed to reply.

"Sweetie, I talked to the guy. You're not anymore."

"But, but..."

He bottom lip quivered, she looked around her with a bewildered expression on her face as if she didn't know what do with my words. She looked so lost that I forgot my annoyance with her and drew her close in my arms.

Her slender finger crulled into the front of my shirt as if she needed something to hold to. I felt her shiver and started moving my hand up and down her back in the hope the friction would warm her up a bit.

"He can't be.."

A soft moan escaped her lips. I didn't know she made the sound out of confusion or because she liked my touch. My ego wanted to believe the last one, but my common sense cured me of that delusional thougth.

"Your mom promoted him to chief of the Order of Virtues."

She didn't scream, she didn't faint, she didn't shiver. I don't know why I thought she would react like any other girl. No, no tantrums for Luci on such a serious matter, she simply started to heat up. Heat up as in

dying from a severe fever, blood boiling hot. Her normal too slow heartbeat sped up to a normal heart rhythm, little sparks jumped from her red hair and when I cupped her jaw and made her look up at me her eyes lookes as if they were carved from onyx. Those black shocked eyes stared at me in horror and little horn grew from her temples.

I understood she was going demonic, and I knew she shouldn't be able to do that, I had bound her, but then again this was Luci, nothing I did could ever keep her down for long. All these thoughts passed throught my head, but none sunk in. While I was holding Luci in my arms and she turned more and more in the demon she was, the only thing that stuck in my mind was that she was gorgeous. Gorgegous and mine. I didn't notice the fire licking my skin, scorching it black. I could only stare at the frightend girl in my arms that was having a panicattact and pull her closer, hugging her tighter, not caring about anything else but comforting her.

(Sorry that it is such a short one, but I'm working on the next chapter and I promise to make it longer! I

know this one was kind of boring, but I am going to make it up to you guys with the next one:D

And thanx for reading my story!

Xx impossible)

Chapter 52

daughter of hell 51

Chapter:

how much you think you care

you would never know

when to take the hint

broken glass aside

my feelings stay the same

covered head to toe

in blood and fear and spite

- Snow patrol -

P.O.V. (Luci)

I didn't know where I was. My cheek was pressed against cold tiles, I could feel the layers of dirt scraping against my skin. Slowly I opened my eyes, careful not to make any brusque movements and startle whatever threat was nearby. It was dark in here, even with my nightvision I could only see the thick gray, dirty walls, not one piece of furniture. Slowly I pressed my weight up and rose to a crouch, ready to strike anything that made a lunge for me, but the room was empty but for me.

What had happened? Where was I?

I needed some light in this dark place.

Fire.

Pain seeped through my bones but no magic came to me. I knew this feeling, someone had put bounds on me again. I closed my eyes and tried connecting to my magic, I was free before I had even broken a sweat. Pff, leeches didn't know a fuck about magic, they should just stick with sucking blood.

Now, fire! The room lit up and a lovely dark brown inforced door took shape at the other side of the room. Bingo. I straightend my back and tried taking a step. I got as far as three strides before I noticed the chain around my left ankle. Annoyed I looked at the metal chain that was attachted to the wall through a hoop. Chained like I was some kind of animal, and they called demons abject beings. You didn't need to be a genius to understand that the chains were inforced too, to stop a vampire from snapping the chains. Since I wasn't a vampire and did not have such awesome strenght, I couldn't even dream of snapping a normal chain, but I did have ass kicking demon powers.

Half an hour later I was bored to dead. I had been trying to heat up the metal links of the chain for ages without any result. I was softly singing the lyrics of 'Devil on my Shoulder' from Billy Talent (That song rocks!)

As I get closer, my dreams get farther

I climb that ladder, but you kick it over

Thirsty for water, you give me vinegar

When I drink your medicine, it just makes me sicker

I dug a hole so deep

I'm gonna drown in my mistakes

CAN'T EVEN SELL MY SOUL

'CAUSE IT AIN'T WORTH SHIT TO TAKE

I got the devil on my shoulder (over and over)

And I just can't sink any lower (lower and lower)

The hounds of hell are getting closer (closer and closer)

I got the devil on my shoulder (over and over)

I was softly singing the lyrics of 'Devil on my Shoulder' when the heavy door opened, making the most awfull noice in the world, namely a piece of chalk slipping on a blackboard. I was on my feet, ready to face whoever came through.

I hadn't thought one species could have more of those giants I had seen earlier, but I was wrong. Did steriods have any affect on a vampire? Cause if they did, these guys ate them like cereals. Four huge

warrior stepped through the door, some with a frown, others with an arrogant smile on their faces. They seemed pretty sure I wasn't going to be a problem, since they thought they had succesfully bounded me. Stupid vampires, must be all the bloodsucking that affected your brains, or maybe it were the steriods? Or did they only affect their... um lower parts?

"Do not stop singing for us, little demoness, you have a beautiful voice." One of the warriors with a cocky grin said.

Was that supposed to scare me? I mean even chained to a wall I could still take them, none of them had an extra ability in combat.

Follow the rainbow, my lucky omen

There ain't no pot of gold, just copper tokens

I FOUND THE KEY TO LIFE, THE LOCK WAS BROKEN

All my accomplishments, are best left unspoken

I dug a hole so deep

I'm gonna drown in my mistakes

can't even sell my soul

'Cause it ain't worth shit to take ...

My horror story is nearly over

I said I'm sorry, but I was sober

I beg for mercy from my infernal friend

The one that drops the nails into my coffin

(Sorry for putting you throught the whole song but it is just that good! If you haven't heard it yet, you really should! xx impossible)

That wiped the smirk right of their faces, now I had four warriors frowning down at me instead of just two. Who dared to say I was without skills?

"Brave for someone who is about to die." I heard one mutter.

Wait, what?! What the hell did I do? I didn't even want to come here? Where was that useless bastard of a Mr. Cocky, he'd better come and save my ass right now! I so wanted to turn these guys to nothing more than a stinking pile of ash, but I first needed them to free me from these chains! I would lose precious

time by having to free myself first and who knew how fast their back-up could get here.

Keep your calm, Satanini, keep your calm. Don't do anything stupid, don't open that big mounth of yours.

"Where the fuck is that useless bastard when you need him?" I muttered under my breath.

"Idiotic leeches."

"What are you saying, demoness?" One of the warriors asked while quickly undoing my chains.

"All your fucking bloodsuckerprince's fault. If it weren't for that foolish bastard I wouldn't even be in this fucked up situation." I said under my breath, unintelligible to human ears.

Yes, unintelligible to HUMAN ears, damn those stupid vamps with their super hearing. When he rapidly grabbed me by my throat, the only thing I could think of was: crap, there goes my keeping-my-big-mouth-shut-plan.

"How dare you speak of our prince in such a manner?"

Yes, how dare I? Was that a reason to almost choke me? Since slapping his freaking wide shoulders wasn't hint enough for letting go of me and letting me take some needed air, I kicked him in the nuts. I landed on the ground on my two feet, demons could go longer without air than other beings, but two more minutes I would have been in trouble. I rolled my eyes at the seeing the guy lying on the ground, cupping his crown jewels in pain. Seemed like steriods didn't make them numb after all. I should start a study about this, but I didn't think I would get much volunteers. Guys were prone to get all PMS-ing on you if you kicked their most priced possessions.

"Now, let's stay civil, boys." I said while stepping over the moaning guy. What a baby.

I saw one of them making a dash to the door, but a wall of flames prevented his departure.

"Please, don't go. We have so much to talk about."

Their eyes got wide at my little show of power. Hah! Betya didn't saw that one coming. Zero to one for the vampires! Well, maybe they should get a couple of

points, I was the one being held prisoner. But not for long anymore, if I could help it!

"Would one of you boys ever be so kind of telling me why I woke up being chained in a room with questionable hygienics?"

One of the brave clenched his hands to fist as if he was ready to pummel me. His bodylanguage told me he thought he had a reason. Well, I must say I was curious to hear it.

"You seduced to prince to bring you to Gramoira and then you almost succeeded in killing him! A mere succubus thought she could kill our prince? It is fortunate that we found you! You had almost burned him alive and lost your own life in displaying that much power! It is good it did not take your life for you deserve a far more terrible ending, demoness."

Okay, you must know that I hate being confused with a succubus, it was downright insulting. And what did he mean, I had almost killed Seth? That couldn't be right, could it? Wait, what did I care? I hated his guts... didn't I?

Something tugged at one of the dark corners of my brain, urging me to think about this. I had wanted to kill him for bindin me, he had kept going on about how he had done it for my own good, shitting about Raphael... Raphael, promoted, my damn mother! I had lost it when I had realised the truth of his words. The possiblity that Raphael stood higher in rank that me wasn't the only thing freaking me out. If what Seth had said was true, than Raphael had been following me, but I hadn't sensed him. It wouldn't matter what rank he had, I would still be able to sense his nearness.

What the fuck was going on? I blamed my mother. I didn't know what she had to do with this but I knew whatever it was, it was all her fault!

The idea that something far more terrible than Raphael bossing me around had made me lose it, Seth had been there. Seth had hold me and I had completely lost it, catching myself on fire with him holding me! What had I done?

You hate him! You don't care what has happened to him, one tosser less in the world. But I was lying, I

was still mad as the smithy and the fishguy from Astrix and Obelix could get at eachother, but that didn't mean I wanted him dead. I wasn't even sure anymore if I wanted him to suffer. Yes, he was annoying and way too arrogant to be healthy for his own good and others, but he my annoying bastard leech.

No, no, no! He wasn't mine, and even if he was, I wouldn't want him! I so did not care about the sad tosser.

'Sure thing, sweetie. Keep lying to yourself like that and one day you might buy your own lies, you're that good.' A voice spoke.

Okay, this was very weird. The vampires didn't seem to have spoken, staring at me with grim expressions and there was no one else in the room. Great, I freaking nuts too!

'What is it with you youngster these days? You accept the existence of demon, angels, the Lore and lots of other supernatural stuff, but you kind accept Voice.'

What the fuck did he or she (I do not discriminate) mean by that?

'Okay, I have a very masculine voice, do not call me a she!'

Touchy, crybaby.

'And for what Voice is, that a secret I can not tell you. Looks like you'll have to be patient.'

HE laughed a dry chuckle.

'Might be an interesting experience for you, daughter of Hell.'

Okay, who was this fucker, how did he get into my head, and how the fuck did he knew who I was?

'Lots fo questions, princess. Maybe I'll answer them someday. For now you might want to go and visit the prince, he's in a pretty shabby condition after your fireworks.'

"He's not dead?" I hated the hopefull note in my voice.

"Not thanks to you." One of the warriors barked, not realizing I wasn't talking to him.

I opened my mouth to tell him just that, but stopped myself in time. Wouldn't sound much better if I had to explain I was talking to the voice inside my head.

"Gentlemen." I said with sarcestic voice.

"I am going to give you a choice. You either let me tie you up or you'll have to let me kill you. The choice is yours, choose wisely." I smirked.

(So, this was kind of boring but I needed to write it so no one gets too confused when I start the next chapter.

Thanx for reading my story:D

Xx impossible)

Chapter 53

daughter of hell 52

Before I start I would like to point out that when I mention a 'vampirelady' I don't want to get comments like 'but female vampires don't exist'. I love your comments but the concept will be talked about in further chapters. To clear your confusion it are only the mated female humans that get the title 'vampirelady', they aren't really vampires.

Thanx for reading my story:D

Xx impossible

Chapter:

"So we follow our wandering paths,

and the very darkness acts as our guide

and our doubts serve to reassure us"

- Jean-Pierre de Caussade -

P.O.V. (Luci)

Damn, those vampires had a too large castle. I had been walking for at least an hour before I finally found my way out of the dungeon. I mean, come on! Who had a dungeon in this modern age? And these leeches wondered why they were at the bottom of the supernatural food chain? Such outdated creatures!

A vampirelady passed by me without noticing the magic twirling around me. I had cloacked myself in the shadows too stay unnoticed, a demon trick I had learned on a very young age to hide from my mother and her unfair punitive system. But when a creature was even the least bit more sensitive to magic, like lets say one of the vampire nobility with an extra ability, I'd be screwed.

After walking another half hour, I started to get irritated. Who had thought there were so many of the

bloodsucking type? I had seen enough vampires by now to last a lifetime, didn't they anything better to do than walk around in a castle and freaking me out?

Where the hell was Seth's room?

It is not because I am worried about him, I couldn't care less, I need him to open the damn portal for me to get out of here.

'Yeah, you keep telling yourself that, babe.'

Joy, the lunatic voice was back.

Okay lunatic voice, if you are so damn high and might, why don't you tell me where I can find prince asshole?

'I could do that.'

I started to find this lunatic voice rather annoying and kind of feminine.

'I am not feminine!' The lunatic voice replied.

'And stop calling me the lunatic voice. It's insulting.'

I could do that, I thought with a smug smile.

'Ugh, fine. Follow the strong magic and you'll find the royal quarters. But be careful, that side of the palace is spellbound. No magic can be used, so your cloacking won't keep you concealed from angry Night Childern.'

Thanks feminine, annoying, lunatic voice.

'Incorrigible child!'

I muffled a laugh. That's what you got when you made a deal with Lucifer.

I started making my way towards the pulsing source of magic, going deeper in the castle. Thick medieval tapestries hung from the cold thick walls. The halls were cold and eery, how could people live in these conditions. I was sure that if you lifted one of those heavy tapstries you'd find fungus. These people had gotten stuck in the fourteenth century, that would explain Mr. Cocky's old fashioned attitude a bit better, that and that he was an arrogant bastard. I kind of liked it that he didn't let people walk over him, at least he had a backbone. I could respect him for that, I didn't have to like him to respect a certain aspect of his personality.

I expected a cryptic answer from the lunatic voice, but he didn't let himself be heard. Good, I was nervous enough without some weird guy talking to me in my mind, making me think I'm going crazy.

The sound of childern made me stop at a specific door. Carefully I looked around the corner and saw something that could only be described as a classroom. A room full of seven year old boys, being the biggest noise ever. A stocky build man in front slammed his fist on a random desk. Effective, all the brats shut up.

"Now, I know you have all looked forward to this lesson, but please boys, calm down or we're going back to chapter about angels."

All the boys groaned at the man's word. This made smile, I wasn't the only one who thought angels were dull.

I was ready to go when I heard the man speak again.

"I shall read you boys a passage from 'the Memoires of the Great War'.

They had a book about the Great War between angels and demons? I remembered that book, it had been required reading in Heaven. Three thick volumes full of prejuced gibberish of some ancient angel who hated all demons. Quiet the education system. I couldn't believe the vampires had gotten their hands on a copy. I couldn't see the angels giving it to them, so I guessed they must have stolen it.

"This is the fourth volume of the book, added by Petrior the Wise, who was our king during the Great War, and the one brave enough to fight the filthy scum of the demon race. He gave the angels their victory and peace to all races."

Well, that wasn't very flattering. Filthy? We had clean water en soap in Hell. Did the dude even known about the fungus growing on these digusting walls?

So the vampires had written their own contribution about the war, I had got to hear this. Everyone knew that they had been more of an impediment to the angels than any real help. How for the hate of all thing spiteful they had thought to beat a race where all were magical, while they had only their nobility

and here and there a gifted one who couldn't deal with his powers, it was beyond me.

The teacher opened a fungus-infected-looking book and started to read.

"Demons are, without any doubt, the most horrid and vile of all beings. These wretched souls are said to mainly exist in Hell, where their crude and horrifying way of life winds the endless caverns and pits that mark its dark legacy.

Wherever they come from, Demons all serve one purpose: to bring hate, pain and anguish to everything that they come across. If you ever have the misfortune to see such a foul beast, prepare to fight to dead, because someone is going to die. And as many a broken man will tell you; it is very rarely the Demon."

I snorted, at least they had the last sentence right.

"But a vampire is not a mere man, we are the race given strenght, speed and bravery, things a vile creature as a demon can only dream off. But the demons fought using the same tricks there nature

could have predicted; treacherous, cowardly and without any values. They fought to kill and to corrupt."

Okay, I had enought of this.

"One of

"Lucifer was one of the more powerful succubuses Hell knew. It is said that she had gained power by comming into the favour of Satan himself. The whore and the Lord of Darkness fought side by side creating utter havoc wherever they went."

A succubus? Sleeping with the Devil? That was just sick!

I didn't think I wanted to know anymore if I was the incarnation of the ancient demon Lucifer. Even if this were true, I wouldn't want to know. A succubus? I needed to find a different theorie about the weird memory thing, because there was absolutely no way that I had been a wanton succubus in a previous age. The thought freaked me more out than getting stuck with Mr. Cocky for the rest of my life!

Seth, I needed to find him and kick his ass so he would take me away from this mouldy castle. I quicly passed the classroom but not without seeing a little boy raise his hand to ask a question to his teacher.

"Sir, what is a whore?"

And they said the youth of today was corrputed.

The flustered response of the teacher followed me to the end of the hall.

I could almost taste the magic that hung heavy in the air. Man, this place was more thightly secured than the Hall of Wings in heaven.

The gasp of a girl made me turn around abruptly. The girl had her hand pressed to her heart but gave me a small smile.

"You startled me." She said.

"You look a little bit lost, are you new to the princes quarters?"

The good news was that I had found the right part of the castle, the not so good news was that I was

powerless and would lose a hand to hand fight with even the weakest vampire.

I conjured my brighest smile to put the girl at ease, she was one hundred procent human and wouldn't notice my slow heartbeat, and therefor couldn't identify me as a demon.

"I shows?" I asked in a timid voice.

"Don't worry about it, I'll show you where you have to be. I am Dana by the way." She gave such a warm and genuine smile that I felt bad for having to lie to her.

"I'm Lu..." I caught myself in time, I didn't know if the word about my identity had spread, but a fake name seemed safer.

"Lumini. I'm Lumini. I'm so glad to bump into you, I have been walking for hours. This caslte is freaking huge." I gushed with fake enthusiasm.

Dana hooked her arm through mine and let me throught the castle without anyone stopping us.

"You are really pretty." She said.

Okaaaaaaaay, awkward.

"I am sure your appearance will apeal to the prince. Well, he will when he has recovered, but I'm sure lady Angusta will chose you as the girl to tend to him."

I didn't got a word she was saying.

"Who is lady Angusta?" I asked catiously.

"O my God! You have got to be kidding me? How can you not know who lady Augusta is? She is our queen, the prince his mother!"

Scary, a women who actually made Mr. Cocky the way he is, or maybe he was a big dissapointement to her. Either way, I did not want to meet her, I needed to get to Seth and get out of here, this place gave me the creeps.

"Come on, we're already late. Hurry up."

Dana grabbed my hand and released it quicly.

"Wow, you're hot."

"Thanks." I muttered, knowing that wasn't what she meant.

I never had another human touch me so I had never knew what their reaction to my overheated bodytemperature would be. I never would have thought they would find it strange and make a comment about it. Well, yeah, Seth had mentioned my bodyheat a couple of times but it had always been in a compliment. Kind of nice frome, now that I think about it. Oh, no, do not go there Luci! He is a jerk and he has fangs, you don't like him.

"That's not what I meant. You feel like your burning a fever. Are you okay?"

She streched out her hand towards my head to feel my temperature, but I easely avoided her touch.

"I feel fine, just excited about meeting the prince." I said in such a preppy voice it would have shamed a cheerleader.

Dana gave me a funny look, but decided my weird behaviour wasn't her problem. She shrugged and moitened me to follow her.

"Okay, girls."

A striking blond with big blue eyes clapped her hands. She kind of looked like Cinderella's fairygothmother when she did that, minus the ugly clothes and the being old... maybe not so much like Cinderella's fairygothmother.

"I normally would have chosen Allisa as the prince's chamberlady tonight for her excellent work in embroidery,

You had to be kidding me? These girls wanted to be Mr. Cocky's chambermaids? It was a freaking contest? They all needed councling.

"but the prince has been wounded severely..." Lady Augusta trailed of, a worried frown on her face.

I understood the frown, I had kind of toasted her son alive. But not on purpose! Although... I didn't feel too bad about it, I had warned him about payback, he should be happy I hadn't killed him. I might have actually felt bad if I had done that, good thing he was a vampire, I didn't deal well with guilt. Luckly I didn't have that problem often.

"Anyways," Seth's mom snapped out of it.

"We need a girl who has seen severe burns before and won't faint at the thought of gaping wounds."

Three girls actually fainted at her words. Pathetic.

The girls that at first had looked so eager to 'serve' - I almost gagged at the thought of serving someone - the prince now all took a couple of nervous steps back.

"Ah, a brave girl." Lady Augusta smiled.

I looked around me too see who she meant and noticed all the girl cowering behind me. I didn't looked forward to tend to the asshole prince but it did give me the oppurtunity to make him help me out of the mouldy caslte.

"And very pretty too, what is your name."

Pretty? What the hell did that have too do with anything. If I had to believe the stuff I had heard, Seth looked like an overdone meadpizza. I didn't think he would care who helped him.

"Lumini." I said.

"What a beautiful name. Lumini from the latin word 'luminus' what means light. It suids your haircolour." She smiled.

"I thought vampires thought Latin was only another dead language and didn't felt the need to master it?" I said impressed.

"You forget my dear, that I was once an ordinary human. It only when I met the king, my mate, that I became immortal. Too bad being a vampire's mate didn't gave me any nice powers."

Who would have thought Mr. Cocky had such a cool mum? His dad must be a real asshole for Mr. Cocky to become how he was today.

"It didn't freak you out? Being seen as some bloodsucking creature's property?"

"I was recognised very early for a potential mate and was send to the acadamy. It is a boardingschool for vampires and ones like me. There I learned to deal with the existence of vampires and I love my mate very much. I am not his property, he loves me as his equal. Although I know he can not help his

possessive nature, it does bother me a lot." She grinned at me, those big blue eyes flashing brighter with joy.

I could see where Seth had gotten those amazing blue eyes. It was dangerous when a girl noticed a guys eyes, it meant I had had a good look at him, meaning I had stared at his eyes and had found them captivating. Damn. So what if I liked his eyes? I didn't have to like him to recognise an attractive guy when I see one.

"We have some legendary fights, you might have noticed the frightening storm that sometimes scourge Gramoire? My mate's extra ability in combat is to control the weather, his power flares up when he loses his temper. I am said to have a talent to evoke both his temper and the weather." She winked.

I laughed out loud. I really liked Mr. Cocky's mom, she was fun.

"Now, since you are the only one brave enough, I will show you my son's chambers. He looks quiet terribly right now, but a smart girl like yourself can look behind the exterior, no?"

Mean looking guards - thank the demons none of the six I had met after coming here - bowed there heads as we passed and went down to one knee.

"You can go inside whenever you are ready to face my baby covered in burns." Her bottom lip quivered.

I grabbed her hand in comfort, something I had never done before, never cared to do either.

"He will be fine, he is a vampire and one of royal blood. Royalty is always more powerful, you shouldn't worry about things that can't end badly." I gave her, what I hoped, a reasuring smile.

"Oh, honey. I do hope you are right, but Sethan is not as strong as others of the family. He does not have an extra ability in combat like his father and brother. He hasn't had the most easy childhood, and we all fear for his mental health."

What? I know he could be a prick but to question his mental health?

"His mental health?" I asked confused.

"We think the succubus that attacked him has damaged him somehow. He keeps asking for Luci, asking if she is alright, if he can see her. Two hours after the attack he was already on his way to the castle dungeons to free the succubus, claiming she is his mate. Something like this can't be right. Succubuses don't have mates, demons are evil. He knows this and yet he acts all loved up with this demoness."

Seth didn't blame me for his wounds? He had come to my rescue while he himself was stil weak? I couldn't believe this. This couldn't be true, could it? And he did have an extra ability in combat, a real powerful one. I did not see someone who could neutralize demonic power as weak.

"Now you go in and offer your wrist to my son. He needs the extra power."

Offer my wrist?

The question must have showed on my face.

"I know that vampires normally don't need blood before their transmission, but it does give them a

'powerkick'. It doesn't even matter that it isn't from his mate, although that would be better, it would speed up his healing so much more."

I was so not letting that bastard drink my blood, once was more than enough.

"Why would his mate's blood be better?"

"No one really knows. But we figured that if a vampire's mate's blood keeps him alive after the transmission, it also speeds up the healing."

"I don't get that. What would happen to a vampire after his transmission when he doesn't have his mate to drink from?" I asked.

"He would die."

Then how come there were so many of them? They couldn't all have found their mate's in time.

"Die? They die at twentyone and you are okay with that?"

"Oh you know the transmission it at twentyone? Then you must also know that it is only the body that dies. Haven't you met Darius yet? He is one of the

undead. It are guys like Darius that make all the legends about vampires sound true. The poor guy hasn't been able to walk into the sunlight for at least three years."

Now, that was interesting.

"You go help my son now. It was nice to meet you Lumini." She smiled.

(Ah! I did it again! I've been saying for ages that in the next upload will be more interesting! And again this is not it! but please remember that in the next one she's seeing Seth again... so that always means fireworks:P!!!!

Thanks for reading my story:D

Xx impossible)

Chapter 54

daughter of hell 53

Okay I'm going to attack you guys with a buckload of information/ explanations. Take a deep breath and read it, it explains a lot about the bitch mother.

I was not planning on uploading right now, (got so much work to do!!! Aaaaaaaah) but you guys seriously stroked my ego with the amazing comment (look out I'm becoming vain:P) so I thought shouldn't let you guys wait.

Hope you like the story:D

Xx impossible

So after a lot of problems with my computer and wattpad I try again. Sorry for the delay

Chapter:

In spite of all the refinements of society that conspired to make art - the dizzying perfection of the string quartet or the sprawling grandeur of Fragonard's canvases - beauty was savage. It was as dangerous and lawless as the earth had been eons before man had one single coherent thought in his head or wrote codes of conduct on tablets of clay. Beauty was a Savage Garden."

- Anne Rice -

P.O.V. (Marcus)

« What do you mean, my little girl is in the vampire realm? What the fuck would she be doing there?!" Satan yelled, spit flying everywhere.

His horns grew, his skin got darker and his eyes, man his eyes turned bottomless black. Fire danced everywhere I looked and the poor messenger looked like he was going to wet himself any moment now.

I was becoming more and more like Satan myself, losing control and turning to my demonic form. The messenger was a lesser demon who served the oracle. He claimed to have had a vision of Luci lying unconcious and chained in a dungeon. Everybody knew that vampires where the only ones who still had a dungeon, the rest of us had moved with the times, such outdated creatures.

This was my fault, I had known the school was filled with vampires, two of them very powerful princes and I had stupidly listened to Luci and not told Satan. I could not believe I had let this happen. I had even let her go on that date with what was probably one of the most powerful vampires in centuries.

"I suspect the vampire that was with her took her there. He sure was powerful enough to pull it off." Luxurius, one the Deadly Sin Lust, spoke.

"What the hell was she doing with a vampire?"

Satan grabbed Luxurius by his collar and threw him against the wall. His hands still shook in desperate anger after letting out his frustration on the Sin. I had never seen Satan this upset before.

"You better give me a good reason why you didn't kill the vampire, boy, because your final hour is approaching very fast."

I had to interfere before he killed the Sin, I knew Luci liked him.

"He is Sethan, crownprince of the vampire race with the extra ability in combat to neutralize a demon's power."

"And how, if I may ask, do you know this?" The low threatening tone reminded me of Luci and I knew her temper. Great, I was going to be thrown in a wall too.

"The school she is attending is a vamipre facility, he recognised Luci for what she is and blackmailed her into a date." I rushed out before Satan had picked me up.

"Her mother must have known, she picked the school. Maybe she can contact the vampires."

Distracted by my words Satan dropped me to the ground.

"I should have never trusted that bitch." I heard him scream.

****

P.O.V. (Luci)

Man, he really looked like shit. I couldn't believe vampires burned so well. His skin was still ashen, but the most severe wounds looked to have healed properly, his hair had already grown back. The heavy pants, his laboured breath told me he was in a lot of pain, pain I had inflicted.

I could not believe I was feeling guilty about this. That is if this strange feeling I had was guilt, I was not familiar with the feeling. It felt uncomfortable, I did not like it, but maybe I deserved it. He had after all saved my life, still no reason to bind me though. Great a mix of guilt and anger, I was one fucked up barrel filled with emotions. This vampire was getting to me, and I did not like it.

"How are you? Did they treat you alright?"

Dumbstruck I saw him opening his eyes and lifting himself from the bed with a groan. HE was asking me

if I were alright? I had torched the guy alive and the idiot wanted to know how I was doing?

"Luci? What happened? Say something, anything." He sounded really worried.

"What is wrong with you? Are fucking insane? I put you on fire and you're asking me if I'm alright? Did the fire damage your braincells?" I yelled exasperated.

He smiled at me and damn him, even burned he made my knees go weak.

"I suppose you are. Don't worry about the burnig incident. You were upset, I know you didn't do it on purpose. If you had wanted me dead, I know I'd be dead."

"Who said I was worried. I am an evil demoness, I do not feel guilt." I lied, I had been worried sick.

"People who are evil, rarely say they are." He smiled, he actually smiled.

Who the fuck was this imposer? This was not the Mr. Cocky that had bound me and got mad every time I opened my mouth.

"Are you sick? Did I burn your already below average braincells?" I touched his forhead, like I had seen humans do it on tv, as if to feel his temperature.

Before I could pull my hand away he had wrapped his long fingers around my wrist and had pressed my hand against his cheek. He closed his eyes, sighted and smiled this weird little happy smile. Damn, he was gorgeous when he looked so at peace. My hand itched to feel if his hair still had the same soft texture as before I had burned him bald and he had to grow it back. I couldn't stop myself and let my hand wander through those dark, almost black curls. Exhausted he fell back against his pillow, he must feel terribly weak.

I closed my eyes and pressed my forhead against his, his breath carresing my lips. I kissed him, ever so gently not to hurt him more than I already had. It felt like coming home, the soft pressure of his lips against mine, that delicious taste of him.

****

P.O.V. (Satan)

« Precilla, you cold hearted bitch I know you're out there ! You better show your ugly face to me or I swear I'll kill every single last one of your precious angels if that's what it takes for you to explain what you did to my little girl!"

I was furious and beyand mad, she had sent me poor little girl to a school full of vampires! She had arranged my daughter not only to room with a bunch of boys, but also with powerful vampire boys. I could not believe this! How was it this women always succeeded in tricking me?

"No reason to get your panties in a twist, dear Satan." A gentle, lovely voice spoke.

She was a beauty, even after all this hate I felt for her, I could not deny it. Wavy blond hair, big blue eyes and small plump lips, perfect for kissing, an elegant body to die for. Luci had the elegant features of her mother but the fiery eyes and her liveliness from me. I still thanked whatever power that had brought my

daughter to me, the way her mother had tortuered that little girl... For that alone I could kill her, I should have killed her a long time ago, but right now I needed information.

"What have you done to my daughter?"

I locked my hands behind my back to stop myself from strangling this cruel beauty. She only arched one perfect eyebrow at me.

"Lucifer is in the vampire plane, right now as we speak."

No surprise showed on her face. I clenched my hands to fists in rage, my suspicions confirmed.

"You knew it was a vampire boardingschool." I said through clenched teeth.

"Of course I knew that, my sweet. I needed to eliminate this crownprince, he is a serious threat to us, powerful and supicious. Lucifer can enchant any guy and has a short fuse. I knew she'd end up killing him. I have to admit I had thought she wouldn't be stupid enough to get caught in the vampire plane. Well, it's not like she was very useful anyway, was

she? Always being difficult, never grateful for what I offered her. That girl costs me a lot of work, now I have to start looking for a new Virtue of Justice. All my effort wasted on that girl, she'll be dead by tomorrow."

Who was this cruel women? How had I ever been able to bare the sight of her, let alone touch her?

"Why did you seduce me that night? Why did you want a child with the Devil?"

She laughed, a cold, cruel sound.

"You still haven't figured it out, Satan? No wonder I ended up with such a silly girl for a daughter."

I so badly wanted to kill this women, this creature that treaded my daughter as if she were dirt. But I needed to hear what she had to say, I needed to know so I could protect my Luci in the future. Yes, in the future, I had trust in Luci, she was smart and if things went wrong Demorion would help her, he owed me that.

"You remember how we met, Satan?" She asked in that same sweet seductive purr as when we first met.

"I heard there have written epics about our meeting." She smiled.

I had heard from them too, the fallen angels hadn't went out of there way to veil the truth, but they had never mentioned the reason why.

"Her enchanted voice was that of purity,

his thoughts were those of utmost obscurity.

She sought to maim this tortured beast,

to savor his pain as her grand feast.

The poor demon didn't know,

he didn't recognize her puppetshow,

captured by her glowing essence,

her radiant beauty and luminescence."

Leave it to her to recite the most flattering part about her. There had been less complimentory descriptions of her actions, but never of her beauty. She had used me and taken my only child from me, I needed to know why.

"But why?"

"My sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet"

"Cut the crap, Precilla." I cut her off.

I could not believe I had once fallen for this shit. She was no radiant beauty, nor luminous, that was Luci, not her mother. Precilla was an icequeen, cold as the stone to wich one Prometheus was chained to, condemned to have his liver eaten for eternity.

She looked pissed that I had silenced her, good.

"You should really pay more attention to the prophecies of the fates."

"Half of what those rambling hags say, is so ambiguous, that the oracle of Delphi made more sense!" I growled in frustration.

"They predicted the fall of the supernatural races. The hierachy between the supernatural races would be broken and the angel and demon race would be condemned to bow for one called Sethan with the fangs."

"Satan? Why would I destroy my own race? You 're talking through your hat, women! I do not even have fangs! I am no bloody leech." I was annoyed.

"Sethan, the crowprince of the vampires."

I stared at the women. She had sent my daughter to one destined to be her downfall?

"What did the prophency say about Luci? What is her part in this."

"The hotblooded child of the power of Hell and the grace of Heaven would safe one of the condmened races; angel or demon, it was not seen yet wich one she would choose."

"You have tortuered her beyond imagination. You knew my daughter was the key and yet you treaded her the way you did?" And I had thougth this women was cunning.

"I tried." She yelled.

"But you do not know how hard it is to see your own blood growing up, see it get more and more tainted with demonblood. I had only to hear her heartbeat

and I was remined of the awfull smell of Hell. I had to see her wield fire like a true demon, I heard her easy laughter and knew the girl would never take a thing serious! I tried training her, but she was weak. I am still amazed she was able to kill the vampireprince before he killed her.

Don't you look at me like that Satan! It is your own fault that I had to sent her in like that. If you had not taken away the keyelement in the plan from me, this would not have happened. You brought it upon yourself."

"You got scared she'd safe the demons rather than she would safe the angels, didn't you?"

"Your blood runs thicker through her veins, I could never love something demonic. She was not pure."

"Don't talk about her like she is dead! I love my daughter!"

"Like you loved the succubus you named her after?" She sneered.

I froze at her words. She had know about Lucifer, the only women, appart from Luci, that I had ever loved?

Switch P.O.V. (Precilla)

"Like you loved the succubus you named her after?" I sneered.

I could see the confusion on his face, and revelled in his pain, he deserved it. He was the reason I had lost my beloved sister. Me and Lucifer had been inseparable when we were kids, but when we grew up Lucifer had been drawn to the world below. I could not have cared less for those puny humans and lore creatures that dwelled there and had refused to accompony her on her trips. If I had know her happy smiles had been for a demon I would have stopped her, but by the time I found out she had already made her choice had become one of the Fallen. He than turned her into a demon and Lucifer had loved her new powers, had loved becoming a succubus and the thing I could not forgive her for: had loved Satan.

She had loved him with a dying passion that had consumed her. Not once had she looked back for the family she had left behind.

When the first war had come and I had seen her leading those demonic troops, not caring it was her

own kind she fought against, rage had taken over my mind. The only reason I was able to kill her was because she did not want to kill me, her own sister. Foolish girl, she had chosen sides like ago and she had already been dead for me.

"You never wondered who killed her?" I asked, enjoying the pain on his face.

"You?" He looked like he was about to fall apart. Pathetic.

"She was powerful, I made sure of it. You could not have killed her." He was in denial.

"You never wondered why you slept with me sixteen years ago? Look at my face and try to think of a reason you wanted me, even if I was an angel and you had sworn never to want one again?"

"You reminded me of her. Luci's face reminds me of her."

"Jackpot baby, I'm the sister and if it weren' t for you, she would have never left Heaven."

"You never called your own daughter by her name. You couldn't, you feel guilty about" He took a sharp breath as if saying it out loud mate it that much worse. Demons were pathetic;

"about killing your own kin."

I shook my head, he didn't get it.

"She made her choice, I do not feel guilt. I hated the reminder of her, of the betrayl and humilination she put me through! It took me centuries to restory our families name, she was a disgrace and I was glad to be rid of her!"

An awful burned smell made me cring my noise. It smelled like, like burned hair. Holy shit! The bastard had burned my hair! I brought my hands to my now bald head, my beautiful blond hair, gone!

"You bastard!" I shrieked.

"I am glad I sent your daughter to her dead! And I am sorry that the demon Xerxes did not succeed in killing her!"

Not only the demon had believed me, even the girl. Those old memories of my sisters confusion I had stolen before I finished her off had finally come to good use.

"What did you know about Xerxes? Why would he want to have harmed Luci?"

"It was my sister who had turned him into a demon, it was Lucifer who took a piece of his sould to blacken her own to become a demon."

"He thought they were the same."

I saw murder in his eyes and quicly took off. He was planning on killing me all along only for sending the child to her dead, but me telling him about my sister... if he ever got his hands on me, I'd be lucky if he killed me right away. I had heard of stories of torture in Hell, good thing demons could not enter Heaven.

I spread my beautiful white wings, reminding myself that I would never again have to look at my daughters disfigured wings. A sharp, excruciating pain rippled through me, making me fall to the

ground. Blood colured my white wings red. The pain was unbearable.

"I won't kill you, Precilla. I will not grant you a quick dead. When I have time, you will suffer." His voice was low and threatening.

He nudged the gash and I screamed.

"See this as a start to what you have put my daughter through and what I will do to you too."

His black soulless eyes looked down on me and knew that if I ever left Heaven again, he would find me. I finally believed the terrifying tales about him.

****

P.O.V. (Luci)

He was an amazing kisser, I thought while I deepened our kiss. With a last nip at his lower lip I tore my mouth away from his for a much needed airsupply. My heartbeat had picked up to a normal human rhythm. Hungry he trailed kisses along my jaw, finding his way to the frantic pulsing vein in my neck. His tonguy flickered over the spot where my

vein lay. I tensed, ready to beat the crap out of him if he bit me, but he had already moved on, kissing my collarbone.

I pushed myself up so I was able to look at his face.

"Did you want to bite me?" I asked, not angry but curious why he hadn't.

If I should believe his mother, he needed my blood to heal, it would make the pain go away. Why hadn't he just took what he wanted.

"You are not comfortable with me taking your vein." He simply said, nibling my earlove.

I was having a hard time concentrating.

"That didn't stop you the first time." I managed to say.

I even succeeded in calling my anger about the incident to the surface.

He stopped kissing me and pushed himself upright, leaning his head against the wall to spare his strenght. Demons, he was so weak.

"I was out of control and mad at you for lying to me. It was still no excuse for what I did, but that is what happened. I promise to you, Lucifer,"

He said my name without flinching and my heard actually skipped a beat. Oh, fuck I was going all mushy and giddy. This better be because of my lack of sleep and emotional outburst from earlier when I had put him on fire.

"I will never take something from you that you aren't willing to give."

He sounded so sincere, and I wanted to believe that, but I couldn't. How could I trust someone that didn't trust me? He should have never bounded me, taken away my freedom. I did not give forgiveness easely and he had done something that in my book was unforgivable.

"I know I haven't done a lot to prove myself worthy of your trust, Luci, but I will try my hardest to gain it in the future."

For now, that meant more to me than his earlier promise. The stuborn, arrogant prince was ready to yield, that meant something.

"Well, for us to have a future, we first need to get out of here. I don't know when they'll realise that I'm not in the dungeon anymore, by the way: dungeons? The so tenth century, I hope that when you are king, you'll desinfect this place or move to a better location."

"Wait what? Dungeons? You were in a dungeon? We haven't used those for decades!"

No wonder they were so disgusting.

"And you haven't lived in this castle for decades too? That would explain the fungus."

"What? No, I grew up here, it clean."

No, it wasn't. But we would keep that argument for later when I wasn't in lifethreatening danger.

"Anyway. I don't like vampires. I'm going to take a stand and say they're not good. I have never in my life been so insulted: leeches who think they can bind

me! Lucifer, the powerful demon in Hell? Granted, they did not realise that, which brings me to another insult: how many time can one be confused for a succubus? I mean, come on! Have you ever seen the way how those sluts dress? So not my style!"

"I'm sorry I put you through this, Luci."

"Well, I'm not really sorry that I put you on fire, but I am sorry that I almost killed you."

"I suppose that I the best I will get."

He made a pathetic attempt to get up and fell back in the bed.

"How are you going to leave this castle unseen and open the portal when you can't even sit up straight?"

I could not believe I was going to do this. I was either insane or really, really desperate.

"Oh, damn it! You can have a sip, but nothing more! You take more than a sip and I'll burn all your soft tissue! And I mean all of it!"

I could not believe myself. I stuck out my wrist but pulled it back when his hand reached out to me.

"You can't tell anyone I let you drink. Swear you won't tell a soul, not even the dead ones."

He rolled his eyes.

"Fine. Who would have thought you could be such a dramaqueen, it's only a sip."

I sat next to him on the bed and offered him my wrist. He hesitantly took it, but instead of bringing it to his mouth he used it to pull me closer and kissed me hard on the lips.

I was dazed from that kiss and hardly felt his teeth pierce my skin. I had not even blinked my eyes and he had already stopped. I couldn't believe he kept his promise and only took a sip. It hadn't been anything like the first time, he was gentle and it had kind of felt good. Not that I'd ever admit such a thing out loud. I felt him lick the small puncture wounds, licking up the last drops of blood. This should have freaked me out, it didn't. I must be coming down with something.

I heard a giggle, a real giggle. Was he giggling?

"Pretty princess. Pretty, pretty, pretty princess."

What the hell?

He touched my face as if amazed.

"Your skin is so soft..." He said in a dazed tone.

"Like a peeper." His voice rose a couple of octaves too high.

Again: what the hell?

"Wow? Did you drank toxic waste as a kid? Your eyes are nuclear green. It's like they're glowing. Pretty eyes, pretty, pretty princess. Are you a fairy princess? That would be so cool? Oh, no! I want you to be a genie!"

He clapped his hands like an excited five year old.

"Are you a genie? Can I have three wishes? I want a lollypop! And a crocodile! But I want one with foam teeth so it won't hurt when he bites me." He giggled.

There was something disturbing to see a teenage boy giggle like a brainless girl.

"And my last wish is a kiss! Can I have a kiss from the pretty, pretty princess with the pretty, pretty, pretty nuclear glowing green eyes? Pretty please?"

Again he touched my face and giggled. He looked better, all his wounds seemed to have healed. I always knew I had fantastic blood. Vain? Much? So why was he acting like a hyper on a caffein and sugar trip?

"Did you know you're skin is soft as a peeper? Do all girls who drank nuclear waste get such a soft skin? I think more parents should let their kids drink nuclear waste. Or eat it if they don't want to drink it. Did you become a genie by drinking nuclear waste? You're like a princessgenie! With pretty, pretty nuclear glowing green eyes. You are so pretty."

That was so weird.

I had never in my life heard a person use the word 'pretty' and 'nuclear waste' so much in one sentence. I grasped his chin in my hand and made him look at me. He giggled again. Holy shit! His pupils were gigantic, you almost didn't see the blue anymore.

Was he high?

(Got to go and study some more, jeej! (heavy on the sarcasm)

Hope you guys liked the story:D thanx for reading.)

oh and sorry for all the grammar and spelling mistakes, I scanned it and saw some awfull big mistakes and corrected them but I wouldn't be surprised if there were more:s

Chapter 55

daughter of hell 54

This part is all conversation, hope you can follow it:P It's total chaos in my head, but I suppose everyone who has a bit fantasy has that problem.:D

Hope you like the story:D

Xx impossible

oh and I'M ON FREAKING PAGE 1!!!!! how awesome it that!!!!!!!!!!!! Thank you people:D

P.O.V. (Luci)

"Did you know your skin is soft as a peeper? Do all girls who drank nuclear waste get such a soft skin? I think more parents should let their kids drink

nuclear waste. Or eat it if they don't want to drink it. Did you become a genie by drinking nuclear waste? You're like a princessgenie! With pretty, pretty nuclear glowing green eyes. You are so pretty."

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Was he high?

"Are you high?"

"No, it just looks like that to you because you're shorter than me." Again the stupid gigle!

"Are all princessgenies so short?"

"I'm not short, you stupid junkie! You're just freaking tall and fucking high."

He suddenly pressed his finger to my lips.

"Shhhh." He whispered, while looking around as if we were being watched.

"God is everywhere."

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah! I turned away from him before I did something stupid as torching his hair or something likewises.

"You are a vampire, Seth. Your lot worships the goddess Nix. Why for the love all things spiteful would you bring up God?" I asked in an exasperated voice.

He pouted and he looked so damn cute it made me want to kiss those delicious lips.

"Still no reason to swear. Are princessgenies even allowed to swear? I think their should be a law against such things. Your skin is too soft to swear."

That so did not make any sense.

"They're coming, they've come to shut it down. They're coming, they'll rip it from the ground. They're coming to possess all that they see. They're coming, you're better off with me." He stared chanting and doing some sort of dance that looked like he had muclespasm.

Since he'd called me a toxik-waste-eating-genieprincess I didn't really stopped to think what he meant by that. I got the meaning as soon as the door crashed open and the big vampiredude wiht the scar barged into the room.

If he hadn't been a big scary vampirewarrior, I would have laughed with the look on his face when he saw Mr. Cocky pretend to be flying while singing 'You are the wind beneath my wings'.

"What happened to the prince?" He asked.

"Bette Midler just died and her spirit has taken over Seth's body, now she's giving us a performance." I said while I tried blasting him against the wall.

That's when I remembered I did not have any powers in this part of the castle. The good thing was, neither did the vampire, the not so good thing: he'd still kick my ass with his vampire strengt.

Suddenly Seth was there in front of the scarred vampire and threw his arms around the guys neck.

"It must have been cold there in my shadow, to never have sunlight on your face." He sang.

The scarred vampire pushed Seth out of the way and grabbed his shoulder, making him stop singing and look at him.

"Is he high?"

"A beautiful face without a name for so long. A beautiful smile to hide the pain."

Demons, that boy could not sing! It was a miracle no one else had come to check on us. Wich brought me back to the not so little problem on hand. Massive vampire with freaky sharp fangs.

"He was like that when I found him here." I tried talking myself out of it.

"I'm just a humble serve girl."

He looked at me as if I had gone mad.

"Never thought Satan's daughter would say those words. And here I believedthe stories about the kick ass, too arrogant daughter of Hell."

"I am not arrogant." Was my instant reply before the true meaning of his words sunk in.

"You know who I am?"

"Who doesn't?" Seth chirped in.

"She's the most beautiful genieprincess in the entire world." He gigled.

"Would someone like to explain what happened to the prince?" The scarred vampire asked confused.

"Why don't you tell me how you found out about me first?" I asked with the sweetest smile.

"I owe your dad a favour, don't push it princess."

I frowned, how did a vampire end up owing to Satan? That didn't make sense. Vampires hated our race, they'd never do any favours for a demon, even if the demon had saved the vampires live.

"Do you really think I'm that stupid? The angels got your race all wrapped up around their dainty little finger, you hate us. I'd have to be retarted to trust you."

"Look, princess. If I h ad wanted to take you out I would have done it the minute I saw you. I am Demorion and I will help you get out of here, but I

first need you to explain to me how you were able to drug a damn powerful vampire."

Demorion... I knew that name. Why did this name sound so familiar? Who was this guy? I would have remembered him if I had seen him, a vampire with a scar is bound to be noticed. Immortals did not scare, that was unless... My bitch mother got her hands on you.

"Ever been to Heaven Demorion?"

Damn that question sounded all wrong. But the hardening in his eyes told me he had been there, and that he hadn't enjoyed the experience. We had that in common.

"I suppose you have met my bitch mother? Blond, fragile, apparently quiet an exquisite beauty."

Who had discovered that if you poured cold liquid boiling silver in a vampire wounds, they didn't heal so fantasticly well.

"There is nothing beautiful to that cold hearted bitch.You outshine her with ease, you take after your aunt I suppose."

"My aunt?" I asked confused. I didn't have an aunt.

"Yeah, Lucifer, you're named after her."

I wanted to ask so many questions at that moment, but Demorion interupted me.

"Your father saved me when he found out they were torturing me for information about my race. My mate is a former succubus so she asked his help when I was captured."

Hold it righ there! He mated a succubus? Who wanted one of those sluts on permanent basis?

The angry look on his face made me realise I had said that out loud. Oeps.

"She gave up her higher demon power and became a lower one to be with me."

And that meant something since a succubus was already quiet a low levelled demon.

"You ever gotten high after drinking her blood?"

His eyes widened.

"You let him drink your blood, freely?"

"Well, he was my only option at the moment and he wasn't in any condition to sit up straight, let alone help me escape this fungus infected castle."

"When blood is offered freely, your body produces a certain subtance that makes the blood taste sweeter, but not something strong enough to get a vampire high. After drinking Allena's blood, that's my mate's name, I get this weird buzz, but again not enough to get high."

"I am quiet more powerful than your low levelled demon mate, I suppose my blood gave the extra kick. It's just, he drank it before and didn't get high. He took a lot more the first time too."

I clenched my fists in anger when I remembered the first time Seth had forced himself upon me and had taken my blood. It had hurted back then, strange that it hadn't this time.

Demorion took in my stiff posture at mentioning Seth had taken my blood.

"Blood tastes bland when you take it from the source without permission. I suppsose that's why he didn't get high the first time."

"Although that explains the problem, it doesn't change anything. He's still high."

I pointed towards Mr. Cocky who was following a ladybug around the room.

"And although you can open the portal for me, we need to take the doped person with us, because in his state he blab out my escape to the first person coming in."

"Than we take him with us. He can walk again thanks to your blood, we'll make him wear a hoody with the cap on, no one will see him."

This was a stupid plan, and we were going to die. But since it was the only plan, at hand, we were going through with it. Possible dead always managed to make my day.

(Okay, not one of my best. I didn't had much time, but it had been a while since I had posted; next one will be more interesting:D

Thanx for reading my story:D

Xx impossible)

Chapter 56

daughter of hell 55

Jeej I got it from not even three pages in Word to a bit more than four. That's better than nothing, no?

Oh, yeah and Seth is still high:P

Hope you like the story:D

Xx impossible

Chapter

Whenever I have to do something in a hurry, I'll always bring a turtle.

- Jean-Bob -

(I know! It's from the Swanprincess, in Disney and call me a freak but Jean-Bob doesn't get nearly enough credit! And if you guys don't know him!

Shame on you, shame on you, shame on you... (there goes my dodo fascination in ice age again:P)

So Jean-Bob is the frog with the bad french accent and he's awesome:D)

"Would a fly without wings be called a walk?"

"Seth, shut the fuck up!"

I was tired, I was annoyed, and the junkie wouldn't shut the fuck up! We had been walking for what must have been at least... I looked at my watch, okay fifteen minutes. But it had been a long fifteen minutes with the junk walking beside you.

"When you choke a smurf, what colour does it turn?"

"How about I strangle you and see what colour you'd turn out." I said while wringing my hands, they itched to either cut off his air supply or to beat the shit out of him.

Why couldn't he just be a lovely mute, or a junkie that got all emotional when he was high instead of this annoying, irritating, stupid, ridiculous vampire!

"Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic called rush hour?"

That was it! I lunged for his throat but was janked back by Demorion.

"It's not his fault that he is high, Lucifer. We'd go a lot faster if you'd let me carry you to the portal. We could be there in two seconds."

"Look, no offense. I don't mean to discriminate, but learning from previous experiences: I'd rather stay as far away from fangs as I can. Nothing personal, succubus lover."

Demorion sighted. He'd done that a lot in the fifteen minutes I've known him. Does that say something about me? Hell yes, I still got it.

"I'd like it if you could stop insulting my mate, I love her and your oppion doesn't matter to me. I do not care if you are the princess of Hell and if"

"I could kick your sissy vampire ass any day?" I interuped with one of my better smirks.

"Are you always such a bitch?"

That made me laugh, he really had to ask that? This guy just confirmed my theory about the intelect of a vampire: it was a very sad thing.

"You say I'm a bitch like it's a bad thing."

"Has anyone ever won an argument with you?"

" Ishould have a little chat with your mate and share my knowledge with her. Maybe if you got more practice with her you'd get better, eventually."

I supressed my laughter. Damn, was I the only one who caught on to the double meaning of those words?

"Whose cruel idea was it for the word 'lisp' to have an 's' in it?"

Aaaaaaaaaaaaah! He was impossible! The boy was ... was something that was so terrible they didn't even have a name for it yet. I suggest we started calling it a seth. I liked that:

'Stop being such a seth.'

'You are annoying the seth out of me!'

'Your such a seth! - Oh no you did not just call me that!'

Yeah, it was a keeper.

"Halt! Who goes there?" Another big, steroid vamp dude in a fancy army costume called out.

"Demorion, I am escorting one of the girls." He leaned in closer to the guard.

"She's too clumsy for the likes of the prince." He whispered, but I still heard.

The guard smirked, his fangs peeking out from the corners of his mouth.

"So the prince is back on his feet. It is good to hear he has recovered from the attack." He smiled.

Oh, he's feeling better alright. I never should have given the bastard my blood. I rubbed absently over my chest, I had this inexplicable ache near my heart. I blamed it on my surroundings, this place gave me

the creeps. I could sense every last one of these bloodsuckers and there were many.

"When will they be burning the succubus?"

It was sick how many times I got confused with a succubus. It wasn't like I called every vampire I met a leech.... crap. And burning? Come on, we're demons, we love fire, we do not burn well.

"The prince is making plans as we speak." Demorion answered.

What plans? I suppressed a snort. Plans to how he will choke a smurf to see what colour he'd turn? Or maybe plans as in how he could introduce the word 'walk' for when a fly got his wings severed by a very sadistic kid. Was I a sadist for imagining my mother getting her wings ripped of by a very sadistic kid who had mistaken her for a bluebottle? Probably.

Did I feel bad about it? Not really.

"I hope they do it when I don't have a shift, I've never seen a demon burn."

Maybe because my kind doesn't burn? Honest to Hell, how small were vampire brains? I saw the wheel spinning, but the hamster looked pretty dead.

"Who's hiding behind the hoody?"

Ah crap, the hamster had some last death spasms after all.

"Just some commoner's kid who will be attending the school. One of the queen's little charity project like the little redhead, what's his name again, that befriended the prince.

The guards features hardened, his blue eyes icing over.

"Dustin, the boy's name is Dustin and my son is not a charity case."

"Way to go, Demorion." I muttered.

Then the guards words sunk in. This oversized, I-eat-steroids-like-scoobydo-eats-his-scoobysnacks
vampire was Dustins dad? Holy shit. How the heck did this guy reproduced himself with as the end result perky, carrothaired Dustin?

"Wow, he must take after his mom a lot." I said in awe.

"If it weren't for those big blue eyes, I'd say there was no way you were his biological father."

"You know my son?"

It seemed like I had distracted the mean looking guard from killing Demorion.

"Yeah, we go to school together. No offense but the boy is like a manly cheerleader when it comes to his temperament. Not the bitchy stuff of course, I mean the happy go lucky attitude."

"But he's cool, that is if you don't take his conservative values in account. Then again, they all got that problem, so I suppose I can't really blame him for that."

"Well, I met his mother, Claire, in 1212, you know when the so called children crusades started. So Claire is a women of her time and"

"Ho, ho, ho. You're telling me you took a girl from one of those idiotic crusades as your mate? That's sick."

"I am not a paedophile. The children crusades are an ill chosen name. It weren't really children that went to fight the Saracens. The sources about the crusades mentioned the Latin word 'pueri' wich for the Romans meant a child from seven to fourteen, but in the Dark Ages it could be up till your twentyeight. It were mostly the poor that saw the crusades as a change for a better life. But that's not my point!"

"She's an annoying little thing, isn't she." Demorion chimed in.

"And you called his son a charity case." I snapped back.

"Yes, he did." Dustin's dad took a threatening step towards Demorion.

"You were trying to convince us you aren't a paedophile." I quickly distracted him again.

"I only mentioned the crusade to give you an idea from what time Claire's from and how it might have influenced our son in his upbringing!" He yelled, getting all worked up.

"Then why didn't you say the thirteenth century, we understand the concept of the Dark Ages!"

Again, I saw the wheel spinning, but the hamster looked dead.

"Why is it that" The junk started.

Oh, no I had forgotten about the high vampire. Please don't start talking about choking smurfs, please.

"in the United Sates,"

Please start about boring politcs, state your opinion about Obama, tell me he secretly is a vampire too, who's trying to stage a coup and is making plans to overthrow the vampire monarchy. Say something like that, but do not ask anything about smurfs or flinstones or whatever there was that sounded more stupid than Obama being a vampire.

"if you take of all your clothes"

Oh, look at that: my hope just died, crushed by the words 'take off your clothes'. Let's take a minute of silence for the parting of hope. Goodbye hope, you

were a cherised companion for the last sixteen years, I will miss you and probably join you in a little while.

"and start running down the street waving a gun, terrified citizens will phone the police and say: 'There's a naked man on the street!' That's kind of stupid, isn't it?"

We were dead.

Or at least I was dead since I was the so called succubus who had toasted the prince. Damn, this sucked! I had always thought that if I would get executed, it would at least be for something I really had done, not a failed murder attempt. I hadn't even been trying to kill him! Well, there had been a couple of times that I had tried to kill him, but they didn't know that.

Chapter 57

daugther of hell 56

And the reason this upload is so late is because:

I wanted to go for the easy solution and let Luci get out of Gramoira without the hassle, simply because I didn't had much inspiration. That is the reason why it took me so long, I just couldn't think of something that wasn't too obvious. So sorry that it took me so long and that this isn't really the long one you all probably had expected, but I hope you still like it.

Excuses, excuse, you are right, but here it is:D

Sorry, but first: this is a joke worth sharing:D

Ever wondered what it means to give MORE than 100%? Ever wonder about those people who say they are giving more than 100%? We have all been to those meetings where someone wants you to give over 100%. How about achieving 103%? What makes up 100% in life? Here's a little mathematical formula that might help you answer these questions:

If:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z is represented as:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26.

Then:

H-A-R-D-W-O-R-K

8+1+18+4+23+15+18+11 = 98%

and

K-N-O-W-L-E-D-G-E

11+14+15+23+12+5+4+7+5 = 96%

But,

A-T-T-I-T-U-D-E

1+20+20+9+20+21+4+5 = 100%

And,

B-U-L-L-S-H-I-T

2+21+12+12+19+8+9+20 = 103%

AND, look how far ass kissing will take you.

A-S-S-K-I-S-S-I-N-G

1+19+19+11+9+19+19+9+14+7 = 118%

So, one can conclude with mathematical certainty that While Hard work and Knowledge will get you close, and Attitude will get you there, it's the Bullshit and Ass kissing that will put you over the top.

Here comes the story:P

I'd like to apologize to the people who actually like the story about Romeo and Julia, I respect your opinion, but personally I think it sucks (although I did cry with the movie, but I find the idea of two kids killing themselves out of love weird and kind of

pathetic, sorry that just isn't right. I mean Romeo would be like what? 14? And he knows true love?).

Hope you like the story:D

Xx impossible

I MIGHT WARN YOU if you haven't seen Ice age I, you might get confused:S

(sorry I saw Ice age III and had some wistful thinking about a certain kind of birds:P)

P.O.V. (still Luci)

"Why is it that in the United Sates, if you take of all your clothes and start running down the street waving a gun, terrified citizens will phone the police and say: 'There's a naked man on the street!' That's kind of stupid, isn't it?"

We were dead.

Or at least I was dead since I was the so called succubus who had toasted the prince. Damn, this sucked! I had always thought that if I would get executed, it would at least be for something I really had done, not a failed murder attempt. I hadn't even

been trying to kill him! Well, there had been a couple of times that I had tried to kill him, but they didn't know that.

Dustin's dad frowned and tried to get a closer look at the boy behind the hoody. I let out a nervous laugh, I didn't even had to fake it.

"He's not quiet himself." I rattled.

"He's kind of" another nervous laugh. "wasted."

Please let vampires be able to get drunk. If they could get high, surely they could get drunk too, right? The increasing frown between Dustin's dad's eyes didn't gave me much hope.

"Why would he drink that much? Vampire's don't get drunk easy, there is no way the boy knocked back that much booze."

Fuck, think fast Satanini, think fast. Great now I got the theme song from the Jimmy Neutron cartoon stuck in my head. 'Into the stars, going by Candy Bar's, rides a kid with a knack for invention. A superpowered mind, a mechanical canine, rescues, the day from destruction...' Focus Luci! Keep your

focus! I wonder who'd win a science battle: Jimmy Neutron or Dexter? I'd say Dexter, but he's got the annoying sister Deedee, that'd be enough to make anyone start drinking. Yes!

"He found out I'm his mate." I said with an apologic smile.

"He told me that would be enough to even get a vampire wanting to get drunk." Fake tears streaming down my face. I should have been an actress.

"That is not the right thing to do son." Dustin's dad said in the same freaky responsible voice my own dad so often used.

"A mate is something that should be treasured. Don't waste such a gift."

Yadiyadiyada, blablabla, vampires were such whiners. Like I'd want to be Mr. Cocky's mate. Even if the cosmos had played such a cruel joke, I'd still fight it to my last dying breath.

"He's tight as drum. You could be threatening him with dead and he'd still laugh in your face. Do not

worry about me, I'll deal with him when he sobers up."

"Can a stupid person be a smart-ass?"

My hands craved the feel of his skin against mine. Nop, not in any way romantic or sexual, but to make him bleed, or at least bruise all the colours of the rainbow. He risked my life, and Demorion's life too, even high he had to at least be a bit aware of the situation. Or maybe not, maybe I was just looking for a scapegoat, a reason to stil hate him, a reason not to owe him for saving my life from Raphael and my mother. Was it pride that was keeping me from accepting his help, his sincerity when he said he cared? Was I really this petty, this unyielding? Except for my dad and Marcus, I had never in my life let anyone matter enough to become before my own good. There was no one else's life that I considered more important than my own. Selfish? Than that's what I was, it had kept me alive so far. I couldn't let myself care enough for anyone else, for love came before the fall, not pride. It was what made every creature weak; love, caring. Look at my mother, she

had not a single caring bone in her body, no one could touch that cold heart. The women was indestructible. It wasn't that I wanted to be like her, far from, but I couldn't deny the truth. Love hurts, weakens even the strongest ones among us.

Fairy tales told us that it was love that made us stong, inconquerable. Real life showed us something quiet different: love is simply a psychological need (in other words a weakness) that when satisfied, releases chemicals (dopamine, norepinephrine en phenylethylamine) in the brain and a person expierences the feeling 'love'.

I could love Marcus like the brother I never had, but I was still sane when it came to him, I could still think and function like I had before. But the love they talked about in fairy tales, the I can't breath without you, butterflies in the stomac, you make me cry and laugh at the same time kind of love, that wasn't a risk I was willing to take. History has given us one too many examples of doomed love, the disasters it brings. Tristan and Isolde, there was a fine example of a tragic tale: two people fated to share a forbidden

but undying love, the downfall of a kingdom. I won't drag Romeo and Julia into this, cause let's face it: it's a pathetic story about two pre-teens with an overdramtic nature. Abelhard and Heloïse? Yeah, let's not drag what he lost by loving the wrong women. (if you don't know: google it, and prepare to whince:P) Helen of Troy and Paris, no words needed, maybe one: disaster. I could go on like this for ages and I still wouldn't have summed up all those 'wonderful' endings of all these lovestories. How dumb can one be to actually want to fall in love? To get smitten and blinded by one person? It's like wearing a sign saying: stupid moron right here, please kill me. If there was any thing worse than love itself, it would be loving a vampire. Loving a vampire was not such a great idea: they've got a lot of love, but it's all in the vein. Seth wasn't healthy for me, even if I had liked him (wich I obviously didn't! He was freaking annoying and had fangs!) I would never let myself get that stupid and fall in love.

Love was the kiss of dead.

("Can a stupid person be a smart-ass?")

"Baby, you're the living proof of that." I said while trying to hold myself in check.

"You kids will work out your differences, I'm sure of that."

Ah, such an old vampire and yet so naive... definitely Dustin's dad.

"But Demorion, you'd better take the direct portal to the school, a bunch of angels have been sneaking around the one near the icerink. We don't know what they were looking for but there also has been some minor fighting with a bunch of demons. Those demons are brutal, only one or two angels survived. The king doesn't want to risk any of his man in a useless brawl between the angels and the demons."

I saw Demorion scrub a hand over his face in a wary gesture. I knew exactley what he was thinking, we did not have the time to get to the other portal to evade the angels. But did we have another choice? Yeah, I could kick major ass, and I was sure Demorion could throw a couple of good punches when it came down to a fight, but we'd still be stuck with the helpless junkie in distress and a bunch of

vampires breathing down our necks, who when they found out the demon fighting the angels was the same as the demon who had torched their prince, would cause trouble. Both options didn't look that appealing to me. It was my neck that was on the line and liked it right were it was now, attachted to my body and head.

The two old fashioned Roman milestones that indicated where the portal would open started to glimmer red. What did that mean? Whenever my dad got real pissed, his eyes turned red. Red was not the bearer of good news in my book.

"What does the red glimmer thing mean?" I interupted the two vampire's conversation about security.

Both vampires started cursing under their breath. I did not like this!

"You better get those kids back to the safety of the castle, Demorion."

No, no, no. That castle was not safe, it secretely was a huge fungusmonster coming to life. That and it was

filled with a too many vampires who wanted me dead! Someone better told me what was going on cause no one would like to see me freaking out true halfbreed style. I was feeling trapped and that usually resulted in the impossible: my demon and angel half both surfacing at the same time and although that would make me pretty damn powerful, it would not change the outcome of one against an entire race. I could feel my scalp itch from where the horns were begging to let themselves be seen, and I felt my skin crawling from the tattoos trying to come alive. If someone failed to provide me some answers real quick, Hell's angels would become more than a motorcycle club.

"They are sealing all the portals to prevail the escape of an intruder." Demorion said with horror painted over his face.

This was not the answer I wanted to hear.

"Seems like the little demoness got out." Dustin's dad added.

No, no, no this could not be happening.

"What do you do when you see an endangered animal that eats only endangered plants?"

I actually laughed at his words this time, only someone who really knew me could hear the edge of hysteria in my laugh.

"You kill the animal, for after all the plants are eaten, he'll die anyway."

The sharp look I received from Demorion told me he understood the hidden meaning behind my words, and the displeasure on his face showed me he did not agree with me. So killing all the vampires was not an option. Don't know why he dismissed the idea so quickly, it had seemed like a damn fine solution to me.

"Can't you just open the portal for a minute and close it right behind us?" I pleaded giving the guard my puppy eyes.

"Once the gates are closed, only the king can open them again." Demorion grumbled.

"Well, that sucks." Understatement of the year.

"Do hungry crows have ravenous appetites? Do you know the answer?" He asked me.

"You must know the answer, I wish for the answer to my question. You're a genieprincess, you must make it happen!"

I snapped. I could not take any more of this, I'd had it and lost all restraints. Somewhere between the words crows and ravenous my brains disconnected from my body. I felt like I was being skinned alive. Well, I imagined that's how a person who'd gotten skinned would feel, since I'd never actually had been skinned. That was a weird, complicated sentence, definitely proof that my brains weren't working properly anymore.

Shit I could not go demonic now. Breath like a pregnant lady, Lucifer and maybe you'll calm down, breath like a pregnant lady. This was not helping, how the hell did this calm the pregnant ladies? I only had to worry about possible dead, they had to push something the size of a football out of their body, how the hell did breathing funny help them relax?!

"Where is my answer? Is all that toxic waste tampering with your genie powers?" He whined.

For lack of a better option: breath like a pregnant lady, don't kill the moron. I chanted it like a mantra over and over in my head, and still I felt my skin itch with my powers wanting to come out and play. Why had I never learned selfcontrole? Oh, why hadn't people chided me when I founded my toes so much more interesting during speeches of selfcontrole? Oh, why was I such an amazing person who could tune out every parental lecture? I blamed my mother, if it weren't for her I would have never had to master and refine the art of tuning out all things connected to a sermon.

I also blamed Mr. Cocky. It was his fault that the ring my father had given me to suppress my emotional outburst, did not work! Him and his stupid neutralizing abilities! Why couldn't whatever happened and made me immune to his neutralizing powers not work for my ring too? Why could the asshole not neutralize angelpowers? No, he had to go

for the demonpowers and the jerk did not even realize it! Yes, this was all his fault. And my mother's.

"Ah, there are the extra guards. Some of them will help you escort the kids back, Demorion. It will be safer with that demon on the loose."

And this was the reason I had never taken life too seriously; nobody get out alive anyway.

I went over the edge, I felt myself turning, I needed to stop this. Pain! Pain was a good distraction, I needed pain. But then again, I was already in so much pain from my turning. I needed the worst pain I had ever experienced. I needed my wings.

The wings would stop my true demonform from showing. Yes, they'd know I was an angel, but since vampires were big angel suck-ups, and big demon haters... it seemed like the lesser of two evils.

The moment I concentrated on my wings an unfamiliar burnign spreaded over my entire back, angonizing pain. How in the world had I been able to forget this pain? It felt like my back was being ripped open, and the tattoo of the angelwhip on my back

only made it worse. Had I ever hated my mother for forbidding me to show them? This was worse than the torture I had seen in Hell. The pain increased when the wings started to push out of my skin, I quicly pulled my shirt over my head, making room for the wings to unfold. The pain consumed my very being, it grow rampant untill the only thing that was left in my body was pain, gruesome pain.

A dodo popped up out of nowhere. I blinked my eyes and tried to concentrate on the extinct bird. Suddenly there were two of them. This was too weird, but it distracted me from the pain so I cocked my ears and tried to understand their chanting. Now there were five dodo's chanting, and there kept coming more untill their voices emerged together into an infernal racket. I was now able to understand what they were singing and I must warn you, it did not make much sense.

'I don't know, but I've been told.

I don't know, but I've been told.

End of the world be mighty cold.

End of the world be mighty cold.'

What the hell was that about?

'Prepare for the Ice age!' One of them suddenly shouted.

'Survival separates the dodos from the beasts!' Another one shouted.

Those dodo's were insane. I think I'd rather prefer the pain then hear those dead birds rant about an Ice age.

The pain that pierced through my body made me rethink that statement rapidly.

'If you weren't smart enough to plan ahead,' A dodo in front of me said out of nowhere.

Was he talking to me?

'then doom on you.' He finished.

'Doom on you. Doom on you. Doom on you.' The others fell in line.

Soon I found myself surrounded by dodo's, they were closing in on me.

"Get away from me!" I shouted, but they did not listen.

Insane birds!

'Doom on you.' He looked away and panick started to show on his face.

'Oh, no. No!'

What was he so stressed about? It wasn't him who was spouting wings and started seeing extinct birds.

'Retrieve the melon. Tae kwon dodos, attack!' He yelled again.

What melon? Why a melon?

'The melon!'

I giggled, they looked like running chickens who'd just had their heads severed.

'The melon, the melon, the melon..."

Oh, there went the last female. Wonder how they were planning to survive an Ice age without a female. Stupid birds.

'I got it, got it.'

Jeej, they had retrieved the melon.

'Don't got it.'

It had slipped from his feathery wings.

Wings...

'The last melon!'

Wings... There was something important that I should remember.

(OMG I can't believe I finally finished this part, it took me forever, but I got a couple of ideas for what's supposed to be next, so let's hope it won't take me so long next time!

Thanx for reading my story:D

Xx impossible)

Chapter 58

daughter of hell 57

So I know this isn't the long one I intended to write, but I felt like posting this shortie anyway.

Hope you like it

Xx impossible

Chapter:

"I didn't attend the funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it."

- Mark Twain -

P.O.V. (Luci)

"It's so pretty."

"I can't believe she never showed them to us."

"That colour."

"Can I touch it?"

"No!" Someone roared.

"You touch her and die!" The same person rumbled.

"That better not be possessive talk that I'm hearing, Seth." I said in a groggy, sleepthickened voice.

With a lot of effort I peered open one eyes. What the hell? I saw blue, literally. That's when I noticed I lay facedown on a bed, my head on a blue, very good smelling pillow. Where was I? Grumpily I pushed myself up and faced the other people in the room. Six amazed faces were staring passed me, at something behind my back. The seventh face, Seth's face, was looking me straight in the eyes, he looked almost concerned.

That couldn't be right, could it?

I strechted lazily, demons my muscles were sore. Something urgent, something I should remember pressed at the back of my mind.

"I can't believe you have never showed us your wings before, they are beautiful. I mean that colour and they don't look like anything I'd expect from angelwings. They are sleek like silk, shouldn't wings be puffy and feathery? They're gourgeous." Dustin ended his little speech.

Slowly I rolled my shoulders and felt my wings twitch. Holy shit! It all came back to me now, the Vampire plane, Mr. Cocky dragging me there, my personal favorite: me setting Mr. Cocky on fire, the guards, me totally losing it. Dodo's?

Damn, it had been a while since I had hallucinations from the pain. For some reason I had them every time I called upon my wings. Why the hell dodo's? A watermelon? I needed therapy. I so hated the black holes in my memory whenever that happened. I knew I hadn't lost conciousness, but with the little dodo fantasy I hadn't noticed much of anything else that had happened around me. But seeing as I was still alive and on schoolgrounds, in my dorm, it must mean me posing for an angel had worked. I groaned out loud, it was so embarissing to have to ask others

what kind of stupid shit you pulled off. Another reason why I'd never wanted to get drunk.

"What happened?" I asked, trying to hide my embaressement.

"Well, I don't remember the things before the gates closed that clearly, but" Mr. Cocky started.

Oh, yeah. I had almost forgotten that I hadn't been the only one to pull of the weird crap. He'd been high, he seemed 'unhigh' enough for now. Was that even a word? How long had it taken him to get his wits together? Probably a lot, I should thank Demorion to get me out of there. Speaking of Demorion, where was he?

"Where's Demorion?"

Mr. Cocky tensed and his eyes became two hard, unyielding icepools. Who would have thought I'd ever miss the funny, careless, little bit high Seth? He had annoyed me at the time of our escape, but right now he seemed like he could use a drop of my blood to losen up. Not that I'd ever offer again.

"What do you care?"

Oh, hell, here we go again.

"He did help me get out of there. Wich reminds me, I still haven't forgiven you for getting me stuck there and afterwards getting high, complicating my escape!"

Mr. Cocky opened his mound to, of course, protest, but Nate beat him to it.

"You were high? Awesome!"

He held up his hand for a high five, wich Mr. Cocky rudely ignored. I slapped his raised hand, if only to irritate Mr. Cocky.

"He called me a genieprincess." I grinned.

"Dude. What other embarassing shit has he said?" Nate asked eager.

"If I remember correclty, it was something along the lines of 'pretty genieprincess with toxic waste green eyes' or something like that."

"Oh right, and 'the melon, the melon, protect the watermelon' is so much better?" He asked.

Damn, had I said that out loud?

"And let's not forget the 'doom on you, doom on you, if you weren't smart enough to plan ahead, doom on you.' That one was pretty bad too."

And I wanted to slap that cocky smirk righ of his arrogant face. Instead I gave him my sweetest smile and batted my eyelashes. He looked at me suspiciously, as he should.

"Sweetie, you've got some mighty groveling to do before I'll even consider forgiving you for getting high. Now for the dragging me off to 'bloodsucker world'... let's say that both our immortal lives won't cover the time you'd need to beg for my forgivness, double that time for me dealing with the fact that you bound me. So, I'd suggest you don't mock me any further, if you ever want to get on my good side again."

"You actually have a good side?"

Since it was Nate who'd asked, I let it slide.

"You're on it, handsome." I laughed.

Wich was both true, Nate was an easygoing guy who was indeed very handsome with his twinkling green

eyes, and a smile that encouraged you to join him. I felt a figure behind me approach, way too close to my fragile wings for my liking. Too fast for a human's eye I spun around, accidently spreading my wings and making the air move. The sudden change knocked Sam to the ground with a loud thud. Behind me stood Jake and he was eyeing my wings as cheeta looks at his prey, as if he was searching for a weakness, ready to pounce. The look in his eyes told me he was still in doubt, I intended to keep it that way. I liked Jake, but I simply did not trust him, for his loyalty lay with Seth, never me.

"Like what you're seeing?" I taunted.

Warm brown eyes glinting with amused roved over me, making me want to fidge with my clothes. Clothes, a shirt that I did no longer wair because of my wings.

Seth cursed under his breath and threw me his shirt to cover me up. He stood there, bared before me from his waist all the way up. Damn, he had a fine body, all hard muscles and plains, and a tattoo to die for. The complicated patern of wires laced over his

chest, right above the place the heart was supposed to be, I had a bit of trouble believing vampires had one, and if they had, that it worked. The tattoo was black and green, with in the middle of the chaos of wires some kind of dark blue inscription. It was yummy and quiet supprising that I thought so. Thanks to my mother I had developed a strong adversion against tattoos.

"Cover yourself up."

I rolled my eyes and slowly withdrew my wings untill they were nothing more than a blue tattoo on my back. The transformation was painless, unlike unfolding the wings wich brought me excrutiating pain. I saw the guys stare and quickly threw on Mr. Cocky's shirt, his smell enveloped me, I inhaled deeply.

"So, how'd your first stay at Gramoira go, demon girl?" Vic asked with a big grin on his face.

I flipped him off, Mr. Cocky had probably already told him everything, no doubt about it. They were after all twins, anyway all these weirdo's were joined to the hip, I wonder what made them so close, from

what I'd found out, they were from completly different social classes: two princes, a generals son, a commoner, a halfbreed, I didn't know much about Samuel's and Luke's background but I presumed they were nobility, I could tell from the stick up in their asses.

"I'm so happy you find this amusing, since I nearly died I myself fail to see the humor in it. For some reason being stuck in vampireland was not on my top ten to do list.By the way"

I gave Mr. Cocky one of my killer glares.

"I still haven't forgiven you for getting me stuck there in the first place."

"Damn it, Luci! I've already told you why I had to it, that angel was following us, Raphael."

"Please! Do really think I'm that stupid?"

He looked confused, someone obviously hadn't done his himework.

"You know I'm above Raphael in the angelhierachy."

I saw him forming the words but I cut him off.

"And don't even think that because he's been promoted is the reason I couldn't sense him, even if that was true, I'd still have sensed him, his aura's like an elephant! The slightest movements he makes and the grounds vibrates with his force. Any demon, even one as low as a succubus, would have sensed him from miles away. And don't even think about feeding me any crap about me being too weak to sense him, Luxurius was on the icerink, he's one of the Seven Deadly Sins! You don't get much better than that!"

switch P.O.V. (Seth)

Why couldn't she believe me?

"You believed me in Gramoira."

I knew it was the wrong thing to do, but I wanted her to face the truth and to stop thinking she was invincible.

"You believed me and it scared you so much that you not only put yourself on fire, but me as well!"

"Fuck you, Seth."

I more felt the rage surging through her than I saw it on her face. Yes, I saw her eyes turn that eery violet that I had only seen once before, but the rest of her face didn't betray anyting. But I felt her anger, her desparation at my words, the need to prove me wrong. I felt it. I could not possibly feel something like the need to prove myself wrong, it was...

The mating bond.

I turned and went straight to the bathroom, distantly hearing Luci mumble something like 'What an excellent time to take a piss, coward', but this was something I needed to now.

My chest still bore the same complicated patern of black and green wires as it had since me and Luci had first kissed. It was the sole proof that she was my mate. In the middle of the chaos of wires was the dark blue inscription, an inscription that differed from mating couple to another, but it meant all the same: forever bound together.

The mating would be complete when the male drank his females blood, when she offered it freely. Luci had.

Man, Luci was going to kill me when she found out about this.

(I am much more happy about this one than I have been about my other recent (or not so recent; sorry!) uploads. And don't worry, the explanation about all the why's and hows you're thinking about right now will come:D

thanx for reading,

xx impossible)

Chapter 59

daughter of hell 58

I'm the worst student ever! Letting wattpad come before my schoolwork... Well, I'll live:P

Hope you like the story :D

Xx impossible

Chapter:

"One thing vampire children are taught is, never run with a wooden stake."

- Jack Handey

P.O.V. (Seth)

"A word of advice for my poor lovestruck friend?" Nate laughed.

I gave him one of my warning glances, the one that scared off everyone except my closest friends. How had I ever gotten stuck with Nate as one of my closest friends? Another piece of evidence that my life did not hold a lot of meaning to Nix. Getting stuck with a hellion as mate was only one thing more to rub it into my face. The goddess must really hate me.

"Don't walk out on a crazy, angry, fucked up demoness to take a piss when she is going to give you a piece of her mind."

"Yeah, man." Luke chimed in.

"You just lost your chance at getting it easy, now she's stuck with all that lovely anger and time to find a way to get back at you." Luke pretended to shudder.

"Glad I'm not you, brother." Vic had the nerve to laugh.

And fuming she was, I could tell from the matingbound. Too bad it didn't include being able to hear her thoughts, it would give me the advantage to

know when to duck when she made her move. I still hadn't forgotten the 'missing roommate' prank she had pulled on me, nor the treasurehunt, the talking to walls, and of course the eggyolk in my hair. She hadn't even been nearly as pissed off then as she was now.

I debated on telling the guys the news of their best friend being fully mated to a halfbreed, but I betted against it. Knowing how close Luci and Nate had gotten, he'd probably pass it right along to Luci.

Apparently bro's before ho's was not our motto.

"What's with the fangs, bro?" Vic asked.

I ran my tongue over my extended teeth, and suppressed the urge to rip out Nate's trachea for being closer to Luci than I was.

"She could have died." Nate said, looking accusingly at me.

Where the hell did that come from.

"I know." I said, getting more angry with him within seconds.

"That's why I took her to Gramoira, where the archangel couldn't touch her."

"You really thought that was a good idea? She's a demon, the mortal enemy to the vampire, and you brought her at the door of vampireland."

Funny how he used the same expressions as Luci, or maybe not; it was yet another sign of his closeness to her.

"Demons and angels are mortal enemies, vampires and werewolves are mortal enemies. Demons and vampires are merely at bad ground."

"Our species have been at war, are still at war and you call it being 'merely at bad ground'? What is wrong with you, Seth? Don't you care about her? I thought you said she was your mate! You did not only bring her to our plane but you also left her completely defenseless. You should have never bound her!" Nate yelled.

I had never seen Nate this mad before. The only times Nate got mad was when somene's freedom was endangered, he was a big proponent of free will and

all that shit. Great guy, but a bit a fanatic when it came to someone prejudicing human rights and liberties. Never understood his issues, he was secretive about it. But then, we all have secrets.

"It's not like it stopped her. She broke them in less time than it took me to put them on her! She's a though coockie and she will get over it! This is something between me and my mate, keep your fucking nose out of our problems! It's not because you've never seen a true mating up close that you need to discart the one me and Luci have!"

The shocked, betrayed look on his face made me realise (too late) what a cheap shot I had taken. I knew how sensitive things about his parents lay, and yet I had.... Damn it! Couldn't I do anything right any more? It seemed like the only things I did anymore were screwing things up.

"Damn, Nate. I didn't mean it like that. I'm sorry, dude. It's just that with all this shit going on, I'm... Shit, I don't even know what I'm saying anymore."

I suspected him to leave the dorm, to go running, to be in the open air, the same thing he always did

when he was upset. He supprised us all by standing and going to my room, to Luci. I clenched my fist in anger and incapacity to handle all of this.

"You shouldn't have said that, Seth." Lucas shook his head slowly.

"You know how hard his mum leaving them was on him, on his entire familly. Hell, Seth, his dad still resembles a corpse more than anything else. Why'd you say something like that?"

Because I was jealous? That was still no reason to rub some salt in one of your best friends wounds.

Some salt? Try a whole cargo!

"Because he was right."

Tired, I ran my hand through my hair, thinking about how much better it felt when Luci did just that. Six shocked face stared at me, waiting to elaborate.

"The gates of Gramoira were being sealed and Luci lost it, like at the verge of turning demonic." I explained.

We all knew what happened to demons who'd got captured.

"She used the wings to appear like an angel so they would let her go, I think."

The whole thing was kind of a haze.

"The pain she must have been in... I think she started hallucinating, mumbling all this shit about an Ice age and Dodos." I shook my head in confusion, still not understanding what all that shit about a watermellon had been about.

"Then she fainted, but the wings stayed. That's when I started to wake up from my drugstate."

I saw their eyes light up, they wanted to know more about me being high since we all had tried to get stoned a year ago and hadn't succeeded.

I indicated with my hand that I'd tell them later, much later if I had my way.

"Dad didn't care much for angel in Gramoira. I think he's hardening towards them."

(flashback)

"How do I know this isn't the succubus who attacked you in the first place?"

"Why would I want to save the life of a demoness who tried to kill me?"

"She enthralled you." My dad opted.

"She's got wings, dad. A demon doesn't have wings." I desperately tried to convince him.

"You very well know that I'm thinking about braking our allience with those darn halo's. So, you'd better stop lying to me, son, and tell me what's really going on."

I sighted, damn I had hoped to stall this announcement.

"She's my mate."

"No."

"Why wouldn't she be, just accept the way things are dad, it's what I did."

"You are not from the same species."

I rolled my eyes at that statement, was he kidding me?

"If a vampire mate could only be of our own species, we'd have become extinct centuries ago. Our kind does not produce females, we've been taking human mates for all this time, why can't mine be an angel? She's not like the others, she's..."

Damn, what was I supposed to say? She's part demon too? And yeah, she's also the one who nearly killed me, but hey, don't worry, she didn't do it on purpose.

"She's one of the fallen."

My father lifted one eyebrow, an annoying habbit of his that showed me he wasn't taking any crap from me.

"You are telling me this creature, your mate, is a fallen angel? What kind of fool do you take me for, Sethan? I am your father, you are supposed to know me better than this. I am not illiterate, I can read. The fallen angels lose their wings, that's the price they pay to fall."

Yeah, damn, I hadn't know that.

"Okay, so she isn't fallen, but she's being hunted by her own kind, she hates them. And she's my mate! I would have never made this quick recovery if she hadn't given me her blood." I defended Luci.

The entire world had gone to hell, me having to defend Luci.

"The entire world has gone to hell! My son being mated to an angel." I heard my dad mumble.

"She's mine, and I have no intention of giving her up."

My dad's eyes narrowed to dangerous looking slits, cold green eyes tried staring me down, but I had gotten used to that look ever since I had been born second, a danger to my brother's crown.

"Do you know what you're saying, Sethan?"

"I'll give up my crown if that's what I have to do to keep her."

And to think that there once had been a day, I had lived for nothing but the crown and my father's approval. I was sure of me decision, it felt right. Me

and Luci, that's what I wanted more than anything in the world.

"I'm not letting you step down from your position, son."

I opened my mouth to protest, but my dad cut me off.

"Silence!"

I saw a thick artery pounding beneath the thin skin that covered his left temple. The thing looked ready to burst.

"I might not like the fact that as always you couldn't do things the easy and normal way, but I would not let a mere girl get between me and my son."

My father averted his eyes, something he almost never did.

"I swear, that boy takes more after his mother every day." I thought I heard him mutter.

"She'll live and you'll both leave for the safety of the school."

A smile spread over my face and I left out the breath I didn't even know I was holding.

"Thank you, I-"

Again my dad cut me off.

"Don't get any cute ideas, the only reason why she lives... is because whatever is in her blood can save you. Don't make me regret this decision, Sethan. By Nix, your mother would have my head if something happened to you. And do not even think about uttering the words mate and this girl in the same sentence when anyone else can hear you! Understand? I'll need to find a way to break it to the people gently that their next queen will be an angel.

Nix, save us."

(end of flashback)

"Dad didn't care much for angel in Gramoira. I think he's hardening towards them."

Vic yawned loud and strechted.

"Politics, boring! Have I recently thanked you for saving me from such a dull existence, I'll owe you forever for that one, litlle brother. You need my help, just say the words."

"How about finding out what's going on in that devious little head of my mate and warning me when she plans something?" I asked without hope.

"Yeah, and have her finding out? She'd kill me, and then bring me back to annoye me untill every single nerve in my body had snapped."

He shuddered and looked over his shoulder at the bedroomdoor.

"Wuss." I muttered.

"No, my brother, this called common sense, something you obviously still have to learn."

"And yet you're the one who'd gotten diognosed as a complete loony and as a danger to society."

"Ah, Monica. She had a lot of unsolved anger and selfconfidence issues for a psychologist. Man, she was banging! You think I should call her?" He had the nerve to say.

"You dumped her." I reminded him.

"Girls tend to hold grudges when you dump them right after sleeping with them." I laughed.

"Or they just deny the whole dumping incident and keep clinging to you. How is Diana doing these days?"

I groaned, she hadn't stopped texting me for a single day since she found out Luci shared a dorm with me.

'If you want to save this relationship, you'd better stay clear from her.'

'Seth, this is your last chance, call me back or this is over.'

Of course I never called her back, and too bad she didn't carry her threats through, unlike Luci. Now, that was a girl who kept her promises.

And I was backt to start: thinking of a certain girl with hair like fire and eyes that shamed the brightest emerald. Swell, now she had me talking like a damn poet, before you knew it, I'd be quoting Shakespeare. I suppose there were worse things in life than quoting a guy with a with a lacy collar.

"You might want to crash in our room, take Nate's bed."

"And let the bastard sleep with her? I don't think so."

"First Nate's not a bastard." He frowned.

Maybe he wasn't, but that didn't mean I had to like the idea of him sleeping near my mate, without me around.

"And second: it's just a safety messure. If you want to risk waking up without you eyebrows, who am I to complain. Might be a nice laugh too."

My brother might not be cut out to become an astronaut but he had made a good point. Plus, knowing Luci, losing my eyebrows would have been mild. No doubt she'd come up with something much more humiliating than losing a bit of facial hair.

"Maybe just for one night, to let her cool off."

Switch P.O.V. (Nate)

We were both lying on Luci's bed, her black silk sheets teasing my sensitive skin, I loved the feel of it, it reminded me of the wind that run free over my skin, carresing when I ran. I heard the guys talking, but I didn't try to hear their words, Seth had said enough. Somewhere I knew I was acting like a girl, being all mushy about something someone said,

something that person didn't even mean, but I couldn't shake of this well known melancholy whenever I thought about my parents. Running would have only reminded me off her, every fiber of my body yearned for feeling free, like the wind... I didn't want to be like her, I might never take a mate, but I would never be like her and lead a person who loved me on like that. It wasn't right, but every day that past, I felt myself becoming more like her, more a spirit than a vampire. It scared me shitless.

"Okay, I've waited long enough." She suddenly announced.

"If you are not going to tell me now whatever it is that's bothering you, I'm going to throw you of the bed and jump down on your spine in the hope of breaking it. You'll walk funny for days."

I laughed, you had to love this girl. Seth was crazy not cherise her, but then again I counted myself lucky she wasn't my mate, the girl did have a bit of a temper. As her friend I had it a lot easier than Seth; he wanted her all for himself, and a girl like Luci did

not react well to such an attitude. She clung to her freedom, like me.

"Is it so hard to believe I am just here to enjoy your company?" I asked, but somehow I couldn't keep the grin from showing.

"Of course that is not hard to believe." She playfully punched my arm.

"But since all off you noticed how pissed off I was only minutes before and you all know what a major ass I kick when annoyed, you'd have to want more than merely my sunny company."

"Don't worry about it, just a dark mood. I'm over it already, thanks." I smiled, and I was, over it that is.

"Tell me anyway."

"That gossip." I pointed out.

"So?"

"You don't want to be that kind of girl."

"Please! In case you haven't noticed yet: I am girl, and from time to time I use that as an excuse to get my way. Come on up with the gossip."

I wasn't going to tell her about what Seth had said, she'd fry him halfway through and then find a more painfull way to make him pay. She was his mate, and there was no way I was goign to mess that up for one of my friends. I deserved my own freaking halo.

"Well, I'm not a girl. Therefor I do not gossip."

"Secrets, secrets, secrets. Share it with the class!" She sang like a child with a sugarrush.

"Do you ever wonder what your life would have been like if you'd had enough oxygen at birth?"

She pretended to think, at least that's what I hoped.

"Boring?" She asked.

I laughed at that.

"I doubt you could ever pull that off."

She yawned and let her head rest back at the pillow, her eyelits halfclosed.

"You're tired, I should let you sleep."

"I did have a long day." She smiled.

I threw my legs off the bed, but Luci grabbed my arm and stopped me.

"You can sleep here." She murmured.

"Whatever they did to make you come running to a pissed off demon, you don't need to be with them right now."

"Seth wouldn't like that." I smiled.

She smiled back at me and made room for me in the bed.

"Even better."

(I'm gonna miss my train!!!!! aaaaaaaaah)

Chapter 60

daughter off hell not pissed off anymore

"Duct tape is like the force. It has a light side, a dark side, and it holds the world together."

remember me getting all crazy bitch about a certain someone stealing my story?

the story has been removed!!!! I am so happy:D

just wrote this to thank all of you who reported this or who got mad on my behalve :P or even those who tried to understand (it meant a lot), thank you!

now off to write further on part 59

again thanx! this makes me so happy

xx impossible

Chapter 61

daughter of hell 59

I think I fell in love with the characters of my story, I can't chose between Nate and Jake, love them both to pieces!

(sorry Patrick:P)

Hope you like the story:D

Xx impossible

Chapter:

"Please take it easy it can't all be my fault

I haven't made half the mistakes

That you've listed so far

Oh baby let me explain something

It's all down to drugs

At least I remember taking the and not a lot else

It seems I've stepped over lines

You've drawn again and again

But if the ecstacy's in the wit is definitely out

Dr. Jekyll is wrestling Hyde for my pride"

- Snow Patroll (How to be dead) -

P.O.V. (Seth)

I groaned, strechting myself on Nate's bed, damn what kind of a matrass did he sleep on? One from leaves and dirt? It certainly smelled like it.

"So, you're going to tell me what really happened?"

Jake was right in front of me.

"By Nix! Do not sneak up on me like that ever again! Especially not in the morning."

"I didn't sneak up on you, nothing disturbs you from slumber. Do you have any idea how dangerous it is to

sleep that sound? Even a goblin would be able to kill you."

Now that pissed me off, it was one thing to call me a sound sleeper, but it was something entirely different to insinuate a goblin could kill me. I mean, come on! They couldn't even touch metal, and their hands were too small to fit around my throat and stranglle me.

"It's not because I'm not some paranoid hyperalert super vamp that a goblin could kill me. Why are you even here?"

"I slept here, none of us felt like getting their throats slit in their sleep."

But I could tell he didn't really believe that.

"Are you going to tell me the real reason why you're afraid to share a room with a girl?"

"I'am not afraid!"

He sounded mad, like I had insulted him in the worst way possible. I suppose that calling someone like Jake

afraid was bound to be taken as an insult. Damn, his dad had screwed him up bad.

"I know that, Jake. I was only trying to get an answer and we both now the only time you give straight answer is when you don't mean to."

The others, they were my friends, but I was closer to Jake, even closer than I was with my own twin.

When we were kids, I was shunned from society because of the threat I formed for my brother's crown. Jake was shunned because everyone knew his father was a cold bastard and had threatened the entire court with slow dead if they dared to coddle and soften up his boy. At least I still had my mum, but Jake had no one. Even his own mother had been afraid of her mate and moved to the countryside, leaving her only child behind.

I had felt bad for him back then and he had broken my nose for my pitty. After dislocating his jaw he had grinned (as much as his healing jaw let him) and told me I could tag along if I still wanted to. A strange friendship had followed but I trusted him like no other.

"The girl's scary, she threatened me last night."

I stared at him. Luci liked Jake, why the hell would she threaten him.

"Why would she threaten you?" I asked confused.

This didn't make any sense.

"She snuck in the room last night, of course you didn't wake up, but I did." He explained.

"I told her that whatever she was up to, not to do it."

I exhaled in relieve, she had planned to play one of her pranks on me.

"Thanks Jake, who knows what she had come up with this time. Seems like I owe you one." I said grateful.

"Oh, that's cool, man. You don't owe me anything. After she threatened to make me her next victim I watched how she gave you a make over. I must say you look ravishing with red lipstick."

You had to be kidding me.

"Not funny, man."

Just to be sure I walked to the bathroom to check.

"Damn it!"

I heard a lot of chuckles comming from the dorm and jumped in the shower to wash all this muck of my face.

"Don't worry, she took a picture." I heard Jake yell before I turned on the shower.

I hadn't thought she would strike this fast, but at least I wouldn't have to watch my every step, we were even again.

While I was washing off all the cosmetics (wich was a lot, the girl had a lot of make up for one who didn't wear any of it), I noticed this strange smell. I turned off the water and suspiciously smelled my skin, I smelled like beef. What the hell, how had she managed this? I reached for my shampoo, but stopped myself from using it. Knowing Luci, she'd probably had filled it with hair-dye or something similar. Instead of falling for her ridiculous prank, I used a bar of soap, but it didn't seem to get... soapy, if you know what I mean, it didn't lather. That's when I

noticed the gleaming colour and sniffed: nailpolish, she had covered the soapbar with invisible nailpolish. Well, I wasn't risking the shampoo, I'd simply use the sink. I felt naive for hoping there wouldn't come any more pranks.

Switch P.O.V. (Luci)

"You look like you didn't get much sleep last night." Samuel commented.

I stared, and stared, and stared some more.

"What?" He asked, unsure of what to think of my staring.

"You talk." I answered like the first and the best retard.

"No, I didn't know you talked." I further explained.

"To you?"

Obviously he was still confused.

"At all." Again I wasn't making much sense.

"I mean, you don't talk much. Why this change?"

"I didn't understand you. I knew there was something off with you, you're different I hadn't figured out if that was a good or a bad thing."

Okaaaaay, am I the only one who finds this conversion weird?

"I suppose you talking to me means you find it a good thing?"

The smile he gave me shocked me. It's just that Samuel wore depression like a snob his Aramni clothes; proud, possessive and cautious not to let other people mess it up. Yes, he was hot but he always looked so... Let me try to explain this different: you know the funeral guy from the cartoon 'Lucky Luke'? Well, whenever you see him you start feeling down and you suddenly think of your glas of coke that it is half empty instead of half full. Well, that were the vibes someone got from watching Samuel.

"First I thought not being able to see you would become dangerous, but you obviously are no threat to the princes."

What did he mean that he didn't see me? He wasn't blind.

Wait, did the stupid boy call me harmless?

"What have you been smoking?"

"I'm clean now! Damn it, I can't believe Seth told you that."

Not what I was expecting.

"Euh, he didn't tell me anything. In case you hadn't noticed this, but we don't get along."

That, and Seth didn't seem like the guy who would betray his friend's trust, I believed him to be quiet honourable, at some spheres at least.

"Want to tell me why a vampire who's best friends with royalty feels the need to get high? Oh, and while you're at it, explain to me why you thought there was something 'off' with me. I don't know that much about you, quiet guy."

"This is none of your business, forget I said anything."

"Oaawh, nice picture!" Nate yelled while holding his hand up for a high five.

"Safed by a hyper." Samuel mumbled.

"I'll talk to you later." I whispered to Samuel.

There was no way I'd let this one go.

"Seth up yet?" Nate asked while pouring some cereals in a bowl.

"Yep, you didn't hear him scream?" Jake asked, sitting next to me.

"Thanks for not selling me out last night." I smiled.

"Like I'd risk your wrath." Jake snorted.

"Smart boy."

I petted his cheek and a red colour spread fast under his skin. Was he blushing?

"Are you blushing?" Nate exclaimed.

"The perfect soldier is blushing!"

The vicious look Jake gave Nate made me shiver. I had seen demons with more soul showing in their

eyes than Jake at that moment. To think what a person had to go throught to become this devoid of feeling, to become this cold. Right now I could picture it, Jake as some ancient war lord on a quest of revenge, a master swordfighter who killed without hesitating, who felt no regret no matter how many kills. My little black demon heart ached for him.

I took his hand and cradled it to my chest.

The cold look was replaced by astonishment, and within seconds they shone such warmth, I had trouble believing that killing glare from before was real.

"Such a touching scene. All this love and it is only breakfast." A hot voice sneared.

Knowing Jake had snapped out of his killing mode, I dropped his hand and turned towards Mr. Cocky who was standing their in only his jeans. A well defined chest, hard muscles, drool... stop drooling Luci! I mentally slapped myself and shook my head.

"You looked better with the make-up."

"Last laughs, best laughs."

"I always thought that to be an odd saying." I smiled.

"In my opinion it is that he who laughs last probably didn't get the joke."

"And people wonder why some man are gay when there are women like you walking around." He shook his head.

"Ah, the painfull atempt at wit..." I trailed off.

"How come you don't smell like beef?"

I had finally found the solution to his distracting wonderfull smell. I had unscrewed the shower head and had putted a beef broth cube in it, I had even made sure he couldn't use the soap.

"I suppose I am smarter than you." He taunted.

"Keep on dreaming."

"How..." He started.

"How did you make the water smell like beef?"

"Magic."

And I bowed myself over the textbook in front of me, randomly correcting some stuff with a red pen.

"Luci, that's a history textbook, they don't need you correct anything in it."

"Oh, are you sure?"

He didn't seem like he was going to answer that and opened the fridge.

"Sorry."

He turned around with the marmelade in his hands.

"Like I care."

"That's good-"

I closed the textbook with a smile. Written in bold letters over the front in my own curly handwriting stood: 'prince asshole'.

"cause it's yours."

The look his face and the fistening of his hands made me reconsider my distate for cowardice, making a quick escape did sound rather appealing.

"So," I said while grabbing my scribble free textbook and leaving for the door.

"I'll see you guys later."

(I felt like making Seth pay a bit for making Luci go through all of the former stuff, he deserves a bit of payback, or maybe he doesn't but it's about what Luci think and she wants to see him sweat a bit:P

thanx for reading :D

xx impossible)

Chapter 62

daughter of hell 60

Okay, so my lip has this lovely black/ purple colour and lovely stiches in it:D you propably didn't want to know that:P

Sorry for the late update, but it seems free time became rare:P

Hope you like the story:D

Xx impossible

Ps: if you're wondering who Miss Schizofrenic was again: she was the annoying chemistry teacher who can't form a sentence without turning it into a question. (see part 10 if you really can't remember)

P.O.V. (Seth)

"That's good-"

She closed the textbook with a smile. Written in bold letters over the front stood: 'prince asshole'.

"cause it's yours."

Damn it, I had thought she would have been done with the 'let's annoy Seth' thing. I had saved her life and this was my thanks? A nightly make over, a smelling bathroom and now this?

"So," She said while grabbing her scribble free textbook and leaving for the door.

"I'll see you guys later."

Oh, she'd be seeing me later, the little demoness wasn't the only one who could play a joke once in a while.

I waited untill I heard the frontdoor close before speaking up.

"Okay, wich one of you wants to help me come up with a prank for Luci." I smiled.

The smile dissapread fast when I saw all six of them avert their eyes. Who'd thought all vampires were such cowards?

"You have got to be kidding me. You aren't seriously scared of a mere girl?"

"Of course not." Vic said.

I smiled, I should have known that I could always count on my bloodbrother, he might be a tad weird but he knew where his loyalty lay.

"Luci isn't a mere girl, she's the second most powerfull demon alive and I bet she's a poor sport too, not to mention her temper. Any other girl, my brother, not this one."

Apperantly the blood ran pretty thin through his veins, coward.

"You're all a bunch of cowards, you know that."

"You're not a coward for assessing your opponent and realising their is no way you can take him, or her in this case, and walking away from the fight with all your limbs still attached to your body. Now, if you'd

have had a decent plan I might have offered my help, but since we both know you haven't thought that far ahead, I am not risking my life for a mission doomed to fail." Jake finished his little speech.

"Than what would you think off as a good plan." I asked, annoyed that he had made a point.

"How about calling your army?"

The sad part of this was... we still wouldn't stand a chance.

"We'd better go too or we're going to be late for class."

I glanced at the clock and saw we still had five more minutes, plenty of time for a vampire.

"Don't forget to brush your teeth, my future king." Nate said mocking.

"No girl in her right mind would want a guy with breath like yours."

P.O.V. (Luci)

Near the trone of Heaven born and raised,

in Hell was where I spent most of my days,

chillin' out maxin' relaxin' all cool

and all raising some havoc outside of his rule

when with a couple of guys

we where up to no good...

and a very pissed of vampire stalking my way because of it. He growled at me, only showing the edges of his teeth. I ducked my head and tried getting another look of his teeth, but his mouth stayed firmly closed. The glare he sent me didn't make much sense: yeah, I figured he'd get pissy because of the whole textbookthing, but it's not like I hadn't done worse before.

"What's got your panties in a twist?"

That earned me a close lipped growl.

"You damn well know!"

"So you are wearing panties? Kind of a turn off, vamp boy."

This time a beared his teeth in a show of argression, telling me to back off.

I stared at his teeth.

I grinned, only seconds later the thin line developped to a wide smile and soon I was laughing out loud, whipping the tears from my eyes.

"You find this funny?" He said with narrowed eyes.

"Hell yeah!" I panthed out of breath from laughing.

"This is priceless, I am so going to pull that one of Marcus, he'd freak. I can't believe someone in this demon forsaken place actually had the guts to step up to you." I shook my head, still laughing a little.

"Are you saying you have nothing to do with this?"

"No, but I wish I had, damn this is good."

He clearly didn't believe me.

"Not funny Luci, I can't get this stuff off! What the heck did you use?"

"Seriously, you can't get it off? That must be some strong stuff you got there, any idea what it is?"

He looked at me, no it more felt like he was... feeling me? Like an ant used its antennas. He stared at me, but it was like he wasn't really seeing. Weird kid.

"Yo don't have anyting to do with this."

He said it like a statement, with such certainty it made me suspicious.

"Than who did?" I asked curious.

"Yow, blue fangs! How's it going?" A cheery voice greeted.

"YOU!" Seth raged, baring his now blue fangs in the process, making me start lauging all over again.

"Now Seth, take it easy."

Seth took a threatening step towards Nate, who held up his hands in surrender, barely concealing his smile.

"You don't even know who did it. It could have been Luci." He pointed towards me.

That made me look up from my position on the ground, where I had fallen off my desk laughing.

"Coward." I stuck out my tongue.

"Luci didn't do this."

"But I wish I had!" Wich earned me a glare from Mr. Blue Fangs.

"So not relevant, coockie."

"Coockie?"

He'd better meant a choclat chip coockie or I was kicking him in the nuts for ignoring me.

"What the fuck did you use, Nate?! I can't get this stuff off and you better talk fast, boy, for I'm ready to rip off your head and spit down your throat."

Talking about having a morbid imagination. Well, he didn't stantd a chance with Mr. O'Donnall, the local gossip/ inventer of the more cruel punishments in Hell, but when he continued to issue threats, I must admit the leech came close.

"I'll cast you in the Brazen Bull myself if you don't start talking now!"

Ooh, I had heared of this particular method, totally medieval, but still a quite painful. The poor soul was

cast in a brazen bull, hollow and forged from brass. The unfortunate one was locked up in the bull and a fire was stirred under it, heating the metal until it became hot. The person inside was roasted to dead, slowly. Now the reason why you had to appreciate this fine device was because the head of the bull had a special design that the roasting fool's screams were transformed in such a way that it sounded like the bull was bellowing in furry.

"Don't be such a poor sport, baby." I soothed.

"Nate, be a nice boy and tell Sethan what you used so he can stop crying."

"It's only some blue hairdye." Nate shrugged.

"Oh, please tell me you used the permanent one." I laughed.

"This isn't funny." Mr. Cocky snarled.

"Yes it is, it's hilarious. Nate, how did you get the stuff on his teeth?" I managed to choke out between the bursts of laughter.

"Nothing too complicated, I doused his toothbrush in the stuff."

By all the viscious demons, I was getting cramps from laughing this loud.

"How could you not notice you brush was blue?! Can a vampire be colourblind?"

"Class, can you please be quiet now?" Miss Schizofrenic asked.

I felt a nerve snap, I could not deal with this woman right now.

"I know all off you think chemistry isn't an interesting class, isn't that right?"

Aaaaaaaaah! I could not listen to this for a whole hour and be expected to stay sane. The women was nerve-racking.

"So being a brilliant teacher and all, I thought I could show you how we use chemistry in our everyday live, maybe? Not a good idea?"

I banged my head against the hard labtable, but before my head could touch the surface I was jerked upright by a strong hand.

"Don't hurt yourself over a silly, harmless chemestry class." My labpartner whispered.

"Silly it may be, but harmless certainly not. And it's not like I'd actually would have hurted my self by banging my head into a stone table, I'm not that soft."

I jumped feeling a warm hand caress my thigh.

I tried elbowing the bastard in the gut, but he had anticipated my move and caugth my arm without much trouble.

"Remove the hand, asshole." I yell-whispered.

"I thought I was 'prince asshole'?" He answered.

"That's what my history textbook says anyway."

I gritted my teeth, cursing Miss Schizofrenic for setting me up with Mr. Cocky as my labpartner.

"Remove the hand, dipshit."

"Just trying to make my point."

A last slow stroke over my leg before he removed his hand.

"You feel soft to me."

The lopsided grin he flashed me stole my breath away, making my heartbeat speed up, making my blood rush through my veins in a way the thick substance wasn't supposed to be able to. That grin made me feel lightheaded, carefree. How come I could only feel this alive when the obnoxious boy was near me?

When he was near, I didn't need the thrill of jumping in the middle of a knifefight unarmed, I didn't need to feel the adrenaline surging through my body to feel good. I couldn't be afraid of lowering my guard, of not noticing something crucial when the pain in the ass stood next to me, because he kept me on edge. Unlike the guard I had to keep up whenever I was near an angel, Mr. Cocky actually made it fun.

The bastard was growing on me.

You didn't hear me say that was a good thing! I mean, weed could grew on you too, same for fungus, but

that didn't make it a good thing. It wasn't like I liked him...

"Wouldn't it be fun to talk about the chemical formula of hairdye?" Miss Schizofrenic ranted on.

I chocked on my own laughter, earning a nasty look from my labpartner. The mean glare was given to Nate who wasn't as good at holding his laughter as me.

"The Romans have been known to be interested in changing hair color and history revealed that they created over a hundred recipes that are made out of natural ingredients. Unfortunately it could only darken hair. In the Renaissance off 1200, blond was very popular because it was considered to be angelic and beautiful. In 1907 Eugene Schueller, the founder of L'Oreal, created the first synthetic hair dye." Miss Schizofrenic gave a short introduction to the subject.

I felt the small interest I first had dissapear already. Her next words however made me bite the inside of my cheeks in the hope of not laughing out loud.

"Now, we have four different kinds of hair dye: temporary, semi-permanent, demi-permanent and permanent. We will be talking about the permant hair colouring."

I grinned at Mr. Cocky and he flipped me off. Seemed like I was having a bad influence on him.

"There are two basic kinds of permanent dyes: oxidation hair dyes and progressive hair dyes. Both work through a series of chemical reactions that first open the cuticle, the outer layer, and then allow the dyes to penetrate the natural pigment hair molecules.

A chemical reaction swells the hair where the melanin is lightened and taken over by the new colour."

What amazed me was that she was able to say all of this without turning a single sentence into a question. I might have to revise my opinion of her, then again; she did get me stuck with Mr. Cocky as my partner.

"Now, this isn't a biology lesson, so let's get back to the chemical stuff." She smiled, again without turning everything into a question.

"There are many kinds of hair dye, each of which is a mixture of many chemical compounds. There's no such thing as only one chemical formula for hair dye. So pick a colour."

"Blue!" I instantly yelled.

(stay tune for a next episode off daughter of hell :P (sorry just remembering dragon ball Z cartoon:D damn, I loved it)

anyway next one will be a bit more interesting, I'm planning on introducing Mr. Cocky and Satan :D

wonder how that one will go:P

thanx for reading

xx impossible)

Chapter 63

daughter of hell 61

I feel bad for uploading this slow: sorry:S

But I've been in a reading mood, not in writing one:P

I like reading too!

IMPORTANT: if you can't remember anything about 'the voice' you should refresh your mind and take another look at chapter 49 and.... it might get confusing if you don't remember.

This might get confusing with the whole silent conversation with the voice, I hope you guys won't have to much trouble reading it.

Oh, and do you guys remember Cody? Luci once had detention with him.

Hope you like the story:D

Xx impossible

Ps: I'd like to thank Nightlylioness for the 'greatness' comments:P

And all of you who don't think my story to be complete rubbish:D

P.O.V. (Seth)

By the end of the day I was ready to put my head through a wall. I had lost count of how many times Luci had screamed from one way of the hallway or classroom to the other: 'Yow, Blue tooth! Wait up!' Nate had gotten the message not to mess with me any further than he already had and had blessfully kept his mouth closed.

No one else in this entire school was brave enough to comment on my teeth, but Luci's endless stream off loud comments were giving me the mother of all headaches that I didn't even know a vampire was

able of having. Figures Luci would be the first creature alive to give a vampire a headache.

I was glad when the bell anounced my last class and I had an excuse to escape Luci's forever comments/ insults. The plan changed when I saw Cody approach my mate.

I let out a low growl as a warning, but as always Cody failed to see me as a threat and went his merry way without giving a fuck about anything but himself. How I hated that pathetic excuse off a vampire, if it had been up to me the guy would have been banned from society. Screw being nice, I'd rather see him dead. How come no one else saw this guy for what he truly was, like father, like son. My dad hadn't even thought twice about finishing off the motherfucker after what he had done. Why, oh why, were parents such hypocrits, why was I supposed to be wise, make levelheaded decisions and use my brain? For as long as I can remember my father learned me not let myself rule by my heart (and when I got older, not by things more south of the body either), to use my head. He thought me I'd be a lousy monarch if I

didn't learn how to keep my head cool, yet he hadn't hesitated to kill a mighty allie after finding out his betray. He didn't wait around to hear the other side of the story, he didn't wait for Cody's dad to be judged, he took matters in his own hands and never regretted that decision. Back then I hadn't understood my father's actions, I hadn't wanted to hear him say 'you'll understand when you've found her'.

I had found her and Cody was keeping true to the saying: the apple doesn't fall far from the three. If he gave Luci one more leering look and I'd swear I'd brake the tossers neck.

A clawlike hand with viscious red nailpolish crept over my chest, a whiny voice tormented my ears.

"She's such a whore." Dianed rubbed up against me.

"I mean look at what she is wearing! Who does she think she is with her wannabe alternative clothes? Come on, those devil symbols on her blazer our so eightees."

Disgusted by the heavy perfume smell comming off her, I pushed her away. The girl followed special classes to one day become some unlucky vamp's mate and yet she doused herself in half a bottle of perfume. Our keen smelling sense could barely stand the average showergell, anything more overpowered our senses and made a person reek.

"And that red hair? Ugh, Lindsay Lohan has more class than that little skank." She went on, oblivious to my disgust.

"Could her skirt be any shorter?"

I looked down at Diana's skirt and saw that Luci's skirt could indeed have been shorter. If this girls bowed over every one would be treated with an eyefull of the slut's thong. I was not proud at myself for knowing what kind of underwear she prefered. Where had my brain gone at the time I had dated this bitch?

'It probably was shut down by your lower parts. You're still a guy and that slutty girl is the embodiment of a horny teenage boy walking wet dream.'

Joy, my insane mental voice was back! One more complication in my messed up life that I didn' t need.

'I already told you that you aren't crazy, at least not on the sanity of mind part. How can you accept your mate's a half breed but you can't accept a little help when it's offered to you on a silver platter?'

My mental voice was not only insane, but retarded too; I had never heard of a vampire who wanted anything offered to him on a silver platter.

'Damn, you're right. One of you race's many flawns. What was my mother thinking when she created your kind? You're imperfect and ruled by mortal desire's, vampire's are worse than humans. Desperately wanting love, but too proud and stupid to see the obvious.'

If I didn't know any better I'd say Luci had gotten into my head in some way and was trying her hardest to either drive me insane or annoy me to dead. Wait, I already knew she was trying her best to succeed at that last one.

'I am not a demon, no thank you.' My insane voice had the nerve too sound offended.

I wasn't fond of demons, but for my insane voice to be such a racists, it wasn't like I had called him a goblin or something along that line.

'You better!' The voice puffed.

'A goblin, the nerve. I am in no way related to those dwarfed, green, slimey, peanutt-sized-brain creatures.'

Of course he wasn't, he was my insanity speaking, Luci had finally reached her goal.

'Look, you annoying bloodsucking twit, I am trying to help you win the fiery demoness' affection but I must admit I haven't come across such a hopeless case since Lanseloet of Denmark*.'

I don't give a fuck about Lanseloet. I just want you out of my head.

'Oh, so now you can admit that I'm not your sanity went down the drain?'

Get the fuck out of my head!

'No reason to swear that much, boy. You use the word fuck quiet a lot for a person who isn't getting any. And seeing how you've been acting around your mate, it ain't gonna happen in the near future either.' The voice mocked.

Great, now I was getting insulted by a possible imaginary voice.

If you were so damn insulting with this Lanseloet bloke, it's no wonder the guy ended up hopeless.

'Oh, he was hopeless before I even came along. I was vain enough to think I could fix the mama's boy, but even great minds like myself have to be able recognise a lost cause, even my expertise could not have saved that man. At least I was able to do some good for the girl, but the mama's boy was beyond redemption.'

Great, the nutty voice felt compelled to make me his next big project because of some undealed past issues. Couldn't he go to a shrink like any normal person would? Or take a couple of pills, some prosac?

'You might want to brake up the cosy little thing the princess has going on with your not so great friend instead of standing here like a lunatic staring past 'the walking teenage wet dream' and silently insulting me.'

Shit, Cody stood awfully close to Luci. A subtle growl rose up from my throat, I tasted blood from where I had accidently pricked my own skin with my bared fangs.

"Seth, darling."

Diana tried getting her hands on me again but annoyed, I easily warded her off. 'Darling', hearing such a word from her lips made me want to puke. I preferred Luci's breathless sighs, the way she said my name right before realsing that she was making out with a vampire, me.

"Stop glaring at Cody, he can get his STD from screwing her. Forget him, I'm the only one that matters."

Was she for real?

P.O.V. (Luci)

"I should congratulate you with your blue teeth trick. Nicely done." Cody smiled.

"Um, not really. The teeth are Nate's doing." I said slightely uncomfortable.

The sucky thing about being an empath is that you're conastantly connected to other people's emotions. Than you had me: a demon, a creature that couldn't be more out of tune with all the touchy feeling stuff.

I blamed my mother.

She was the one who thought it to be a fantastic plan to give the little half breed some more powers. 'Being an empath will bring you more in touch with human kind, it might oppress your.... disgusting habits.'

Give a creature with not one sympathic bone in it's body the power to become über sensitive to it and you'll get a messed up demon who constanly gets battered with every fucking strong emotion a person's feeling but lacking the abilitly to interpert or even understand any of it.

So here I was feeling whatever the hell it was that Cody was feeling, but having no idea what to do with it.

'Stop talking to him and find cover in your lover's arms.'

Ha, even if I'd had a lover, I still woud never be that desperate or pathetic enough for such a drastic action.

'Please! You want him, girl, don't lie to yourself.'

Ah, the great thing about being a demon: we can get away with it.

'You might want to stop flirting with this one, princess. In case you haven't noticed, loverboy over there doesn't like him all that much.'

Jee, I hadn't noticed that one (heavy on the sarcasm).

'You don't want an angry, pissed off, jealous mate.' The voice dryly remarked.

I don't want a mate, the end.

That's when I noticed I was once again conserving with a voice inside my head, the feminine, annoying, lunatic voice.

'I do not sound feminine!'

I chuckled, when he talked in that whiny voice, he did sound like a little girl who wanted to have that new pink dress she saw the girl with the unicorn wear.

"What's so funny?" Cody asked.

While I had been 'conversing' with who knows who or what-

'I'm not a what!'

I ignored that.

- Cody had moved closer so that I could feel his breath in my face, wich was pretty disgusting since his breath smelled like...

rust on metal and somethig else I could not place. If I didn't know better I'd say he'd been drinking blood, spiced with something more. What the hell was I thinking, 'if I didn't know any better'? He was a

vampire, as in bloodsucking leeches who were known not to be such a big hit on the sanity department.

Euch, I so did not need a parasite near me who was hooked up on the red stuff while it wasn't even a necessary for his survival. Vamps only needed to start feeding after their transmission, or if they were half dead after a nice demon burning. Not that I felt guilty about that, he'd had it coming.

I noticed Diana rub up against Seth, ugh, I was about to lose my breakfast at her blatant show of whorishness. Could she be more obvious?

'Looks like someone should have been Envy as the Deadly Sin.' The feminine, annoying, lunatic voice mocked.

What did Envidius had to do with this? I knew the Sin and he had nothing to do with the whorishness of Diana or with a manwhore like Seth.

'Can't we call him Envy? I have a strong dislike for Latin.' The feminine, annoying, lunatic voice spoke.

Why? You're a vampire too?

Where was the world going to when ancient creatures coudln't appreciate their Latin anymore. That is assuming that whoever o whatever the hell was talking to me, driving me insane was indeed descended from a race old enough to speak the language.

'It's quite simple: I do not like Romans! Good thing their empire fell or I would have done it myself.'

I sensed some suppressed anger issues here.

'That's not the point here.'

Then what is?

I was starting to get annoyed with the apparently ancient feminine, lunatic voice.

'You're jealous of Diana.'

Am not! And I still don't see the connection with Envidius.

Ha, take that you Romanfucker.

'It's only a synonym, damn princess you are stuborn.'

I was strong-minded, it looked a lot like stuborn but there was a difference, as there was a difference between envy and jealousy. How could someone mix those two up? They were two complete different things.

'Don't fight with one centuries your senior, little girl. It were your precious Romans that didn't made a distinction between envy and jealousy. It was not until they borrowed the word zelotypia from the Greeks that the meaning of the word was split up.'

It still meant that envy and jealousy weren't the same.

'Girl, you're giving me a splitting headache.'

So, you aren't immortal. Immortals can't get a headache.

I beamed.

'It was meant as a metaphor. Why do I bother explaining every single word that passes my lips to you? I am better than this.'

Then why don't you pack your shit and leave the ressidence that is also referred to as 'Luci's sanity'?!

He was gone. The annoying, feminine, lunatic voice had left the building, or in this case my head. Stupid thing, saying I was jealous of that whore. She had nothing that I wanted, not her fake tan, not her fake hair, and certainly not her sluttish personality.

Stupid Mr. Cocky with his absolute no taste what so ever, for letting that whore withing breathing distance. You'd be amazed what kind of disgusting diseases you could get from even standing near the walking germ vessel. Look at the plague (Yersinia pestis: a bacterium in the longs that causes the plague - see Latin again), it was passed on by contaminated drops of saliva and could easily reach two meters far by talking and four meters when someone coughed. So Diana was like this giant plague bacterium waiting to infect anyone who came too close. Maybe I should avoid Seth for a while, only till I was sure he wasn't contaminated. Who was I kidding, of course he would be infected, she practicly had her boobs in his face.

Those two made want to barf all over them. I'd have done it too, if I hadn't been terrified of catching something, five meters would be the closest I'd voluntary go.

Me, jealous, please, that must be the most ridiculous thing ever to be said.

'A person can envy the attributes of someone who is a romantic rival, you can interpret romantic jealousy as a type of envy. You can envy the affection that your mate gives to your rival. Jealousy means wanting to keep something you already have, where envy means wanting something you don't have.'

Joy, the lunatic voice was back.

I hoped he realised that he was agreeing with me that envy wasn't the same thing as jealousy.

'No reason to sound smug. You might have won the battle, but I have every attention to win the war.'

What's the war about?

'Love.'

No promises, no demands, love is a battlefield. Great, now I was stuck with that crapy song in my head. I suppose it was an addition to the lunatic voice.

'I wonder-'

Don't wonder! Just get the fuck out of my head.

My attention went to little Miss slutty and Mr. Cocky. Had she just put her tongue in his ear? That was gross, who knew when the last time was since those saw a swab. I suppose that when you are the embodiment of the plague personal hygiene doesn't matter that much anymore.

The satisfaction I got when he pushed her off him with disgust clear on his face. She fell on her skinny ass, I so hoped she broke one of those fragile bones, and ended up with her butt in plaster.

'- if you fall under the category of envy or under jealousy.'

Neither.

I snorted, I know not the most feminine sound, but the voice sounded feminine enough for both of us.

Envy involved feelings of inferiority, I defenitely didn't feel inferior. Being jealous meant a low self-esteem and fear of losing something. I could pretty confidenly say my self-image was hunky-dory fine, and for fearing to lose something you actually had to care first, I didn't.

But I if I had to choose one I'd say envy. Casting all the high definiton of the Sin aside it simply came down to resentement of the good others received or even might receive. What can I say: I've never been much of a saint.

'I'm not giving up on you two.'

But that's what people did, with maybe two expectation, they gave up on me. Wich reminded me, I should really make an appereance in Hell to tell my dad and Marcus that I was alright. Luxurious was such a chatterbox, the entire demonic population probably knew by now that I'd been stupid enough to get overpowered by a lowly vampire. Demons, this was so embaressing, how was I ever going to show my face again.

(So I know this hasn't the Seth meets Satan scene in it, but the way I ended this chapter felt wrong so I had to write some more. but it's already one am for me and I got school. The good news is that I've got so many ideas for this story that I won't be getting in a 'I do not know what to wright anymore' predicament any time soon:D

That's something right?)

(some extra information)

* Lanseloet, the crown prince of Denmark, falls in love with the fair Sanderijn, one of his mother's ladies-in-waiting. However, the queen is opposed ot her son's making a morganatic marriage. She sees to it that for one night Lanseloet has Sanderijn at his disposal and that after that he repudiates her (with other words: he rapes her (the bastard)).

The deceived girl sadly leaves the Danish court and in the end marries a knight in a distant country. Lanseloet, heartbroken dies of grief (and in my opion deserves it:D).

I thought it might be fun to find some other comparision than the obvious and well known Shakespeare blabla... there were other great writers in the Middle Ages.

Lanseloet of Denmark dates from the 12the century.

ð for more information: 'Medieval Dutch literature in its European context' by Erik Kooper

(this is the link for google books: http://books.google.be/books?id=CJSDXlpHlBEC&pg=PA283&lpg=PA283&dq=lanseloet+of+denm
uOS8ysOYvNjAeM7IixCw&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resn

Don't worry! I know a lot of you aren't interested in this shit, but I thought I'd better explain it more closely in case you're thinking 'where the fuck did she get the name Lanseloet?!'

I understand, I didn't know either untill last year:D

Ps: I know this is a lame story, but I was happy when the jerk died (hey, I'm a bitch; I get to say stuff like that:P)

I got the quote from: Reflections, or Sentences and Moral Maxims, Francois Duc de la Rouchefoucauld, Maxim

Parrot, W.G. & Smith, R.H. Distinguishing the experiences of envy and jealousy. Journal of Personality and Social Psychology,

(I loooked up some shit and felt like I should mention where I got it from)

Chapter 64

daughter of hell 62

sorry for the spelling and grammar mistakes:s

xx

Chapter:

"Of all the inhabitants of the inferno, none but Lucifer knows that hell is hell, and the secret function of purgatory is to make of heaven an effective reality. "

- Arnold Bennett -

P.O.V. (Marcus)

He was furious, pissed off, worried, infuriated, ill-tempered, worried and have I mentioned worried?

Demorion had reported back yesterday that Luci was alright, that we shouldn't worry about her, that she was a though one.

How could we not worry?

All kind of rumours were floating around the supernatural world, angels, demons, even the Lore were talking, talking about Lucifer and what was going to happen.

What was going to happen, I suppressed an uneasy shiver, no one else should know about my worries, they had enought off their own.

Why hadn't she come back to Hell after her escape? What had happened in Gramoira? Demorion had been vague about the details of their escape, eager to join his mate after the short seperation. Seeing the scarred vampire go all mushy over a succubus made me grateful that demons did not believe in whole the soulmate crap.

Where was she?!

If Luci had killed the vampire prince she'd have to an idiot to go back to this school, why was she risking so

much? The bloodsucker couldn't be dead, Precilla had it wrong, as she was wrong about Luci being dead too. Thinking of the horrible women made my horns grow, to think such a cold bitch had used Luci for fourteen years, treaded her like shit.

The sharp sound of Satan scraping his nails over the kitchencounter made my teeth ache. The fact that he'd had to walk towards the dorm had not improved the boss' temper. After all these years you'd think he'd be used to worrying over his only child.

What took her so long? Classes had ended half an hour ago, I could hear others walk in the hallway, talking about their upperstate lies. Ugh, bloodsuckers repulsed me.

"What is going on between you and Cody?"

A familiar voice answered.

"Look who's asking, she had her boobs in your face. I didn't hear you complain about it. You have your fun, I have mine."

The voices stopped in front of the dorm door where we were waiting for Luci's return.

"This is something completely different. Diana is only a slut, Cody is evil. You shouldn't trust him Luci, you don't know what he's capable off."

"Friend, friends. Let's be nice to eachother, okay?" A laid back voice called.

"I'll try being nicer if he'll try being smarter."

Oh, she had her claws unsheathed, I felt sorry for the poor guy who was the fixation of her venom. Unless, the fixation was the vampire prince, than I hoped she did far worse.

The door opened and Luci was the first to come through. A happy yelp escaped her mouth as she flung herself in her father's arms. I'd be touched by the scene if I hadn't been a cold hearted demon.

"By all things unholy, girl. Don't ever make your old man worry like this ever again." Satan smiled.

Suddenly everything started happening fast, not because off an adrenaline rush, I was a demon, we did not get adrenaline rushes. Before visiting Luci at this school I had never seen a vampire before in my existence, I've always known they were pretty fast,

but this blew my mind. A vampire at full speed was hard to follow, even for a demon, the fact that their little prince sapped all our powers did not help the case for the better.

A guy that smelled like iron had me backed up against a wall and hold me with a viscious looking sword, a falchion. Good thing that unlike a vampire I didn't need to breath, for if I had needed to I would have died, there was no way I dared to make even the insignificant movement of breathing when someone held a sword that was little more than a meat cleaver. This type of sword was not used by men who fought to win, it was handed by men who did not only win, but also killed. You could not stab with this weapon, you slashed, you cutted, you chopped a head or some other body member off. The weapon combined the weight and power of an axe with the versatility of a sword.

The reason I knew this? I had died at the mercy of such a particular sword, it obviously did not possess or give mercy. Wrong, the sword had almost send me to my afterlife, almost, but I still had a pulse when

the swordsman thought me dead. How I had wanted to die, the dissapointement that I hadn't... Funny how it was by my own hand, by a small dagger instead of the magnificent sword that my life had ended, in a way.

A couple of decades of torture and vivid re-enactments of how I had lost my head because of that sword, only thing different me feeling and seeing how the bastard dismemebered me afterward, had given me a particular revulsion of the sword.

"Move and lose the head, demon."

It wasn't so much the cold voice that made me believe the boy, it were those two cold eyes that stared down at me, completely devoid of any emotion. The boy would have made a great demon, if not for the whole bloodsucking part. If there was one thing I had learned from my time in Hell, it was to recognise a real threath when I heard one.

The sins didn't seem to have so much trouble with the remaining vampires, just mine luck to get the thoughtest, meanest SOB. As usually Acedius tried to make a run for it, not that he had any succes evading

the little redheaded vampire, ugh what a wuss. Satan would kill him this time, what use do you have to a cowardly Deadly Sin? Yeah, the dude was Sloth, but still; being lazy was quite different from being a coward, a pansy.

Irus was viciously trying to get a chunk from this tall dark headed guy who actually laughed at Wrath's attempts, wich only pissed the Sin of even more.

The bloodsucking prince had actually yanked Luci away from her dad and advanced towards Satan with a drawn sword.

Stupid boy.

Stupid for thinking he could take on Satan, and twice as stupid for giving Luci his back, the girl could get pretty protective if she wanted to be.

One moment the sucker was trying to cut out the bosses heart - the irony - and the next thing I knew he was lying face down at Satan's feed, a silver ball lying near his head. Amazed I looked at Luci who smiled like a kid caught doing something by someone who she knew couldn't punish her, or wouldn't in

Satan's case. The small sling in her hand dissapeared while a brand new blue tattoo in the shape of the sling she had hold only seconds before formed from her left shoulder, it followed a pad towards her chest where it dissapeared in her shirt.

I had never seen the tattoo in action, never had I understood Luci's aversion to talk about it, to show it to me, untill now; the pain that, however briefly, crossed her face made me remember my own torture in Hell after I had taken my own life. She looked like a person that had been skinned and burned alive at the same time.

Slowly the blue tattoo vanished, leaving thin angry looking red lines etched in her skin, over a dark green tattoo.

Green?

Luci had once told me angeltattoos were all blue, at least hers were. The only tatto I knew she had taken voluntarily was black, to keep it simple she had told me, and more importand on her back.

Instead of stepping over the guy, Luci stepped on him and hugged her dad as if nothing life threatening had happened. As if we hadn't just been rendered powerless by the presence of one measly tic. Except, Luci hadn't been powerless, she'd kicked the vampire's ass, or at least hid him pretty hard against the head and had saved our buts while we had come to save hers.

The guy with the falchion backed away from me towards his fallen comrade and took a protectiv stance over him, his eyes never leaving the nine demons pressent in the room.

"Jow, Luce." A laid back voice called out.

"Do you mind taking you little demon palls out? I think Jake's about to burst a veine, you know how he gets cranky when he sees too much demons before he's had his four O'clock nap."

"Nate, you know Marcus. The others losers you don't need to know, and this is my dad."

Luci smiled like she hadn't a care in the world. I felt my own smile lurking in ths shadow, not far from breaking through, this girl was something.

"Your dad?!" Six voices exclaimed at the same time.

"Vampires." Luci rolled her eyes at me, gave me a trusting smile and shout whispered: "If they'd have another brain, it'd be lonely."

The though guy with the falchion gave her an accusing look, she only rolled her eyes.

"Don't look at me like that, Jakey, I saved his sorry ass from getting a severe beating. Do you really think Seth could have taken down the master of Hell? I know he thinks that, but surely you aren't that arrogant."

"That's the second time you rendered him unconscious, is this becoming a habit of yours?"

"I didn't draw blood, crybaby. No silver poisoning in the bloodstream, just a little blow to the head. It wouldn't have killed a weak vampire, I'm pretty sure it can't have killed their prince. We both know ill weeds grow apace."

"You're not at least going to slap him?" I asked indignant.

"He threatened to kill me."

She smiled at me and pulled me into a half hug.

"I threatened to kill you at least once a day and have tried to off you for real a dozen or double of times. Plus, I'd never slap anyone, punch yes, slapping no. What do you think I am? A succubus?"

"Like any guy would actually want to kiss you." I joked.

A fist came flying at me, hitting me straight in the face, I felt my nose brake. The last thought I had before blacking out: damn, that vampire was fast.

P.O.V. (Luci)

I couldn't believe the bastard had knocked out my best friend, I couldn't believe he'd woken up from my throw earlier so fast too, he was a strong one. I was impressed, no, I was not impressed, weed was strong too and that didn't impress me either, Mr. Cocky was like weed: unimpressive.

"Oh, how I would love to beat you untill you were too ugly for radio!" I yelled.

"But I'd only hurt my fists from beating on that thick, empty skull of yours."

The fucker grabbed my wrists and pulled me up against his chest before crushing his mouth on mine.

I'd like to say that I pushed him off me the moment his lips met mine, that I beat the sucker untill he was too ugly for radio... but there were to many witnesses who saw me do otherwise.

The taste of him, his hands pulling me closer, I was a demon, not some kind of saint who could say no to all of this fine male. I clung to him when he deepened the kiss and made me moan, - embaressing, I know, but I'd deny it later so it wasn't going to be a problem - not giving a fuck that my own dad was in the same room.

Wait, my dad! I so did care, this was too weird. I pushed him off of me with an angry shove.

The first thing that I noticed when I finally had my heavy panting under control, was Luxurius standing

close with a blush of excitement on his cheeks. Figures, the Deadly Sin of lust.

"What the hell is wrong with you?"

I wasn't sure who deserved the most of my wrath, Seth for kissing me in front of my dad, or Luxurius for being his own perved self. In the mean time Irus had moved closer too, sensing my anger the Sin who pressented wrath could not help himself.

"Will you guys back off? I'm not some freaking vessel of sin that you can feast on!"

"This guy seems to inspire it, maybe we should employ him." Irus grinned.

"What you say, pall, want the job?"

I stared daggers at the blond Adonis who'd been one hell off a warrior lord in his days, his temper had been legendary and when he had wanted retaliation there had been nobody who had survived to tell the story. -How did I know? Let's say most of his victims had ended up at the toasty warm place, also referred to as Hell- He was the perfect Sin of wrath, but that didn't mean I liked him bonding with prince asshole.

"Aw, I'm sorry baby, but I think Mr. Cocky over here already has his hands full with other things."

The grin Luxurius gave me made it clear what he thought kept Seth's hands bussy, perv.

"I meant that he's the prince of all the bloodsuckers." I quickly explained before the Sin could open his mouth.

"Well, that does explain why the vampire prince isn't dead, like your mother assumed."

My fathers voice cut through the silence, making me flinch at the barely suppressed anger that rang loud and clear in his voice.

Please, don't be directed at me.

"Don't worry." Marcus happily pitched in.

"He's mad at your mom, threatened to rip off her wings if she dared to show her face around any demon ever again."

"Wow, dad, I'm impressed." I smiled.

"But I'm not that much of an idiot that I'd risk the entire race just to be rid of this moron." I pointed towards Mr. Cocky.

"Scratch that, I'm nothing even near an idiot, I'm bloody amazing and you all should realise it."

"Lucifer, language."

I groaned, bloody hypocrite.

"And whatever obscenity you're thinking up in your mind; don't think it, it's only a matter of time untill it passes your lips."

It looked like he wanted to say something more, but seemed to vote against it. I had a feeling this was bigger than lecturing me about my improper language. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Marcus shake his head, this had to be something big if Marcus thought I shouldn't hear this with witnesses, aka people who might get burned when I lost it.

"Guys, I need you to step out for a minute, I need to talk to my dad."

Nobody moved, big supprise there.

"No one is leaving this room untill I know why the hell we got nine demons on our turf." Seth demanded.

"I know it might not seem that way, and you might think I'm shit, but some people actually care if I live or die. I might have a mother who hates my guts, but my dad cares, can't my own father and some of my friends come down and see me after a near dead experience, wich I still haven't forgiven you for."

"No demon would be stupid enough to come to grounds where they are clearly outnumbered."

"Call us crazy or just Satan himself and the Seven Deadly Sins. Oh and Marcus."

"Hey!"

"Love you too sweety." I smiled.

"I thought you said there wasn't going anything on between you and pretty boy over here?"

I was seriously losing my mind, because I actually liked the jealous undertone in his words, did he care? I must be low on sugar.

"What do you care?"

"I just kissed you after you knocked me out, again. If that doesn't show I care about you, way more than I shoud, I don't know what does."

The fact that my dad wasn'f freaking out about this made me realise that whatever he had to say, I wasn't going to like it one bet. Good thing Marcus had stopped him from blurting out whatever horrifying news he found out about.

"Dad, how about I deal with this and I'll step by later on?"

I could see my dad wanted to disagree, obviously not trusting the leeches that had trooped together on the other side of the room not to take a sip from me. I silently thanked the first deity that could hear me for fast healing or the two puncture marks in my neck would have given me away.

"They won't hurt me." I assured him.

"Of course we wouldn't hurt you, you're mine, no one touches what is mine."

Oh, I was so going to beat the crap out of this guy. What age did he thought we lived in, the prehistory?

The most infuriating thins of this all was not Mr. Cocky, but my dad. He actually smile when the parasite announced that I belonged to him! If someone dared to say women were complicated, I swear I was going to scream, or smash something.

"There is one more problem to be dealt with, Luci." My dad gave a very pointed look towards Acedius, the Sin sloth.

The coward had to be brought to justice, and that was the job of the second in Hell, namely me. Sloth had an excuse to be lazy, to not lift a finger and live like a pig, but no demon tolereated pusillanimity. We might be demons, the scum of all living things, but we were a brave species, a loyal one, we had to be for disloyalty was severely punished.

It wasn't the first time we had to replace this particular Sin, sloth often came with a price, they often were more feeble than the other Sins. The human Isaac Watts had found the perfect description

for whichever demon filled the position of Sloth: "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Since I already had another demon in my mind for the position, the decision wasn't all that hard to make.

"We do not tolerate cowardice among demon kind." I let my voice rang loud an clear.

"You are no longer the Sin Acerdia, let's hope half a century in the Pits will teach something about perseverance and at least the basic fundaments of not cowering in a corner at the sight of something as puny as a vampire. After your stay in the Pits, you'll go on probation for a century at Mr. O'Donnall's office. Learn something from the experience.

Gulus and Averitius, escord the former Sin to the Pits, leave my instructions."

The coward tried to make a run for it but he was no match for Gluttony and Greed.

"Don't worry, he won't give you any trouble in Hell, I already extracted his powers."

With a flick of my hand I opened a portal in the floor, Mr. Cocky failed to wipe out my powers, I was starting to forgive him for sucking my blood that first time, it had given me some sort of immunity against his extra ability in combat, not that he was aware of it. Such a shame, I could have gloated otherwise.

"Does this means you already have another demon in my mind for the

available position?" My dad asked.

"Tell Belphegor it's his lucky day and that I'll fill in the blank spots later today."

I saw the look of longing when my dad looked down in the portal to Hell, he wanted to go back, something I understood all to well.

"Keep her away of the angels, they've found an ace." He told Seth.

He told Seth as if I couldn't take care of myself and needed the bloodsucker's protection! Had my dad lost it? Trusting a vampire with the life of his beloved daughter, his only child, the reason the Earth moved

around the sun? Okay, maybe I was exaggerating things a tiny bit, but still.

"I'll protect her with my life, sir."

He cut my angry tirade off by pressing the palm of his hand against my mouth, I couldn't believe myself when my lips started to tingle at the feel of his skin against me. Definitely a sugar deficiency.

Luxurius was the last to jump through the portal, he was stalling and looked at me with a big fat grin that told me he was going to talk shit.

"Hey, Luci, I've been saving some really great jokes since the last time I saw you. You know, time to kill when waiting if you had gotten yourself killed by a vampire or if you had managed to beat them off." He shrugged.

I rolled my eyes, Luxurius was without a sense of humour, frankly the only one who laughed with his jokes was Lux himself.

"What's the difference between a redhead and a computer?"

Great another redhead joke, it must be because he had never told me one of those before (heavy on the sarcasm).

"A redhead won't accept a three and a half inch."

Oh, no he had not just said that!

With another flick of my hands and the portal had closed.

"Why don't you walk it off, Lux, and make your own portal." I smiled evilly.

"What do redheads and McDondald's have in common?" He asked while walking through the door.

I threw a dagger at him, but the bastard was quick and closed the door in time.

"You've never had it so good and so fast." He called out from the hallway.

The vampires bursted out laughing.

"Dustin, honey." I said in an ice sweet voice.

He whiped the tears out of his eyes and looked at me with a big smile on his face.

"You do know your own haircolour, right?"

Ha, that whiped the smirk right of his face, wich made the other suckers laugh only louder. At least they weren't asking me annoying questions, or demanding an answer.

I had some thinking to do.

A warm hand settled on my arm and pulled me with him towards the hall, half dragging me outside.

"We need to talk."

Crap.

Chapter 65

daughter of hell 63

this is a really short part to finish last chapter, I'm already wrighting the next one. it's short I know, but the next one will be up real soon:D

xx

P.O.V. (Seth)

I knew she didn't want to talk to me right now, tough, she'd have to suck it up and bear it like the warrior I knew she was. Hell, she'd done it before, with a past like hers... I couldn't even start to imagine what kind of shit she'd gone through, from what I'd heard off her mum it was no wonder the girl had issues.

"What do you want, Seth? I have other stuff to worry about than your feelings."

She sneered the last word as if it were something dirty, as if it were a show of weakness. Issues, the girl had issues.

"What other stuff, sweet? You have to stop pretending that the stars will fall from the sky whenever you're not there to pin them up again. Do you have any idea how many stars there are in the universe? The world doesn't go to hell whenever one falls, some problems aren't yours to solve."

The crooked smile she showed me told me I'd had chosen my words poorly, like she'd care if the entire world went to Hell.

"Go ahead." I encouraged her.

"Outwit me, I know you want to."

The grin she falshed me, the pleasure, the brightness I saw glinting in her eyes reminded me of little boy ready to get into mischief.

"I'll let you have this one, babe." She winked.

"But don't get too cocky! I'm tired, I have to go inform a demon about his new tasks as a Deadly Sin and the comparision with the stars deserves a couple of extra points."

There was so much she wasn't telling me.

"I don't have time to deal with our shit right now, Seth. I like Belphegor, but I'm not sure how he'll take the news of getting the position as Acerdius, a position that only gets free whenever the former demon gets sent to the Pitts, wich FYI is something far worse than dead. No demon wants to end up there as anything except as the executioner, I sent the demon down there to suffer, to experience excruciating pain over and over again. I am a demon, Seth, can you deal with that?"

What did I care!?! She'd said OUR shit, as in us, she finally wasn't seeing herself as an independent island anymore, no longer unapproachable, no longer defended by viscious sharks, no longer... I was getting carried away, but who cared?! She was considering the possiblity of me and her, as in together! Never mind that she hadn't outwardly voiced her thoughts

on the matter, I was happy with her subconscious admitting to this, it was a start.

"Helloooooooo, earth to the brain dead vampire! Get the cheeky grin off your face, you're offending the mirrors, and answer the damn question."

Us. I liked the sound of that.

"I suppose it's too much to ask of a bloodsucking parasite."

Wait, what where we talking about? What was too much to ask of a vampire? I couldn't believe she still saw me as the the moustache twirling villain of some old horror flick.

"You're awfully condemning for an immoral fiend. Is it the mommy complex again? It must have been traumatising knowing your own mother would break your wing because she can not bear to stay longer than five minutes in your presence. I get the complex, but really grow up and don't take out your own frustration of being a half breed on me."

Sometimes you feel this weird, tingling sensation, like a dozen of pointy litlle needles are prodding the

skin on the back of your neck, like a warning. It's like someone or something is silently shaking his head, trying to tell you to back off, to take it easy, maybe a survival instinct, long hidden, kicking in and trying to save your sorry hide.

I didn't feel this subtle warning, the moment the words left my mouth I felt like my gut was getting pierced, like invisible hands were finding their way towards my pounding life source, taking the short cut, cutting through my organs to get there faster.

"Did you know" A sweet angelic voice called to me.

"that the Aztecs took warrior of other tribes captive and held them at the top of the pyramids?"

She looked at me from under her lashes, giving me a smile that could break hearts.

"Where they had their chests cut open and their hearts ripped out?"

A now completely transformed demon stood before me, hands burried in my internal organs and giving my right lung a sharp jab with her claws, cutting throught the thick tissue, creating a deep cut.

Instanly blood started to fill my longs, I coughed and half chocked on the blood rising up my throat and spilling from my mouth, staining her uniform. The cut healed almost immediately and gradefully I took a deep clean breath.

"We actually have a couple of the ancient Aztec demons in Hell, of course they swapped their knives for claws and no longer need to lose precious time cutting through and breaking bones to get near the heart. They have a strange fondness for crushing every single organ they encounter along the way, especially when their subject is a vampire, they tend to last longer."

How come I always ended up with a pissed off demon wanting to rip out my heart? I needed to learn when to keep my mouth shut if I ever wanted things between me and Luci to work.

"I used to find it quite silly that they'd go through all this trouble since a nice decapitation could do the trick much more efficiently. It is only later that I found out that their old religion made them believe

that the soul residented in the heart, they call it teyolia."

"You know Luci" I choked.

"this is all very interesting but not to the point when you've got your hands burried in my gut."

"It's a warning to never touch my shit again, or I'll introduce the Aztecs to you."

I might have given myself away when I mentioned stuff that she probably didn't tell anyone, stuff she'd only written down on paper... crap, I had really messed this up.

I mean yeah, she was bruising my internal organs and it hurt like hell, but it would heal, the stuff I said, the years her mother had tormented her, that stuff took much longer to heal, and I just couldn't help myself and had to prob the wound. Whenever things were going remotely good between us, I just had to go and to fuck it up!

She released me and I fell to the ground, but I was already healing, the blood, her blood, I drank had

given me lots of reserves, I wasn't going to be in a life threatenign situation anytime soon.

"I'm going to finish some immoral fiendish business, don't be in my sight when I get back."

Chapter 66

daughter off hell 64

sorry if it's all too touchy feeling, I was in a weird mood:S

xx

Chapter

"Be careful, lest in casting out your demon you exorcise the best thing in you."

- Friedrich Nietzsche

P.O.V. (Belphegor)

"You look pissed off." I stated.

And she did, never before had I seen Lucifer quite this demonic. Yes, I had seen her turned, but somehow she had always managed to hold on to a certain thread of control, the angel education had always made her hold back from completely turning. Whoever had gotten her like this should get a freaking medal. She looked glorious, bloody hands, eyes a rich violet colour, hair that seemed to throw off sparks, and a look on her face that would have made a younger demon fall to his knees in fear.

Funny how Lucifer never demanded that anyone bow for her, she might get angry and sent you to the Pits, but she'd never ask you to humilate yourself by begging and crawling on the floor for mercy.

"Why ever would think that?" She snapped.

Definitely pissed.

"You know, I'm losing credibilty as a viscious demon. Have you heard what they've been saying, I feel totally disrespected. As second in Hell you should do something about that, rather quickly if you don't mind, my reputation is being shredded." I tried to distract her.

"That's not in my jobdescription. You're in charge of your own reputation, Belphegor."

"It's insulting! Did you know that that they're portraing me as either a beautiful young woman or as a monstrous, bearded demon with horns and sharply pointed nails? I am much more handsome!"

P.O.V. (Luci)

I suppose he was, tall dark and brooding, dark brown hair with just a hint of red when the light was right, caramel coloured eyes and lips that were a bit too full for his masculine face.

"You appeared in both forms to the mortal race at least once, so don't you go complaining to me about your reputation and how people portay you."

"Both dares from you, if I remember correctly."

Did I remember? I grinned and shook my head when the memory of the demon in a micro skirt and fishnets popped into my head more clearly.

"Admit it, you liked wearing those high heels." I laughed.

"Well, they did make my but look smaller."

"You're one of a kind, did you know that?" I asked, amazed how once again he had made me laugh when I felt anything like it.

"I thought that was Marcus, very special boy."

He gave me one of his famous wicked grins with just the right amount of teeth that were a little too sharp to go for human ones.

"Than again, Marcus isn't the one who can be conjured by ritually sacrifing excement."

"You just had to go and throw that in my face, girl. You better watch out, I've got dirt on you too."

"Ha, you wish, baby boy. I've got a spotless record and I dare you to give me your best shot!"

"Let's see: there was this one time when you sent me to the mortal plane to find out if there really was such a thing as married happiness. Wich was a stupid assignment, wich by the way ended being a false rumour. Did anyone say wasted time? I'm a high

class demon, not some wordless counter as a scout in a Stratego game."

"You've got nothing, admit it." I taunted.

"Then there's me knowing that you've got a thing for a certain bloodsucking prince."

My already slow pumping blood froze in my veins, only to start racing through my body at a speed that I hadn't know it possessed. I went from hot to cold, to extemely hot again, my mouth became dry and I felt like I couldn't draw enough air in my longs, not that I needed to breath but it had become an automatism and it felt weird and unsetteling that I wasn't able to perform this simple task.

"You know nothing." I managed to choke out.

"No, I know stuff, more than you can possibly imagine, young one. I know things that will happen, I know things that will go wrong... I know your destiny."

"We're demons, we decide our own fate. Are you drunk?"

Please, let him be drunk or high, I didn't care, but this wasn't the easy going demon I had known and had called my friend, even his voice sounded off.

"I've always known about you, Lucifer. I've always known you would come to Hell, I knew when you would leave, I know that you'll do what is necesarry, what is expected when the time comes."

I had awlays loathed the Fates, those three hags couldn't speak one sentence without turning it into a riddle. Why not say things straight, how they were, simple sentence with a clear meaning? I hated the mystical talk almost as much as my dad hated the believe that he used to be one of the angels, an archangel none the less.

Why was he telling me this? What did he mean, what was necesarry, what is expected from me? I hated destiny, it was never fair, it played tricks on people and just look at history and you could see what all had went wrong: king Croesus of Lydia asked the oracle of Delphi what would happen if he attacked Persia. The oracle answered: 'A great kingdom shall be destroyed.' It wasn't the Persian Empire that fell,

Lydia would be conquerred by the persians in a short period of time.

I felt a bit like king Croesus, overconfident that things would go my way, but have it all taken away with the nagging sense I should have listened better to the prophecy. Well, in my case I hadn't even bothered to listen to any prophency even thought the Moira had been nagging my ears off to swing by and listen to them.

Never before had I regretted my decision not to give a damn about fate, I wasn't saying I felt regret exactely, but it came closer to it than I ever had before. How much more power I would have if knew what Belphegor was talking about, but power meant responsibility, actually knowing how to handle such grave knowledge, I wasn't great with that kind of power. Give me a good ass kicking any day, but please don't start harping to me about doing something that is expected. I did not handle expectations well.

"I don't know what you're expecting me to do, Belphegor. I came here to make you an offer. I didn't think I needed to bring gurards, because you are my

friend. We are friends, are we not? I haven't heard off a demon with a Gift, our kinds isn't gifted. Humans, the Lore, yes, occasionally they get burdened with a Gift, some kind of extra sense, I know a vampire, Samuel, who I think can see the future, or at least parts of it. But angels and demons are pure blooded, we are not gifted, it isn't possible. So how is it you claim to be 'special'?"

"A Virtue, one of the Deadly Sins, the second in control of Hell, half angel, half demon. You claim the impossible."

"Stop parrying, and tell me what's going on."

"Did you know I am a Roman?"

"As in you used to be palls with Caesar? So you burned some Christians on a cross, everyone did something to land in Hell."

He grinned and shook his head, as if what I said was amusing.

"No, Caesar was long after me. I ended up in Hell, for I commited a gruesome act, I killed my own brother, Lucifer. If I tell you that I am one of the oldest

inhabitants of Hell, that I paid the price for my crime in Tartaros, where Erebus ruled before handing over his reign to your dad, who renamed it Hell, will you then know who am?"

"I hate riddles, I hate prophecies, just tell me what's going on, old man!"

"I was punished by the Dirae, horrible women with snakes on their heads instead of hair, with wings like bats en with big, glowing eyes. They wore burining torches in their hands and bearded whips, their job was to punish those who had been cruel to their own blood, who had fratricide on their conscience."

"I don't see your point Belphegor. If you don't want to be the Sin than just say so!"

Men, such children.

"Maybe I should rephrase: fratricide is not something that gets forgiven. Why do you think I am still here when all the ancient ones left the underworld together with Erebus? The Dirae still torture me! I am not gifted, I am cursed, they keep feeding me glimpses of what the future holds, the future of those

who I hold dear. They torture me with everything that can go wrong, Luci, you have no idea what awaits you. I live secluded, because I can't affort myself to care about others, hilarious I know, a demon is not supposed to care and many don't, but I am from a completely different world, I was here when Erebus, the god of Darkness, ruled and he didn't mind us caring, he knew guilt and sorrow were powerful emotion that hurted so much more than physical pain. Your dad is doing fine in his rule, but he isn't as old as Erebus and he doesn't know his tricks.

I want to warn you Luci, for what the future might hold, but I come from a time where oracles were real, where the gods often mingled with humans, where the stories of disaster were not seen as myths. Fate is cruel and warning you in advance could only end in fulfilling what is predicted. You know the myth of Oeidipus, how his father knew that his own son would one day kill him, he send him away and still ended up being killed by a boy who did not realise that the old man that pissed him off that much was is own father.

The only thing I can tell you is to stick close to the vampire prince, he'll keep you safe."

Oh, this was bloody terrific, I had to keep close to the royal tick? I was going to ignore this little piece of information until if felt like getting mad about stupid fate and the entire ancient world with their stupid riddles.

"Why don't you introduce me to the bitches, I kick their ancient butts and you help me out and become the Deadle Sin Sloth. Good plan, huh?"

"Clearly you haven't dealt with Alecto, Tisiphone and Megaira. They make Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos look easy."

"There are only three of them?! Please, I can take them."

"Look, Luci, go talk to your dad, I'm sure it's important. And, please, don't do anything rash."

"Have I ever?" I laughed.

"Are you going to be okay? You might be acting weird, and seriously creeping me out, but you're still

my friend, Pheg. If you need anyting, you know where to find me."

He sounded off, I was worried.

"Close to a certain vampire prince, I know." He laughed, sounding more like the Belphegor I knew and trusted.

"I'll be okay, young one, I've been for millennia, don't worry."

"You never did tell me your name, your human one that is."

He didn't look like he was going to answer that question. I sighed, I suppose we all were entitled to our own little secrets. I better went to find out what dreadful news my dad had for me, and than I could rethink who was fitted for being one of the Deadly Sins, wich loser to choose. Damn Pheg for turning all weird on me.

"Romulus, they used to call me Romulus."

Well, had you ever.

P.O.V. (Jake)

The smell of blood alerted me, the strong, somewhat sour sent told me it was a vampire bleeding. Seth, damn it! I couldn't leave him five minutes alone with the chick and he lay bleeding on the ground.

"Where the hell is Luci." I asked pissed.

"Exactly there."

I looked behind me, but saw no Luci. Okay, now Seth was starting to piss me off too, those two were made for eachother. Now why did that knowledge hurt? He was my best friend, and she was a pain in the ass, why I did I feel so lost whenever I thought of them together?

Yes, I liked Luci, demon and bloodthirsty, raving bitch, I liked everything about her; she truly was my kind of gall, a girl with a hard past, a thick skin and a thougher than hell core. Seth had been an outcast like me, Luci was a strange one, who praticly yelled to be shunned if you valued your sanity, but when you saw those two together... they belonged, and I was left behind, standing on the sidelines, never belonging anywhere.

Damn, if I wasn't careful I'd turn into the wheeping wuss like my dad had always claimed me to be. The crownprince bleeding on the floor was my top priority now.

"I meant she went to Hell, as in a visit to Satan, you know the horned guy who's also her dad. This is freaking weird: my mate's Satan's little girl, that stuff should freak me out. She has dined with angels and demons!"

That's when I noticed the blue core of Seth's mating tattoo, the tattoo had appeared when he and Luci had first kissed, making him freak out and throwing a hissy fight about being stuck with a bitch. But whenever blood was given freely, the mating would be completed and the tattoo would subtly change, a small mutation at the heart of the tattoo in colour, blue for royalty.

"How long have we been friends, Seth?" I asked him.

The bleeding had long stopped, and with a growing curiosity I saw his wounds beginning to heal. This was fast, even for a vampire as strong as Seth, to heal at this speed from wounds that looked like some kind

of animal had burried its claws in his stomac. But then if he had drank from Luci, her powerful demon blood, her being his mate only intensifying this, it shouldn't supprise me, no wonder he had been high only a day ago.

"Ever since you've first broken my nose. Why?"

"You tell me all kinds of stuff, right? Trivial stuff like all those kitchenmaids you made out with, your brother being his insane self?"

"Hey, friends tell eachother everything. But I'm not seeing your point, I thought you'd be more upset that I was lying on the floor with all my organs ripped out."

"I'm pretty sure you couldn't have pissed her off enough for her to actually strike a killing blow, but seeing how nicely you healed from her blood, maybe I should inform her she can become a little more cruel since you obviously heal so well and have become harder to kill."

"You know I am fully mated?"

I gave him a harsh nod. I couldn't believe he hadn't told me. Man, I sounded like a whiny girl, I really needed to thougen up, I was becoming soft.

"My dad found out too and forbade me to kiss and tell, apparently we're risking an uprising if someone found out about their future king being mated to an angel. My dad wants to work up to the best moment to inform the kingdom."

He tried to button up his shirt, but soon saw the piece of clothing was ripped beyond repair and let it hang loosely from his shoulders. Dumbstruck by the order of the king, I absently tugged Seth to his feed.

"You didn't tell him she's part demon?"

Not only the idea of lying to the king, but the nerve to lie to your own father made my thoughts wander off to the past where I once had tried to do the same thing, my dad had found out and I had lain on the castle's cold, stone dungeon floor with three broken ribs and a dislocated jaw for two days. Afterwards he had told me he'd been mild because it had been the first time I had dared to lie to him, next time I wouldn't be so lucky.

"Are you crazy?! He would have been able to order her killed, never minding she's my mate. He'd rather have me never to face daylight, never to come in my full strenght than see me mated to something as vile as a demon. His father was slain in the war against demons, he takes that shit way to personal."

My own father was older than Seth's and had fought in the war himself, I liked to believe it was that gruesome time that had shaped him in the bitter, spiteful man he is today, but stories from who he was before the war told me to stop kidding myself.

There even had been a time that I had thought he was so hard on me because it hurt to look at me, I took after his mate, the one who had taken up residence far away from him out off fright. I had my mother's dark eyes, almost black, dark skin, dark messy hair, I looked like a demon opposed to my father with his big blue eyes and light brown hair, who could have been an angel if not for the obvious cruel twist of his mouth, the same coldness in his eyes that I had seen reflected in my own.

"How does it feel? To be mated?"

"Weird, and amazing at the same time. I don't know yet, Luci hasn't really accepted me as her mate, she's still holding off and it makes the bond weak. I only feel strong emotion, like when she's about to rip out my heart like she tried to do moments ago."

I was impressed, she had went for the heart, no measly liver for the princess of Hell.

"It's not warm an fuzzy like we all thought, the girl has a lot of hidden scars and undealed rage. I said something, about her mom, I shouldn't have said it, but I was so mad at her for her prejudice against our race, like we aren't supposed to live, she makes me feel like a freak of nature, while she is the demon!"

"It's not like you didn't do the same. Come on dude, we tried holding her at bay with crosses and holly water! Give her time to adjust, demons don't believe in soulmates."

"You're suposed to be on my side, Jake. I thought you'd be a little more upset about Luci trying to rip out my organs."

"I don't get upset." I answered coldly.

Getting upset meant having emotions, showing them, a weakness.

"Whatever, man. I meant as in concerned over your best friends well being, you're supposed to want to keep me alive."

"You are alive, Seth. With the blood of your mate still pumping through your mates, you'll need more than a ticked of demoness to get yourself killed. You're fine, no harm done, no need for me to be concerned about your well being. Try not to piss off Lucifer and you'll be fine."

I was amazed by how quickly I had accepted Luci as a demon, I didn't have a problem with it anymore, it didn't make her any different: she was still the viscious, screwed up girl I had become to knew her as.

"So what, you trust her now?"

I deliberately didn't answer that question, I wasn't sure if I trusted anyone.

(to be continued:P)

Chapter 67

daughter of hell 65

this is a little teaser and to finally give Relizza an answer to her question (sorry it came three weeks late:s but I couldn't blab it sooner)

it's short but it'll be followed with Luci tending a visit to a certain fallen angel: will that upset Seth? fallen angels do have a reputation of being dashingly handsome and masters in seduction.... =P

I haven't figured it out exactly but does that sound like something promising or...

I'll see what I can come up with=P

ps: thanx to alwayslove516 for the enthusiasm of reading=D

I hope I don't dissapoint.

"Indeed, how was this man likely to be anything but an evil spirit, who never knew honest satiety of drink or food or sleep, but only tasting at random from the meals that were set before him, roamed the palace at unseemly hours of the night, and was possessed by the quenchless lust of a demon?"

- Procopius of Caesarea, The Secret History, circa 550 CE

"What do you mean, you can't tell me if the vampire prince is dead for sure? He's either dead or he isn't!"

I took a step back from the raging female, I was not afraid of her, but she was still a Seraphim, higher in the heavenly order than me. One day, I've promised myself so many times before and the waiting was killing me, but one day real soon I would rule and she'd be the first one to get kicked out of heaven, to become a mortal. Ha, last laughs best laugh.

The sentence reminded me of Luci, how she'd laugh right back in my face and say something stupid like: 'I've always thought who laughed last was the one who probably didn't get the joke.' If she hadn't already left heaven she'd be kicked out right along with her mother, the stupid bitch that was raving like a demonpossessed nutjob.

"Did you see my daughter kill Sethan? This is important Raphael, don't make me regret promoting you to chief of the order of the Virtues, it can be taken away as quickly as you got it." She snapped her fingers in my face.

'It can be taken away.' You couldn't take away a position from an angel, it came open again when the angel died, she once again threatened to kill me, boring. The bitch knew she needed me I was the only one who could yield the Ring and make her daughter bow, if the vampires hadn't already killed her. Probably not, since they still thought the best way to kill a demon was to burn them, how utterly ridiculous! Demons lived and breathed fire, for God's

sake! Another race I'd crush once I was in charge of these morons.

I took a deep breath, and prayed for a calmness I did not feel, the women could get a teacup mad at her.

"I followed them." I told her with a voice that shook from barely suppressed anger.

"The Ring still works, she didn't even feel my pressence. The prince felt me, he's got a lot of power hidden under his youthfull exterior, he got scared for her sake, the poor bastard went down fast: line, hook, sinker. Like all brainless heros he thought to save her, we both know your daughter is not the poor, helpless lady in distress, she does not take well to the role."

I had found out about her 'spirit', more like her viscious temper and her viscious right hook first hand. Whenever we were training she'd put up a hell of a fight, and no matter what I did, she wouldn't break, mentally that is, her bones broke all too well, I had lost count how many I had broken for her.

"The Ring made her powerless, he took away her precious control. They closed the gates of their plane. We both know it means your daughter snapped, he's dead and if she isn't yet, she'll soon join him to wherever dirt goes after they've left this live."

Precilla looked smug, the news of both the prince and Luci's soon deaths obviously pleased her. She wouldn't be that smug if she knew that Luci somehow had resisted the power of my Ring, not by much, she had lost a considerable amount of power, but not enough to drain her completely. I didn't know how she'd done it, but in the end it wouldn't matter, my new position as chief of the Virtues gave me some control over her, and the Ring would do the rest. Even if she had survived Gramoira, there was no way she could stand in my way any longer, not a vampire, not an angel, not a demon could stop me, the only person that could was the halfbreed, and the Ring would take care of her.

Soon, I promised myself, soon I would have the absolute power and human kind would worship me, demons would be no more and that ugly bitch that

had casted me aside for that pathetic demon would weep in her grave. She was dead, but even after all these years I could not shake off the pain of het betrayal, her old lover would pay the price for stealing her from me, I'd take his daughter, his demons, his plane, his everything: I'd finally be able to get rid of these lingering feelings she had left in me, feelings that even after her dead hadn't lessened.

Soon.

Chapter 68

daughter of hell 66

So sorry for the late uploading, I'm horrible at planning! You just keep neglecting stuff untill your deadline nears and all off the sudden you have to deal with everything you've been pushing ahead! Thank you for even wanting to keep following this story! It means a lot to me (and that sounds cliché, but it's still true! =D)

PS: the Moirae = the Fates = the hags

Not =/= the Dirae: those are the vengeance goddesses

Just to clear up possible confusion

Again: thank you so much for reading my stuff, you guys are amazing!!!!

Oh, and I know I said I was going to mention Raphael, but the bitchy archangel will be for a different part. Sorry, he didn't really fit in this one=S

Xx

P.O.V. (Luci)

After walking for a really long time and still not having reached the trone room, I started to realise that Belphegor lived very secluded for such a powerful demon. He was often requested as an adviser at court, no wonder that he had such a fabulous body, he had to cross half off Hell to get somewhere. How unfair that I could open a portal right now to let's say Kenya, but I couldn't open one in here to another place in Hell, whoever had invented the rules had a sick sense of humor.

A screaming headless women ran passed me straight into a wall and fell on her butt. I crouched in front of the decapitate lady and shook my head sadly.

"I've told you before Barghest, you want to scare people like that you really have to make better use of your instincts, no one is scared of some idiot running into a wall, especially when you take the form of a women with the size of that ass."

An eery, foul smelling fog curled around the headless women's body, the form of a monstrous black dog with huge teeth and claws manifistated. Smiling I scratched behind the hellhound's ear, the enormous dog laid his head in my lap like an affectionate kitten would.

Barghest wasn't a fullblood hellhound like Cerberus, my three headed hound, and it showed. No one knew for sure what he was, but many believed him to be some kind of a cross between a troll, a mut and a ghost, he was ugly alright, but I loved him dearly. A big pink tongue licked across my face, making me drip with a thick layer of smelling slime, marvelous.

"Why don't you go and scare some unsuspecting toddlers, boy? You do that like no other." I smiled.

There was a place in Hell for anyone who made a decent attempt to be evil, unlike Heaven where it

didn't matter how much effort you made, if you weren't from the right blood, not good in looks, you could kiss a good spot goodbye.

Wich made me wonder how Raphael had gotten the spot as chief of the order of the Virtues, he wasn't decended from that an important familly, must be screwing the right kind of people. Ew, that disgusting swine, if I hadn't know an immortal couldn't get an STD, I would have hoped he got syphilis and died a slow horrendous dead. Oh, wait it didn't matter that he was immortal, I stil hoped that. Preferably one he had gotten from my mother, they could be burried together. Ugh, icky thought, parents did not have sex!

Talking about STDs made me think of Seth, thinking of Seth pissed me off, and pissed off people attracted no one else but, tatatadaaaaaa: the Deadly Sin of wrath, Irus.

"You know, you following me around all the time is starting to piss me off, go away sinboy."

"You were already pissed, I had nothing to do with that, and I love spending time with you, you are one

viscious women, Lucifer. How come we've never hooked up?" He grinned.

Inward sigh and smile, you can't blame me, I'd be worried about myself if I didn't feel something with the incredible handsome Sin grinning down at me like that, he was hot! For an ancient of course.

"Last time I checked I'm still your boss, and the boss of all bosses is my dad, you know the horned guy who would eat you raw if he ever saw you batting those lashes at me."

I wasn't sure what whiped the smirk from his face, but I betted my money on the lashes comment. A guy who used to be a mean, pillaging Viking didn't like girly comments directed at him.

"But it would anger your vampire, we both know how good for business a murderous leech is, then again, seeing how he's able to put up with your crap, I'd say he's got the patience of a saint, not such a good thing for a humble Sin."

Irus, humble? Ha, two things that clashed more than me and Mr. Cocky, if that was possible. Me and Seth,

ah, another inward sigh, no! I did not like the thick, I was no mushy girl.

"I can feel you boiling up inside at the mere mention of his existence, I am so employing that guy. By the way, you might want to know you didn't cause any real damage to his intestins. Are you growing soft, ace?" He taunted.

If I kept telling myself that the tug on my heart was an early heartattack and not the concern and regret I felt about snapping at him like that, I might actually believe it one day.

The murdurous glare I treated Irus with was no lie.

"I'm starting to see why Humanitas hates your guts, she's very spiteful for a Virtue, especially one that's supposed to repressent kindness."

Oh, he had to bring up that whiny bitch.

"It's not like she gets along with you. Didn't she once try bribing you to quit your position as a Deadly Sin for free passage to Walhalla?"

"Yeah, she even offered to be my Valkyrie for a week if I quit right on the spot, but she's a blond, and I had too many of those while I was still human, plus she's an angel, she doesn't hold a candle to the real thing, a fierce, crazy Valkyrie."

"And here I thought you could never have done enough blonds. Another one of my believes smashed to pieces, how cruel of you." I sighted dramatically.

"Trust me you can, but that's not my point."

"Right, your point was that the whiny bitch can't stand me because I am the embodiment off fun and she's still trying to get that stick out of her arse?"

"Oh no, that stick is mighty stuck, she'll never get it out."

Huminitas was a stuck up bitch who had been the only female Virtue untill I came along, apparently she did not like the competion, like I would have wanted an angel?! She was supposed to be the quality of warmhearted, considerate, humane and sympathetic. From the first moment we met I'd drained her with my impatience with the faults of

others, my lack of empathy and so on. She once had called me a vindictive little bitch, but had fainted, drained from power right after, she kept her distance afterwards.

"No, my point is that even thougth I love your grudge holding nature and your low tolerance for others but-" He pulled me from my trip down to memory lane.

"- Satan saw something in the guy, something strong and trustworthy, even I saw it, and I was high on your anger at moment."

"I still don't see your point." I said stuborn.

"I've always thought that of the Seven Deadly Sins, anger/wrath is the most fun one. Ever read Frederick Buechner?"

"Wow, a literate Viking, he would have thougth?"

"You need to stop making barbs on my heritance, little Miss Sarcastic, you seem to have forgotten that I am still more than twice your size and can break you like a toothpick." He narrowed his eyes on me.

"Put on the helmet with the cute little horns and bring out a drakkar, Mister Almighty, because you seem to have forgotten I possess more power in my little toe than you have muscles, pretty boy."

I liked the Sin, but I hated being discarded as weak and dispossable. Been there, done that, didn't like it. But I did know who Frederick Beuchner was, since finding out about my demon inheritance I had become obsessed with all thing written down about it. Most of it was ridiculous, and pure fiction, but it was always interesting to see how the mortals viewed us. One of my favorites was the The Satanic Bible from Anton LaVey, but I had read Wishful Thinking from Beuchner too and knew what Irus was trying to say.

'Of the Seven Deadly Sins, anger is possibly the most fun. To lick your wounds, to smack your lips over grievances long past, to roll over your tongue the prospect of bitter confrontations still to come, to savor to the last toothsome morsel both the pain you are given and the pain you are giving back - in many ways it is a feast fit for a king. The chief drawback is

that what you are wolfing down is yourself. The skeleton at the feast is you.'

My dad for some twisted reason saw something in the vampire prince, and I needed to let go of my anger before I let it consume me. Deep shit for an ordinary demon, but then most of the Sins had been pretty important people in their mortal lives. Atilla went by the name Gulus, the Deadly Sin gluttony, the greedy bastard fits the role like Cinderella and her glass shoe. (How anyone would wear a shoe made from glass was stil beyond me, or wanted the impassive prince of hers who can't even run after her, but I was getting distraced.)

"I'll try."

It was all I could promise for now. Contrary to popular believe I did keep my promises, the trick was to not make any that you couldn't hold or in my case: didn't want to hold.

You never knew what kind of stupid trick Mr. Cocky would pull next.

"That's all we're asking."

I liked him more when you didn't talk to me, were all all Vikings such philosophic whiny know-it-alls? He was so screwing up the picture I had off those rugged, chiseled, ruthless warriors.

"You're dad's waiting."

"Don't worry, I'll tell him you were waisting my time instead of doing your job. Go wreck some havoc elsewhere."

"What took you so long?"

"Why, hello to you too, daddy dearest."

"Your mother is a cold hearted bitch who I would throw in the Pits if I hadn't made that stupid vow to Lucifer!"

Huh?

"Dad, chill, you never made me such a vow, go ahead and kill her!"

The deep sigh that left him made me worry and step closer. As if he was a tired, old man he went down in his trone and burried his face in his hands.

"Dad? What's going on, what vow?"

"Did you never wonder where the stories about Lucifer come from? A fallen angel, the light bearer who ended up in Hell?"

Not really, I'd just assumed it was all fiction, lies invented by the angels to scare their 'precious' humans. The look my dad gave me made me wonder if I shouldn't ease up on all the assuming.

"There was once an angel, an archangel the first in line to get promoted to Seraphim, she gorgeous, a picture to behold, grace, beauty... Lucifer." He trailed off, lost in thoughts, a true happy smile that I didn't saw that often on his face.

"What is the most atrocious thing that an angel could do?"

I didn't know where he was going with this, but his strange mood made me want to humor him, he looked... upset?

"To fall from Heaven, like Azazel did."

"No, they fall and are a disgrace to all angels, but the ablsolute worst thing that can happen, but almost never does is for an angel to become a demon."

Holy crap, that isn't possible, I would have know if such a thing was possible. How was such a thing possible? Those stuck up snobs could all join me in Hell? The horror!

"It isn't done often, as a matter of fact, Lucifer is the only one who has done so in known history. First she had to fall, to leave behind everything, after she'd fallen she surrendered her soul to me, told me she knew I would keep it safe. I turned her into a demon. Demons, she was magnificent, incredible blond, big blue eyes that could give you the most wicked looks ever, you inherited that trait from your aunt, Luci, when you look at me, glowing with mishief I see her in you."

"I have an aunt?"

"Not anymore."

The pain I heard in his voice broke my little black heart, my poor father, he obviously had loved her. But an aunt? That meant my mother had had sister? They couldn't have been anything alike, my mothes is horrible, my dad could never love such a creature.

"She died in the Great War against the angels and the vampires. I mourned for years, then one time Precilla showed up, sixteen years ago. I might despise your mother, Luci, but they could have been twins, she's the smitten image of Lucifer, a reason why I've never been able to kill her up untill I heard what she's planning for my daughter! That and the fact that I promised her I wouldn't end her sister's life."

What was she planning? For my dad to actually consider killing her it must be bad, worse than her sending me out into a school full of vampires, worse than her sheming, I still hadn't figured it all out. I just knew she was responsible for me being roomies with Seth, just as I knew that it had been her idea to send me to vamp-boarding school, but I didn't understand why. Why?!

"After Precilla left I knew it wouldn't happen again, me and her, the moment she got what she wanted from me-"

Ew, please don't elaborate that.

"- I saw her for what she truly is, where your aunt was wicked, your mother is malicious. You were ten

when I found out about you, Luci. It took me four years to get you away from her, thank Erebus!"

Fire leaped from his fingers and his feet started to deform into goatpaws, a trait I, thank every power, hadn't inherited.

"I never asked why she'd wanted me, she loaded me and not only because her sister had left because of me, I should have realised. She wanted you, Luci."

"Me?"

She certainly didn't act like she wanted a daughter, she couldn't stand the sight of me. Then it hit me like a billiard cue mistaking the space between my eyes for the green ball (a entertaining story worth elaborating, but at a different/better time).

"The prohency." I whispered.

"You know about that?" My dad asked supprised.

I shook my head.

"Belphegor mentioned something about me having to consult the hags more often, that I would know more if I'd been a better listener. By the way, the whiny

bitch turned down my offer to join the Seven Deadly Sins, so if you've got someone in mind, let me know."

"With the hags you mean in a very disrespectful way the Fates, right?" My dad said in a very well known disaproving tone, he used whenever he heard me swear.

"Yeah, the hags, you know the scary bitches who constanly mumble shit about fulfilling one's destiny but never provide you with straight answers."

"They're not that scary, Luci, except maybe for Atropos, those scissors are quiet large and sharp."

"Dad, what does the prohency say exactley?"

One eyebrow was raised, another reason to like my dad more than my mother: she couldn't move her eyebrows seperately, plus they were always drawn in a frown.

"After all off this you still haven't learned to go to the source yourself and hear the words straight from the mouth?"

I let myself fall into my dad's trone, it was like this huge chair made from gold, red rubbies and the softest cushions ever! Aah, I wanted one of these. My dad even promised me one if I could stay out of trouble for an entire month, so far no succes, but I kept trying.

"Why go there when you have footsoldiers? Who did you sent?"

I asked, knowing my dad the being bone-idle motto applied to both me and my dad, to most demons if you asked me. Marcus chose that moment to appear with a disgusted expression on his face and scraping of his tongue with the sleeve of his dress shirt. I suppose there was no need in telling me who the foodsoldier was anymore.

"Seriously, that was the last time I went to the hags. No more." He shuddered.

"How come Marcus can call them hags, and I have to be polite and refer to them as the Fates? I think you should give him a lesson on appropriate behaviour."

"I had to kiss Lachesis in order to hear the prohency again, apperantly if you refuse their invitation to hear them out when they offer to read your destiny, they feel irked. If you came as close to those three as me, you'd be allowed to call them hags too."

"Who knew the ancient would be so quick to take offence? You'd think they'd have gotten used to it after all these centuries, wouldn't you? Good thing your such a pretty boy, Marcus, I heard they usually ask more than kisses." I smiled.

I didn't believe the barfing sounds he made were fake, he did look a bit green in the face.

"You owe me, Luci."

"How about I buy you some mouthwash and we forget about it?"

"Ha, that doesn't even start covering what you owe me, demon girl."

"Marcus." My dad prompted.

"The prohency?"

"Yeah, yeah. Some shit about how 'the hotblooded child of the power of Hell and the grace of Heaven, obviously Luci, would safe one of the condmened races; angel or demon. It's not clear yet which one you'll chose."

"Ha, not clear, if I have a choice it's going be bye bye angels. Did they tell you anything usefull like how I was going to safe them?"

"Well, no."

The answer did not supprise me.

"But they did say who would be the end one of the races: Sethan with the fangs."

If I hadn't been so horrorstruck about Mr. Cocky being the 'terminator', I would have laughed at the phrasing 'with the fangs'.

"So what? I have to kill him?"

I should be overwhelmed by joy, yet it was only dread I felt. Damn, the bloodsucking bastard had kind of grew on me, I wasn't so sure anymore if I could kill him. Beat the guy untill he was too ugly for

radio, no problem, but actually ridding the world of the bastard... the world needed bastards too, right? My world needed them, him to be more specific.

"No, that 's where your mother got it all wrong. He'll destroy one race, a dead can't do that, you won't kill him, Luci, he's going to do this for you."

"What the hell is that supposed ot mean? I can kill him, just give me a stake I'll end his miserable little life." I lied easily.

"No, that's not what I'm saying. You'll be the trigger, for some reason he'll whipe out an enitre race for you. Maybe because you'll ask it, maybe because he fears for your life, we don't know the details but we do know this-"

I was not going to like this, I was so not going to like this.

"The Moirae took a look at both your life threads, they're entwined."

"Meaning?"

"You're soulmates."

I was right, I so did not like this.

Fire crackled from my hair, flames leaped from my fingers, I knew my skin was turning a darker colour, my eyes turning that eery violet colour, in other words: I was freaking out!

The weird part of this all: my dad wasn't.

"You don't look supprised." I narrowed my eyes at him.

"Sweety,"

He started, and I clenched my teeth, trying to ready myself for what would come. Always when my dad called me 'sweety' it was followed by some unpleasent news where he found some sick enjoyment in. Like when he told me I wasn't going to be getting my driver's licence on my sixteenth birthday (something to do with me being a fucking road hazzard, not my words), or when he told me that addional to mine becoming twentythree and stop aging proces, I'd grow horns whenever I'd get pissed.

"I saw the way that boy looked at you and-"

"Vampire! Leech! Even giant tick, but not 'boy', it makes him sound harmless and he's far from it! He's a fucking parasite that after his twentyfirst birthday will have to drink the blood from his mate to stay alive! A bloodsucker, that is what he is and if we were soulmates, it would mean that I was also his mate, something that is entirely impossible since demons done do the whole I-want-you-forever thing!" I raged.

"-there isn't a vampire who wouldn't rather die than see his mate hurt, you're safe with him, he'll protect you."

Wrong words, I did not need protection, I was a kick-ass demon princess, I could take care of my own. Mates, I scoffed inwardly, demons and angels were loners, we were strong individuals who didn't need another shoulder to cry on, or a breathtaking smile to come home to, nor did we need someone with nice big strong arms to hold us when we felt like falling apart, and we so did not need amazing blue eyes looking down at us full of mishief making us laugh even before... Aw, crap.

"How do we undo it?" I asked.

"You can't, not anymore, you freely gave him your blood, Luci. There's no way back from here, by giving him your blood, you accepted him as your mate."

"Till death do us parts gets a whole new meaning when you've got forever, doesn't it?" Marcus smirked.

I punched Marcus in the face for that last comment, blood sputtering on my already bloodied shirt.

"Aw, damn it, Luci! You have to learn how to take a joke, princess."

He'd be fine, his demon blood already healing him, I on the other hand, wasn't fine.

"How do you know I let him drink?"

Strangely, I wasn't ashamed about playing life sized tap for a vampire, because I had done it for Seth, because it had healed him, made him stronger and harder to kill, so I didn't had to lose him. Where were these thoughts coming form? This wasn't me.

"If I remember correctly" My dad stared, staring at me intently.

"blue is for the angel weapons,"

He reffered to my painful tattoot that I'd rather not have, I blamed my mother.

"black for the one you got behind my back withouth my permission."

Damn how had he found out about that one?

"And then finally green for a finished vampire mating."

Green?

I follow down their gazes to where a hint of green marked the skin right above my top, I pulled away the material and looked down where a twirling green with black tattoo danced between my breasts. Hell no!

I had already opened a portal when I heard my dad yell after me.

"Make sure you stop by Azazel and tell him Raphael has his ring, he'll help you."

Just what I needed: talking to a horny fallen angel about a bitchy archangel having his ring. Let's do

that after killing Mr. Cocky. My mate, let's kill him twice, just for the heck of it.

(I didn't really check for spelling mistakes and grammar, but it's 0: 20 h so I'm gonna call it a night. Thanx for reading! Xx)

Chapter 69

daughter of hell 67

Okay, confession time: the most important reason I haven't been working on this story is the feeling that I won't live up to the expectations you guys have of this story. I mean you guys have always told me you loved it! And I love you for it, but near the end a lot of people started telling me the story was getting weak, and I was afraid... afraid of... not really sure what, but maybe I'm gonna give it another go and see where it goes.

(another reason, less pathetic, but still)

So sorry if you have messaged me and I have not replied. I've been avoiding wattpad fully knowing

that I wouldn't be able to resist the temptation if logged on again. Let's get it all out in the open: I'm not smart, I have to work my ass off in school to pass. I'd love to rewrite this story in my free time, but I before I can change and delete a lot of crap, I want to finish it first; so here goes nothing...

IMPORTANT: so I had to work through something stupid I wrote a while back. If I ever rewrite I'll drop it completely, but for the story to make sense, I had to work out my screw up. Sorry in advance for the annoying piece about the 'feminine lunatic voice'.

If you are still reading this... you're awesome in my book!

Xx impossible

Chapter:

"Of the Seven Deadly Sins, anger is possibly the most fun.

To lick your wounds, to smack your lips over grievances long past,

to roll over your tongue the prospect of bitter confrontations still to come,

to savour to the last toothsome morsel both the pain you are given and the pain you are giving back - in many ways it is a feast fit for a king.

The chief drawback is that what you are wolfing down is yourself.

The skeleton at the feast is you."

- Fredrick Buechner -

P.O.V. (Luci)

I was spitting mad, an all consuming rage had taken hold of me. I was good with rage, it wasn't the first time I had to deal with the emotion, it came easy. You just ignored all the other bullshit, all the stuff that I didn't want to feel or acknowledge for that matter and let one of the most powerful emotions come to me. In Hell the most powerful emotion would be rage, not even in Heaven did they believe their own advertising shit like: 'love will conquer all', that would be hate, they taught me that on a young age. But it wasn't hate that consumed my very being, it

was anger, rage, whatever you wanted to call the sin. I knew one thing though, it was almost as powerful as hate, only a little less self-destructive.

The portal opened in the living room, right in front of the television. Don't get in between a bunch of teenage boys and their X-box or suffer the consequences, meaning: a couple of jumbo buckets of popcorn, but in my anger I was burning up, literally. Wherever the popcorn touched my skin, it burned up immediately.

"Seth's in the bathroom, go yell at him there." Jake called out while aiming the now empty bucket at my head.

If I hadn't been this pissed, I might have stopped to ask him why all of the sudden I wasn't such a big threat to his prince anymore, but I was pissed which meant I didn't give a fuck. Without thinking I marched over to the bathroom and fire-kicked open the door.

"You are so dead, asshole." I hissed between clenched teeth.

At hearing my voice he jumped in the air and lost his towel in the process. This time it wasn't the fire that turned my cheeks red, it was Seth who stood before me buck naked and with a cocky grin on his face.

"Enjoying the view?"

"Don't be disgusting and cover up." I mumbled, trying really hard not to stare at little Seth.

"Why? Does my nakedness bother you? Afraid you won't be able to keep your hands off of me?" He had the nerve to laugh.

"Trust me, the only place of you my hands want a piece of is that fragile neck of yours, vampire." I hissed.

I couldn't believe I was stuck to all eternity with this oaf! My hands itched as I saw one of his eyebrows rise in his own haughty way.

"What could I have possibly done in the short time you almost ripped my intestines out and the moment of your return from Hell? Here I am taking a shower to wash of the blood you spilled on me and you barge in here without even a 'hi sweetheart'." He pouted.

"Don't you dare pout those lips at me, fangboy, not unless you want your teeth sticking through them." I threatened.

"Honestly, Luci" He said, while finally pulling on some boxers.

"I don't see what I possibly could have done in such a short time span. Do me a favour and just tell me what I did so I can either grovel for your forgiveness or tell you to grow up and get over it."

"Oh, trust me, no amount of grovelling is going to make this right! Do you have any idea how horrible this is?! I can NOT be stuck with you!" I raged.

"We're roommates, sugar, I already tried to change that from the first day I met you, they can't. Something to do with your mother insisting and a lot of cash. Plus we have a truce with the angels, we're not in a position to refuse them anything, for now." He added darkly.

This made me think about the Moirae's prophecy. The way Seth talked it looked like I wouldn't have to convince him to spare the demons and burn the

angels. But the kind of power he yielded scared me, that a vampire could nullify a demon's magic... if that knowledge came into the wrong hands, our entire race would be doomed. If I could convince Seth to not destroy the entire demon population, if I succeeded it'd be only me, doomed to an eternity with him. Demons, this was going to give me nightmares.

"I don't care for that shit, jerkball, rooming with you isn't forever! Intertwined life threads are!"

"What are you talking about?"

The boy looked genuinely confused, maybe he didn't know it yet, maybe he was, like me, an innocent victim of the cruelty of fate.

"The Moirae noticed that our life threads are intertwined, they are never wrong."

If I had been that kind of girl, I would have cried, saying it out loud made it sound so much more irrevocable and real.

"The Moirae?"

The boy looked even more confused, okay, he was stupid, it was official now.

"Isn't the goddess Nix the mother of your kind?" I asked.

"Yes, so?"

"The Moirae are said to be her daughters, ugly ones that is, but still her daughters. How can you know so little about your own background! Are you sure your daddy is your father?"

"Don't you fucking insult my mother, Luci, or I'll drag yours in this pissing contest too."

"Be my guest, see if I care." Asshole.

Tired, he dragged his hand trough his hair.

"I'm sorry, my mom is great, amazing. She's the reason I made it past my first year, Luci, you have to understand. I am second borne, Vic is the eldest, I was only seen as a threat to his crown. Lot's of royal second born sons never make it to the age I have. Let's not fight."

But Seth was the crown prince, the boys often spoke of him as their next king, I didn't understand. Vic didn't seem to have a problem with his younger brother taking his place as heir, had they fought for the crown? It looked unlikely, Vic was too easy going for that, almost as much as Nate.

"Vic didn't want to be king." He guessed my question.

I ignored him and continued to educate the empty headed boy.

"The Moirae, also called the Fates, are three old ladies who supervise fate. Clotho is the spinner, Lachesis is the drawer of lots, and Atropos represents the inevitable end to life. Every creature has a thread, mortal and immortal, vampire, angel, even demons have one. Apparently my thread got entangled with yours."

"Meaning."

"We're soulmates."

He didn't look chocked, why didn't he look surprised?

"You knew?" I exclaimed at his lack of response.

"I'm a vampire, we're a bit more evolved than demons in that aspect. I knew you were my mate almost from the first time I saw you, I knew it would be only a matter of time before we were truly mated. I must ad that you have the sweetest blood ever."

I kicked him in the chest, he gasped for breath and lost his balance, banging against the wall head first. A small stream of blood seeped from the crack in his skull, but before I could even smile with my little accomplishment, the bleeding stopped. Another reminder that we were fully mated, my blood in his body.

I was ready to burn his skin black and turn his organs into ashes, when a horrible familiar voice stopped me.

'Remember what Marcus said.'

Okay, I'd had it with this weird voice, I wanted to know whoever this was, and if it were some manipulative angel or vampire I was going to do my hardest to find out their worst nightmare and deliver it, their screams would be my lullaby.

"Look, you stupid little demon girl, I am sick of having to watch the two of you circle around each other, you might not like it but you and him are a closed deal. Do you creatures not get the meaning of soulmates? He is the other half of your soul, ignorant girl! And, yes little demoness, you have a fucking soul, it might be a tad black and gold but you have one, demons have souls too!" A tall, muscular guy, who showed up out of nowhere, ranted on.

"I have tried to make the two of you see reason, I have tried to be patient, but you both are fucking hopeless! Just get over it and be together so I can finally have my full power back without having to fear every day to be pulled back in that dull whole they call Olympos. I am a god, a deity, damn it! We should have never given up our reign!"

Whine, whine, whine, the voice sounded familiar. But how could he sound familiar, I would remember such a magnificent contribution to the male species. The guy really had it going for himself: sun kissed skin, amazing blue eyes, hair spun of gold, and abs to make even make me want to drool. Perfect arched

eyebrows were drawn in a frown and those lush kissable lips were pulled over his teeth in rage, the most perfect white toothpaste-commercial teeth I had ever seen. The guy could have been one of the ancient Greek gods who were residents on the mountain Olympos.

"Do the two of you actually realize how hard it is for two people to keep such an emotional distance from each other, let alone a physical one, when your lifethreads are intertwined? It is nearly impossible, it's where the love-at-first-sight-stories come from. You only need to look at your soulmate and you know you belong together! There is no fancy little chubby guy with wings who shoots arrows at you and makes you fall in love, there is a deity who makes pacts with the Moirae, who plans, who makes sure the two would be lovers meet... I did all of that, and yet here you are still going around each other in circles!"

His voice had an almost feminine lilt to it, even when his words were spoken in anger, frustration. But what he was saying annoyed me, just what I needed,

another fucked up supernatural who thought he could dictate my life, I was sick of it. I might be an immortal, destined to live forever unless someone managed to kill me, but I was young, only sixteen, I hadn't even matured yet, my body was still aging and I was already hitched to some guy for life? That was wrong on so many levels.

Wait a second: an annoying voice, kind of feminine... the only thing that was missing was the lunatic part, but then the guy thought he was a deity, which was impossible since all the ancient gods had retired on Olympos when Erebus had given his reign to my dad, Satan, to restore the balance with the angels.

"Feminine ,annoying, lunatic voice?" I asked.

"I have told you before not to call me like that. I am Eros, son of Erebus and Nix, and much more powerful than you'll ever be, little demon. Erebus gave power to your father, who passed some of that power to you, but never would a Greek god give a mere demon more power than his own son. I am a deity, lowly creature of fire, I am from the sky and as history teaches us, the sky rules the remaining

elements. Air breathes lives into fire, makes water breath and lets the earth grow, we used to rule, we should have never left."

A conceited deity, my day just kept getting better and better.

"Okay, time out, dude!" Mr. Cocky shook his head and walked over to us with a funny smile on his face as if what this guy was saying was entertaining him.

"You're telling us you're Eros, as in Cupid, the god of Love?" He laughed.

"Like the chubby cherub who shoots arrows? You're awfully big for a cherub, and where are your wings?" He questioned.

"He's not a fucking angel, Seth, he's a deity, they manipulate the elements."

"You manipulate the elements, and you're not a goddess."

"Although I am divine," I joked just to annoy Eros, the guy irritated me.

"I only yield the element fire, the one element Erebus gave the demons power over."

"This is too weird. Those are myths, we respect them, but we don't really believe them. I am not a creation of some ancient Greek goddess. No one believes that story, it's a way of explaining things that can't yet be explained."

"So what? Vampires exist but to think gods do, is ridiculous? How did you think your kind was possible to walk in the light again when-"

"Yeah, thanks Luci, but I don't need to hear the absurd story again, I've heard it too many time! The vampire race was created by Nyx, but cursed by Erebus."

"Actually also by Hemera, the goddess of the day, but Nix called in a few favours from the Moirae. You owe your miserable bloodsucking life to the goddess, but you can't believe she really existed? Still exists, retired on Olympos?"

"Vampires are a little bit more cultivated than demons, sweetie, we believe in science and like to see

proof before we believe the first story dished out to us."

"Oh, how much I would like to give you your precious proof, fangboy. I'd love to introduce you to the Dirae and-"

"You mean the Moirae."

"No, you stupid, ignorant leech, I mean the Dirae, they-"

"SHUT UP!" The beautiful voice of Eros thundered.

"I do not care if the vampire believes me, what I do care about is the fact that I was forced to retire to Olympos with the rest of them against my wishes. I was furious that the Moriae, the Dirae and some others were allowed to stay where I was not. I was ecstatic when the opportunity to go back was given to me. This place needs love, I am the god of Love. It seemed like an easy assignment to give love to two people who were most unlikely to ever find it on their own. I was given a part of my power back, if I could give love to the vampire prince and demon princess I'll be granted permanent access to this

world, I'll be worshiped again and I will finally be restored to my former power."

Talk about some big evil mastermind in a cartoon who spills his entire, might I ad tiny bit insane, plan to kill the hero right before he slowly let's the hero down from a rope in a giant kettle of hot lava. Except that I couldn't see an easy way out of this insane evil mastermind's plan like any hero in a cartoon would.

"You need to leave." I told the deity.

"And you," I pointed towards Mr. Cocky.

"you are going to get your ass kicked for not telling me we were soulmates and not trying to change that litlle fact."

"How about I make you a deal." Cupid proposed.

"In exchange for you to stop fighting the obvious bond between yourself and the vampire, I'll tell you everything I know about Raphael."

"Yeah, how about you take your cherubs ass out of our lives and I ask Azazel about Raphael? Go shoot

an arrow at someone who wants to be shot. Nice meeting you Cupid."

"The name is Eros, it were those bloody Romans who came up with Cupid, I hate the name." His voice sounding more feminine as he incensed.

It was such a shame that all hot guys were such complete pain in the asses, that included Eros as well as Seth.

"Go away, I need to kick the vampire's ass." I said venomous.

I might respect the ancient gods, but I did not fear them.

"When you realise a young creature such as Azazel can't provide what you desperately need to know, just give me a call and we'll talk about our deal."

And he was gone, leaving me with nothing more than a plain white card with a phonenumber in black letters printed on. Who'd have thought, an ancient one owning a cellphone.

P.O.V. (Seth)

Okay, talk about weird. I couldn't believe Luci believed this guy, the ancient Greek gods had never existed, the idea was as ridiculous as believing djinns were real. I didn't like the way the delusional blond guy was standing so close to my mate. The god of Love, sure, even Vic wasn't that obvious.

"Go away, I need to kick the vampire's ass."

If it meant that he would leave, she could kick my ass any time, or at least try. The moments that girl could work out her aggressiveness on me where the times I didn't expect her to strike, she was getting a stressball for her birthday, maybe a punching bag. How many hits, blows and kicks I had taken from that girl, she was damn lucky she was my mate and that it went against all my instincts to cause her harm, I wish she felt the same. Man, I would call those couple of kisses I had been able to steal from her heaven if I didn't knew from Luci it looked more like a torture camp.

"When you need information, just give me a call and we'll talk about our deal." Cupid said in a dark voice.

Luci made a rude comment to that, very rude for someone who claimed to respect the ancient gods. Then he just disappeared, no flames licking his frame like the demons, no feathers floating around, no smoke, he disappeared like he'd never been here, I didn't trust him.

I turned around right in time to see a fist coming towards my face, nothing new there and I caught her wrist before it could dislocate my jaw, again.

"This is all your fault." She all but spit in my face.

Seriously, how could this be my fault? I didn't even believe the guy was a god, let alone sent him to her dishing out shit that in order for him to get his power back, he needed Luci to accept me. I wasn't that much of a fool that I thought Luci could be persuaded to accept me as her mate, just to help another being restore his power. She was a selfish little bitch, I knew that, but the fact that she didn't even try to hide it, made you like her instantly. She had this air around her: what you see is what you get and if you can't deal with that, then fuck you. I

couldn't help myself, I tried kissing her, but she dodged my kiss and quickly scrambled away.

"Don't." She simply said.

"Why the hell not? We both know you like my kisses, you can still hate my guts, that doesn't have to mean you don't want me."

"I don't."

"Now, listen, Luci-"

"I don't hate you."

Wait, what? She doesn't hate me?

"I need to go."

"Woaaoh! Wait up a second, gorgeous. You can't go around telling me you don't hate me without an explanation."

"Demons, Seth, get over yourself. It isn't like I said I loved you, or something. Don't go all happy puppy on me, just because I told you I don't hate you. I still think you are the most annoying, self-centred, obnoxious, pigheaded creature I ever had the displeasure of meeting."

"You like me, babe. You can admit it, I won't tell."

"Screw you, fangboy."

"Oh, I'm feeling the love!" I exclaimed while throwing my arms in the air, knowing it would annoy her.

"How about a kiss to seal the deal?" I winked.

I didn't wait for her to consent, knowing she never would voluntarily admit she wanted me.

"You're going to fall in love with me, beautiful, and you won't be able to contain all that happiness the day you become my queen." I yelled after her. "Wait, where are you going?"

I started jogging after her, who knew for what kind of trouble she was signing herself up for now?

"To go and see the one person who hates Raphael more than me."

'Who? Is he male?"

P.O.V. (Luci)

"To go and see the one person who hates Raphael more than me."

'Who? Is he male?"

Of course that would be the first thing he'd ask.

"Get over yourself, fangboy. He's an angel."

"A male angel?"

"From what I've heard, a delicious male angel."

His temper didn't rise at my words. Was I losing my touch?

"You hate angels." He said with a smug smile on his face.

"Demons and angels they don't mix well."

How true that was.

"He's fallen. That's one step away from demonhood." I smiled.

Ah, there was the anger. I still had it. His nostrils flared and his pupils became huge, he looked like a total retard with fangs.

"What does that even mean, he's still an angel. You can't desire him."

"He's fallen from grace. That makes him doable. But don't worry,"

I didn't need an argument with him now. I needed to get to Azazel and find out about just how big of a threat Raphael was turning out to be.

"his tastes run more towards the human race, something I clearly am not."

I conjured the fire to lead me Azazel, I felt my blood thicken and right before the flames took me, a cool hand grabbed my wrist and burned with me.

"Are you fucking stupid?!" I screamed at the blackened body on the ground.

"You do not, I repeat, you do not, under any circumstances touch the demon while she is transporting herself to another place. Transporting means burning oneself first! Demons I made from the fire, I am a demon, you are not. What does that mean?"

The piece of smoking flesh couldn't do more than groan.

"It means you get fried leech! You stupid boy. This isn't even like when I gave you a full blast. That was normal fire, when I transport I summon the fires of Hell! Hell as in the smelly pit filled with flames where the naughty people are sent to burn for all of eternity! You, you, you- Aaaaaah!"

The fried vampire groaned some more.

"I bet you are even expecting me to feed you now! Well, it's not going to happen. I'm going to let you lie here and I'd say rot if I actually though there was enough left of you to rot."

When I tried to leave I felt a sticky hand grab my ankle. I tried shaking it off, more grossed out then that when Marcus had to make out with the Moirae (Yuk, sucking faces with crazy old hags).

"How is it even possible that you can still move? Remove the sticky black flesh from my amazing persona."

"You" The thing growled.

Was that a piece of fang I recognised?

"are"

Wait for it.

"not"

Okay, this was taking to long. I ripped the skin from my own wrist and pressed it against the place where I presumed the idiots face should be. I so hoped this was his face.

After only three big slurps on his part, I pulled back. I just needed him somewhat more alive so I could here him finish his sentence. Who knew he might have something of meaning to say this time... it wasn't because in his weakened state in the front yard of the fallen their residence he would have been surely finished off. Or at least, it wasn't because I cared for his life other then that it would mean the end of mine too. Damn, those intertwined life threads.

Oh, looked Mr. Cocky had his face back, sort of. He would need some more time to have all his hair grow back. It wasn't like you could call his former whiskers actual beard grow.

I bit back a laugh.

"What?" He looked annoyed.

More like an annoyed monkey. All of his facial hair had yet to grow back, including his eyebrows. And a piece of his left ear. (again yuk)

"You could have warned me, you know."

"Warned you for what?" I giggled at his eyebrowless face.

"The freaking fire of Hell! What else that hurt like a motherfucking bitch!"

"That's almost as nasty as you without hair." I laughed.

"Now you know better than to follow a demon, you don't have the right equipment for this kind of thing."

"There's nothing wrong with my equipment." The monkey grinned.

"You sure about that?" I raised one eyebrow, just for the fun since he had lost both of his.

"Soft tissue burns first."

He gritted his teeth, clearly pissed of. That was the one thing that fascinated me about the vampires: they burned very well, except for their teeth. You could let them burn for a century but their teeth would always survive. Those babies were worth a lot in the supernatural hierarchy. Would I be able to knock one out? I still owed Marcus a lot off money.

"Stop staring at me. My hair will be back before it's night."

Vane boy.

"Can you find your own way back or do I need to call someone to pick you up?" I asked impatiently. I needed to speak to the first of the fallen before more shit happened.

"Where are we?"

"On this lovely place called Earth, it's kind of full and lots of its inhabitants have petitioned me to sent you home. Maybe you should heed their wishes."

"Funny girl. Now tell me where we are."

"The residence of the fallen. Well, one of them at least. I had it on good authority that he'd be here."

"Who?"

"Don't you ever listen to a word I say? Azazel!"

I must have turned his brain to ash, he was slow today.

"Right, like I'd let you enter the house of one of the biggest sinners of this word alone."

"One of the biggest sinners?" A smooth voice asked.

"And here I thought that the first one to rebel against His Divinity would at least be honoured with the title 'biggest sinner'."

I rolled my eyes at the former angel.

"You still got the ego of an angel."

It had slipped past my lips before I could stop it. Damn, not a good idea to piss off the guy who's help you desperately needed.

"Don't cross me little demoness. Not when you're the one who sought me out."

He still looked like an angel to me with his light honey brown hair and amber eyes. I bet he had dimples when he smiled. He was, well, cute. Not at all the breathtaking sinfully handsome sinner I had expected. I wanted to smooth his hair back and feed him milk and cookies.

I reached out to pat his cheek but the cold look in eyes made me retreat. I had a feeling that I would lose my hand if I proceeded with my original plan.

"Why are you here, princess? I have already sworn my alliance with your race if the angels would strike at you first. I have nothing to do or say to you otherwise. I might be fallen, but I must still respect the balance."

What a load of crap, and here I thought he might be fun. I wondered why they kicked him out of Heaven, he fit right in with the crowd.

"The first strike has already been made. Raphael has your ring."

Azazel froze.

"Wait, I got burned within an inch of my life because some fucking nutcase stole this dudes jewellery? I don't know why I put up with this shit."

Mr. Cocky had already regained is footing. Pretty strong, for a vampire. Now, why did that turn me on?

A long string of curses in a language that I had heard my mother curse me in saved me from following that trail of thought, thank the demons.

"We are doomed."

Chapter 70

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Chapter

"The whole earth has been corrupted through the Works that were taught by Azazel:

to him ascribe all sin."

- 1 Enoch 10:8

P.O.V. (Luci)

"I'm a demon, you're one of the fallen and Mr. Cocky over there is one of the cursed race, of course we are doomed. Cheer up, bro. It's only Raphael, you escaped him once when he had the Almighty behind him. Now he's a lonely sado with my psychotic

mother on his side, it'll be a piece of cake. Just tell me about that stupid ring and we'll kick the bastard a couple of times in the head, steal the ring, find a place even more horrific than heaven and send the bastard on his way. Well, unless you have some cool super power that can make you call upon an object. Man, that would be cool. I'd never have to leave the sofa to get something from the fridge." I dreamed on

Mr. Cocky had gotten enough of his strength back to stand up. Most of his hair was back too.

"I wasn't always like this, you know." The fallen angel swallowed hard.

He had a twelve O'clock shadow beard and scruffy bedhair. The guy was sex on wings. Well, without the wings then, you kind of lose them when you fall. Sex on former wings. My eyes trailed lower to his shoulders, his shirt that clung to his tight body. When he moved his fingers through his hair his shirt rode up just enough to spot the taunt skin that lay-

"Hey! That hurt, Dracula."

I rubbed the sore spot where Mr. Cocky had pinched me, hard.

"Don't ever touch my butt again, Batman or I'll go all Poison Ivy on you."

"Are you offering me a sip?" His eyes dilated.

"You know vampboy, it's a real turn off when a guy gets hotter over the prospect of drinking a girl's blood then the idea of making out with her. Just so you know."

"Children, you're only children compared to my many years. How will two loved up kids save a race from complete extermination? You would have been doomed without the ring too, look at you. You're-"

"Yeah, yeah, doomed, we know! We're young and loving it, so just get to the point mister sex on former wings while we're still young." I interrupted.

For such a sexy dude, he sure nagged a lot.

"It was Solomon who started this dance. He asked God for help to build his temple. The Lord's answer was a magic ring, brought to the king by Raphael.

The ring had the power to submit all demons, no matter how strong. Raphael learned Solomon to wield the ring, how to bind demons. It was with this slave labour that Solomon completed his temple."

"He taught a mortal how to control us?!" I yelled.

This was outrageous. A mortal who had had the power to control every single demon? It was disgusting. But... but why not use it himself, why use a human as his pawn? If the angels had this tool to overpower our entire race, why not use it for themselves?

"Why didn't the angels use it for themselves?"

"Why don't you let me finish my story, little demon?"

"Sure thing, grandpa."

I repeat, for such a hot dude he acted like he should be playing bingo and eating pudding.

"There is always a certain risk involved with these kind of thing. Free will is a powerful thing, it's not something you can take away without consequences."

"Let me guess, the demons broke free?" Mr. Cocky asked.

"No, not all of them. One did. His name was Asmodeus."

I had heard that name before; Asmodeus, he loved combat and war, but so did almost every demon, myself included. He was also an ardent hunter of the souls that were granted redemption, to lock them up in Hell, to play with.

He was also the son of a mortal women and a fallen angel. How he had become a demon, I did not know. His father had been one of the fallen.

"Asmodeus did not take well to slavery, he fought the king and the powers that heaven had bestowed upon the ring. Solomon was mortal, a mortal with desires. Desire for more, they always want more. Solomon asked Asmodeus the secret of such power, the secret of the greatness of the demon race. The demon was released from the influence of the ring completely, but still bound by enchanted chains. Chains that were forged by the angels to hold any demon, chains

that would be easily broken if they would ever hold an angel in its captive."

I could see where this story was going.

"But he wasn't a full demon, not even a mortal turned. I even bet that being the son of the leader of the fallen gave him just that bit more to break free."

"Yes, he was one of the first one of my sons, but he turned towards the demons when I refused to save his mother's life."

"He made a deal with the devil. Wow, dad must have loved having him on the team. We don't have that much fallenblood in our armies."

"Why didn't you save his mother?" Mr. Cocky asked.

Silly vampire, such fragile emotions, so human.

"Why waste your power on something as trivial as a human?" I answered for Azazel.

"You must have cared for her? She was the mother of your son." He sounded chocked.

"It's one of the many differences between the fallen and pure angels. The fallen crave carnal desires. Sex

doesn't have to mean anything. Sorry to burst your bubble, fangboy."

"You're saying you're not a cuddler, Luce? Just bang it and leave? Maybe you haven't been properly introduced to your carnal desires." He winked.

"Although us demons do love an occasional virgin to soil, we tend to stay away from things that have almost as much bite as they have bark."

"Better bed her now, kid. Soon she'll be exterminated together with her race."

Seth bared his teeth and the sound that came from his throat was not a human one. Goosebumps spread over my skin, it must be chilly in here. I had not even finished that thought and Azazel was already on his knees with his frantic beating pulse under Seth's razor sharp teeth.

How had he done this? How had a seventeen year old vampire brought an ancient like Azazel, who had been hunted down for centuries but never been caught, to his knees?

"You better talk fast old guy. If she dies, I will come after you with all I've got. Don't make mistakes, you little piece of shit, I have got a lot. I will make you suffer more pain than anyone in Hell has ever had to endure. I will keep you on the brink of dead for longer than you have lived up until now. So you better start talking and hope that what comes out of your mouth is useful to us, because you have no idea what I would do to keep her alive."

This did not turn me on. This did not turn me on. This did not turn me on. Okay, maybe a little bit, but only because he was so violent. I was a demoness, of course I appreciated the violence. It was not the boy that was turning me on, he really wasn't!

"There isn't much to tell, boy."

Azazel tried to get free, not a chance with the angry vampire prince. Seth nicked his skin in warning and Azazel went still.

"What do you want from me. I told you about the ring. My son killed Solomon and took the ring."

"How did it get back to Raphael?" I wanted to know.

"I don't know."

"And I think that you're lying! What did Asmodeus do with the ring after being freed?

Don't even try lying or I'll have the vampire suck you dry."

This was cool, I should make that threat more often. 'Give me the last cookie or I'll have Seth suck you dry!' I was starting to see the merits of these intertwined lifethreads.

"My son went to Satan and asked him to destroy the ring. No demon could destroy it, so they sent Asmodeus with the ring to me. They had hoped I had more knowledge of the ring since I once was part of its creator's world."

"Well, you obviously didn't succeed."

"I was only able to temper its power. The heavenly creatures felt me messing with their precious jewellery and sent one of their more cruel angels after me to stop me before I completely ruined the piece of metal."

"Raphael."

"I can see you've been at the end of his talents. Yeah, he came after me with a vengeance, hoping he could undo what I had done. He bound me by hand and foot, threw me into the darkness upon the rough and jagged rocks. I was supposed to remain there until judgement day, when I would eventually be hurled into the fire. They even quote my punishment in the bible, I feel important. I was buried in the desert, in Dudael. I must have lost the ring there. After I had escaped, I never looked back."

"You were able to temper with that blasted ring, your son was able to fight its power. Whatever you can do, it must have been passed along partly through your bloodline. Your son was able to fight it."

"I say I suck him dry and hope his blood will aid us through me." Seth growled.

"Or you can keep your fingers crossed and hope you inherited enough to fight it on your own."

"What's that supposed to mean? I've had it with all you ancient thing and your cryptic remarks."

"You don't think my sister passed along some of her blood to you?"

With that he freed himself from Seth's deadly grip.

"I have answered your questions out of courtesy for my dead sister and shared disdain for the sister who is still alive. I have listened to your troubles because I hate Raphael with a vengeance that competes with the brilliancy of the fires of Hell. Your mother, my sister, used to beat Raphael all the time in sparring games. I say you got a shot at beating him. Good luck, little niece."

Chapter 71

daughter of hell 69

I've got a little something of 9 pages in Word. I decided not to make it any longer and to start a new chapter with the rest, but that chapter isn't done yet. (I'm slow and I've got a lot of schoolwork. Well, I'm no saint: and a couple of great parties. I hadn't actually thought Saturday would turn out like that, but I'm glad it did =P) What I've written so far is a bit boring and not really the stuff you've been waiting for but here it is.

You guys rule, thanks for reading.

xxx

(With that he freed himself from Seth's deadly grip.)

"He got away! I should have bitten him, he's one of the fallen, I wouldn't even have broken our treaty with the angels. How come everyone but vampires can poof away like that? He didn't give us shit! Luce, I want you to go to the castle, no angel can come there. You'll be safe." Seth ranted on.

"Eum, to answer that shit you just dished out."

I made the loser sign.

"Vamps can't 'poof' because, obviously, you're less evolved. You're like one step away from a human."

I paused.

"Make that two, zombies have bad days too."

"Did you just insulted me by saying that a zombie is-" Mr. Cocky started.

"-Wait there are zombies?"

"Under what rock did you crawl out from? Zombies are the shit, you haven't partied unless you've been to a party of the slightly un-dead. Call me crazy, but I never get tired of seeing those brains fly."

I saw Mr. Cocky's confused face.

"They can't handle their alcohol, and are too dumb to remember that they can't." I smiled.

"I take bets with Marcus all the time about how many heads are going to pop."

"They eat human flesh, right?" Mr. Cocky looked slightly disgusted.

"So? You suck blood? Plus, they're a bit like you; not picky at all about what they bite." I smirked.

He looked at me through hooded eyes and moved up in my personal space.

"All this talk about biting, gives me an appetite." He said in a low sensual voice.

The voice was right, but the words not so much. Demons, how much more fun we could have had if the boy hadn't been a bloodsucking leech.

I leaned into his body and slowly glided my tongue over his lower lip. I hovered with my lips over his.

"All this talk makes me want to snap off your fangs and were them as a necklace."

With a satisfied smile I saw him backing up.

"That's how much of a turn off the biting shit is for me. Keep it in the pants, vamp boy, and those fangs in you own mouth. We need to get a move on."

"I'm serious, Luci. I want you safe, somewhere were no one can touch you. The vampire stronghold in Gramoira is our best option."

"Must I remind you what happened the last time you took me there?"

I had almost burned him alive, gotten locked up in dungeon and been sentenced to dead. Lovely. Barely made it out alive with a vampire high on my blood.

"I'd make the announcement that you are my mate, their future queen. They would not dare to touch you."

And there was that amazing, solemn, husky voice in which he always spoke when he wanted me to take him serious. It was that voice that made me want to forget who I was, who he was and that the world that I had always known was changing. He made me want to pretend that it was just us.

This was dangerous. When had I started to want more, more with him? It was one thing to admit that he was hot and I wouldn't mind his lips on mine. That was cool, I could always deny that I wanted him later, I could even deny it to myself. His fangs challenged my self-preservation, the way he talked, walked and acted was downright cocky and infuriating. He was ignorant about the entire supernatural world and his way of thinking was old-fashioned and discriminating. He was stubborn and thought way to highly of himself.

If I ever would let myself pretend to forget who we both were, I would have to see that he was courageous and just, fearless in the eye of danger, strong but caring. He would go through hell and back for the ones he loved. No, he is skilled enough to survive that, therefore it did not do his courage justice. No, he would willingly lay down his life if it meant the safe being of what he believed in, of what or who he loved. He would be a true leader when time would ask that of him.

Sure, he still was a little shit, and he would always aggravate me. His fangs still creeped me out, but he wasn't all bad. There were worse thing in this world, Raphael for example. Even if that piece of shit was capable of love, he'd still hand over everything in exchange for more power.

Fuck the fates. That bastard grew on me and kept on pushing his way further into my... My what exactly? I didn't love him, I could honestly say that. And as long as I remembered who we both were, what was happening in the world, I would be safe. I needed to finish off Raphael before I could deal with any more of this shit.

I needed space, but of course he wouldn't grant me that.

"I'd make the announcement that you are my mate, their future queen. They would not dare to touch you."

"I am no vampire, boy. Even if you lied and said I was purely angel, someone would find out. The truth always has that nasty habit of finding its way to the wrong person. I'm an anomaly. If my dad weren't so

scary, I would have never been given a chance to prove myself as a demon. No one in Heaven wanted me there because of my mixed blood. And there is the little fact that I am NOT the future vamp queen!! I am the princess of Hell and I don't need any more titles."

"It not like you'd have to do anything as a queen. The male holds the really power."

"Another reason not to want to be a part of your world! It's totally archaic."

"Yeah, well, this archaic dude wants you safe. I'll clean up this Raphael mess."

I snorted. Typical male, thought he could defeat an enemy he didn't know, something that was older and more powerful that he could ever imagine.

"Hate to break it to you, fangs, but you and what army?" I laughed.

That smirk should have warned me.

"Vampire prince here. I have my own troops at my disposal."

I should let him go to war against Raphael, he'd start a war with the angles and with a bit of luck he would wipe them out and Hell would be safe.

"There's absolutely no way you father will let you go to war against your allies."

"Who know, I might be able to show him the merits of an alliance with the demons." He smiled, so sure of himself.

"I'm pretty sure that will never happen. We have this very discriminating policy: if you are not a demon: go fuck yourself."

"Meaning you look down on everyone?"

"That, and we don't trust anyone."

"What about the fallen ones? That Azazel dude seemed to know your dad well enough."

"Yeah, we more like tolerate each other. But from the moment things go south, it's everyone for themselves. A bit like how your alliance is with the angels." I smiled.

"We have covered for them when they had battled you, we lost a lot of good men. My grandfather was cut down in that battle."

"They would never do the same for your kind. I'll bet my horns on that one."

"You know, those horns kind of turn me on. Would you feel it if I touched them?"

This was probably not the time to tell him they were one of my most sensitive body parts. Almost as sensitive as my wings.

"Don't try it. I'm going back to the dorm. Are you going to find your way back? It's safer if you don't hitch a ride with me." I said with a smile.

I playfully let a couple of sparks leap from my skin. He laughed and rubbed his thumb over the corner of my mouth. A small flame leapt from my hair on his hand.

"Son of a" He cursed as he stuck his burned finger in his mouth.

"You know, Luci. One day you're going to lean into my touch, you're going to love it, crave it. Just you wait." He shook his head and flipped open his cell phone.

"Yeah, Jake? No man, she didn' t kill me. It takes more than a bit of fire to off me. Please, got a little fate over here. No, I called because I need a lift back. No, I don't think I'll survive another ride with the Luci express without taking a sip. She'd have a fit. Wait, man. Don't you need an address? You already know where I am? Why doesn't that surprise me? See you when you get here." He hung up.

I didn't stick around after that, because for a first time in years, I didn't trust myself. Maybe I should check in with my dad, I might be sick or maybe broken. My defences were blocked and refused to come out. That flame hadn't been there to scare him off. That had been desire, uncontrolled desire on my part. When I had felt the soft press of his finger against my face, I had wanted to kiss him. I had wanted to tangle my hands through his delicious

coal-black hair and kiss the everlasting crap out of him.

No, Hell was out. I didn't want to see Marcus and have him make me acknowledge something I already knew. Stupid demon should realise that denial was a lovely thing, a thing to be cherished. It were moments like this that I wished I could roll a joint and get high. I'd have to smoke half a ton for that to happen though. The fast metabolism did wonders for my physic but was a pain when you wanted to find oblivion in intoxicating substances.

Maybe I should visit my mother, it sure would kill my buzz. But then, that might not be the only thing she would kill. Not a smart idea.

I should just hang with Nate, he was high on life. I could make him show me how to do that.

In the end I chose to hang with my dad in his study. No one but his blood could trespass the demon lord's chambers. Even though he would drill me for information, at least I wouldn't have to face Marcus or even worse those seven vampires back in the dorms.

"So guess what I found out today." I said as I barged into my dad's study without knocking.

I'm a demon, I am supposed to be the epitome of impolite.

"Lucifer."

Oh, oh, his eyes shone red, his black horns spurted from his temples and his skin had taken the darker shade of the scale of a demon's skin. He was almost fully demonic. Something was up.

"Is this a bad time? I can come back later."

The last time I had tried to confront my dad when he was like this I had ended up doing community service. Now let me tell you a thing about community service in Hell: it was hell! First of all I had been assigned to find the missing goblin that ate Satan's shoe. Goblins are not easy to track and they love the chase. They are tiny, brown, bald and so freaky fast!

And although they were idiotic and childlike, they were very very sneaky. They were also magical creature, weak but combined with their sneaky nature incredible inventive. Little spells to frizz my

hair, to tie my shoelaces together, to tap into my power to set random things on fire had been one of the little bastard's favourite thing. Dad had refused to buy me a new bed for an entire month.

In my opinion we should just lock them up together in a big room and throw away the key, but apparently they still had their use. Goblins didn't only drove me crazy, but also humans, vampires, angels, I could go on. And they listened to my dad, most of the time.

He had me clean out the pit of torture, even though it had never been cleaned before. One word: nasty! It cost me three months and almost my sense of smell.

I could have handled those two thing, but having to persuade people towards Hell in purgatory was just too much. Come on people, make up your minds already and stop wasting my time. There should be drawn a line after listening for five hours to a man who could not make up his mind if he regretted trying to kill his wife (apparently murder was a bad thing) or if he should be glad that her brother had killed him and that he was now finally rid of her. I

finally told him that she would probably go to Heaven after dying so he quickly chose Hell. Ah, the look on his face when his wife joined us not even a year later.

So, easy to say I did not want to deal with my father in his demonic form. It kind of tended to tamper with a demon's brain activity, making us go solely on our emotions, that mostly consisted out of rage.

I figured I had less than a minute to make myself scares. When my dad got like this he tended to consume everything that crossed his path. Normally this wasn't a problem, he was Satan after all, the devil in his full glory who destroyed things and fed on its dying power. But it also made him careless and with the angels laying around the corner, waiting to strike careless was the last thing we needed. So my dad installed a safeguard, a hexed lock that would seal the part of Hell strictly reserved for him. Opening the seals again demanded knowledge of the lock, a quick mind and sanity. Those last two things weren't the characteristics a fully turned demon possessed.

You know the really bad kind of B rated horror movies where the slutty blonde gets separated from the group, wanders of alone, enters a room and you hear the lock click? Well, you don't get that warning in Hell, you just feel an incredible force of magic pass over you and then there is nothing else you can do. I was trapped. I was trapped inside with a crazed and powerful demon. A great time to test the little theory that blood was indeed thicker then water.

In the end I didn't need to test that little theory. The too sweet smelling, crumpled parchment on the floor caught my eye. The curly, graceful handwriting had me gritting my teeth. The words had me turn demonic in a matter of seconds. That little bitch.

Chapter 72

daughter of hell 70

A little something. The rest of the chapter will be in Luci's POV, this part is in Seth's.

I know I've been bitching about my exams, but it's what keeps me going =P. Anyway, thanks for putting up with my nagging and tardy uploads.

Hope you like the story.

CHAPTER

"But the sons of men fought on, and slew;

and Eris gloating watched."

- Quintus Smyrnaeus; Fall of Troy -

"Where's your girlfriend?" Vic asked lazily from his slumped position in the chair.

"She's not my girlfriend." I grumbled.

"Mate, girlfriend, wife. It's all the same for me: bye, bye fooling around." He smirked.

"Like I've ever had time for that."

"You make time for such things. Dude, you're the future king. It can't be that hard to get chicks. I mean, we all know how serious you are, but I always assumed you were sneaky about your more baser needs." Lucas smirked from behind his guitar, softly strumming one of his wacko songs.

He once told me that the only reason he learned to play was to keep his fingers quick. Which was necessary if he ever wanted to follow in his father's footsteps. Royal spy sounded kind of ridiculous, but court intrigue made the position necessary.

"Yeah, brother. You should make time for that sort of thing. Especially now that you've got yourself such a

stunning mate. Lock yourself in a broomcloset or something, keep eachother warm." He winked.

Yeah, lock myself in a closet filled with flammable stuff and a demon who was more than lightly flammable. I don't know why, but when she had burned me when I had tried to kiss her only two hours ago. I had been hurt. I might as well admit it, by the end of the week she would not have only taken my pride from me, but also my masculinity and dignity.

I was good looking, damn it. Why couldn't Luci be more into me? The girls in this school were all over me when I let them, which wasn't a lot. Vic was right, I never had time for the lose morals. The fact that I was willing to make that time for my mate and have her blow me off... that irked me.

What pissed me off even more so, was that she wasn't here. That stupid demon was always running off on her own, thinking she was indestructible. Damn it! Where was she?!

Chapter 73

daughter of hell 71

This might get confusing. But at least I didn't wait an entire month to update =D

I'm gonna try another update this week, because I'm going camping next week. As in we are going to coock on a wood fire and sleeping in tents, no electricity. I can't make any promises, but I will try!

thanks for reading the story

xx

P.O.V. (Luci)

My entire body hurt. It didn't help that my dad wasn't nearly as much affected as me by the full change. Going demonic demanded not only a lot of energy, but asked a lot from the body. Your entire bone structure changed when you turned fully demonic. Your bones became thicker, stronger and you grew at least an inch. Imagine your muscles having to keep up with that! Not to mention when you changed back, I felt like a rubber band. And the splitting headache from where my horns had sprouted from was giving me an idea of how one hell of a hangover felt like.

My small frame that was a closer resemblance of that of an angel than a demon did not benefit me. My mixed blood gave me the advantage of being able to more easily do a partial shift, but it also made my body weaker. The unwanted memory of not really being all demon did not help my already sour mood.

"You could have burned the note." I remarked dryly. "You know, instead of burning all the furniture. It would have spared you the trouble of having to redecorate and me pain of fully turning. I actually

count on you to stay sane and to keep me from doing stupid thing that my body can hardly endure."

"You don't give yourself enough credit, Lucifer. You've been living in Hell for nearly three years. It toughened you. You're a lot stronger than the little fourteen year old that suddenly appeared in my throne room." He smiled.

His pride should not mean so much to me, but it did. It warmed me all over.

"Hell, I am glad you take after me. The women is daft, and any child of hers that would have inherited her genes should be daft too. You are brazen, but not daft."

"She not only nuts, she's also psychotic. Brutal, cruel and completely fucked up!" I yelled.

The anger I had felt only moments before was ready take hold of me all over.

"A peace treaty?" I uttered.

Saying those words out loud made them sound even more ridiculous.

"She's demanding a peace treaty?!"

How could one demand a peace treaty? And to back up that demand with a threat? The women had utterly lost it. I've always known that this day would come, but still. What the hell had she been sniffing while writing that message?

"You really think she'd kill Verdicious?" I asked, but already knowing the answer.

My dad gave me a look I knew very well. Heck I had practiced that particular look in the mirror uncountable times when I was fourteen. It was a look that said it all: 'What do you think? She's an angelic rice pudding eating, ruffles wearing hag. The women doesn't have a caring bone in her too skinny body. She eats babies as a snack and smiles in their parents' faces while eating them. You can still hear their screams and she thrives on them. There is nothing she won't do to get what she wants!'

It was a lot easier to give that look than to give the entire speech.

"Okay, let me rephrase that sentence. How did the moron get captured? He's a demon lord. He's-"

"powerful, but defenseless against that damned slave ring." My dad interrupted me.

We both hadn't realized how powerful that ring was until now. There were only eleven demon lords in Hell. They came fourth in strength in the hierarchy of Hell. Which was pretty high on the ladder. It was said they had the power of demigods, like the ones back in the days of ancient Greece. If the goddess of Strife ever chose to return, the demon lords' alliance to my father would cease immediately and they would serve their one true master, Eris.

You've got to be pretty powerful to be worthy of serving a goddess.

"She wants to draw you out and enslave you." I whispered.

I mentally slapped myself. My dad wasn't that stupid. But neither was my mother. And that... unsettled me.

"How stupid does she think we are? She must know that we know about the slave ring by now. Right?"

"It doesn't make a difference. I am bound by powers, far greater than anything that lives in the present worlds, to destroy that ring. None of my demons are powerful enough to stop it. I am the most powerful thing Hell's got. I might be able to resist the call." He sounded solemn, and with no hope what so ever.

"You won't. It will work on you."

I was telling him things he already knew.

"Why's that, sugar? It has been done before."

His voice sounded cheerful, but his eyes looked troubled. He didn't believe at thing he was saying.

"Yes, it has been done before. By someone with tainted blood. You're a full-blood."

His eyes widened in understanding.

Tainted blood, angelblood.

"I am not letting you do this!" He roared. His spit covering me from my forehead to my chin. Yuck.

"You've got any better ideas?"

"Don't be foolish, Lucifer. Being an immortal doesn't mean you can never die. It makes you more durable, but certainly not invincible. That madwomen will have half of Heaven guarding that ring. You'll never get close enough. And even if you do. It can't be destroyed. Even Hell's fire couldn't purify that blasted craftsmanship. No magic has been able to break it's magic! It would be suicide!"

"No more like a mad plan with almost no prospect of success. You going would be suicide!"

We were both in a fighting stance. Our horn out and ready to cross and flames leaping from our fingers.

If we weren't careful we'd both turn fully demonic again and we'd be back from where we started. Nowhere.

“How about the ring you gave to me? To control the power the bitch stored in my skin?”

I referred to my inked skin, covered by invisible tattoos. Way too much power for one body to hold. A miracle I survived the first three. An abomination I

survived the rest. Still, it hadn't stopped my mother from going through with it.

"It was forged by Hephaestus, cursed by the Dirae and blessed with a drop of pure angelblood."

He paused.

"And yet it is nothing like the slavering. Your ring only limits the person wearing it. The demon slavering, it once controlled almost our entire race."

Forged by the ancient god of fire, the blacksmith to Zeus himself. Cursed by Alecto, Tisiphone en Megaira, three goddesses almost as repugnant as they were vengeful. With bat like wings, snakes that adorned their hair and bodies and with blood seeping from their eyes they are a sight to behold, to quiver. A drop of angel's blood.

A drop of angel's blood? The blood of an angel. A pure angel.

"Bullshit."

“Lucifer, I honestly have no idea what you’re going on about now, but I would appreciate you minding your language.”

“How would you ever have gotten hold on a drop of blood of a pure angel?!” I demanded to know.

He was avoiding looking at me. Fucking hell, when a demon couldn’t look you straight in the eyes and lie, you could bet your ass there was something seriously wrong.

He knew he’d got caught on his own lies.

When an angel’s blood was spilled it turned gold. It was ridiculous and really unfair since a demon’s blood would only boil and reek once it was spilled. Well, it did have little perks. Like destroying every last bit of fertility of the soil or burning the ground where the blood fell. One golden rule for when you try to attack a demon: don’t spill any blood.

Unless of course a vampire was the creature to take it. It was something in their saliva, yuk. For my dad to come into possession of a drop of pure angel’s blood, he would have had help from a vampire. A

vampire who could withstand the lure of the powerful blood to spit it out again. Or at least to spare him a drop.

But why would a vampire aid a demon?

Given freely was another option. But it was an even more unlikely theory than the vampire aiding a demon. Unless…

“If my ring had been spelled with the blood of an angel it would have worked the same like the slavering. Hell, it would have bound every angel in the vicinity of a ten mile radius. It would have worked pretty well too if you had used the blood of one of the fallen.

You used tainted blood. You used the blood of an angel turned demon, didn’t you?”

Motherfucker! This couldn’t be. Why would he be so stupid? Why would he give up an ace like this? He had known that fucking slave ring was still out there. The chances that it would return to the possession of the angels had always been so high!

“Why dad?”

I didn’t understand.

“Why not wait for the right time? When you could have gotten your hands on the real thing? Why did you do it?! It’s not worth shit right now!” I screamed.

“It made my baby stop hurting.” He yelled back, his horns starting to form again.

“What?”

I was confused.

“Don’t you remember, Lucifer?” He asked in a soft voice.

Not a tone you’d ever think to hear from the devil.

I shook my head.

“I do remember, Luci.”

He looked pained. And vulnerable.

“When you first got here you went from one rage to the next. Every time it triggered every defensive system in your body. I’m a demon and it didn’t matter in which part of Hell I was at the time it

started, I could always here you scream when the ink started to reappear."

His hand curled around mine.

"My own flesh and blood was in agony and there was nothing I could do to stop it."

If he hadn't been the devil, supreme Lord of the Damned, I'm sure his voice would have broken. But he was who he was, and in his pain he found strength and his voice grew only stronger.

"You were in so much pain, all the time. I knew back in Heaven your mother must have filtered most of your emotions or found someone else to do it, because I know about rage, Lucifer. And that kind of rage is not something that appears out of thin air. It must have lain dormant, suppressed and I am Satan! I practically the embodiment of rage!"

I didn't remember. How could I not remember? I had been fourteen. I mean, I knew there had been lots of pain, bucket loads of it. But I couldn't remember it being quite so bad.

“I could not take the apin from you. It wasn’t in my power. So I did what I had to do and if it meant giving up ace, my secret weapon against a possible threat from the angels, so be it.”

I wasn’t familiar nor was I comfortable with that kind of sacrifice, that kind of love and loyalty. Seth claimed he loved me, but did he really? Would he give up the only weapon he had to save his own kind to spare me from a bit of pain? It hadn’t been like I would have died. And Seth was the crown prince of the vampires first, us being mates came second. Mates, that still freaked me out.

“I didn’t even care that the ring would also seriously limit your demon’s power. I just want to stop your pain.”

Well, shit. There wasn’t much I could say after that.

“What do you mean, it limited my demonic power as well?”

“The **slavering** is enforced with a demon’s blood. It is the final ingredient that decides who becomes powerless.”

“It works because of demon magic?” I asked confused.

“Yes. And since your ring is enforced by the blood of an angel turned demon, it also has some demon magic in it. It holds you back, but not by much.”

This didn’t make sense. If the demonblood in my ring had held me back all these years, then it wasn’t possible that I didn’t feel any of the Slavering’s power. When Raphael had tried to use the Ring on me, it hadn’t worked and yet my own spelled ring had kept my demonic powers under a leash.

Even Asmodeus, who had been the son of one of the fallen had fought tooth and nail to break free from the influence of the slavering. What was different this time?

Seth.

It had to be him. I had seen it with my own eyes how Marcus lost all of his power. He only possessed demonic powers. Still, I had lost mine demonic powers! Shit, even mine ring had had lost its ability to hold my abilities given to me by the angels.

No, that wasn't true.

The blood of an angel held its power. And it had stopped me from triggering mine. But the tats weren't angelic. Angels were creatures of peace and not equipped like the demons to attack, neither to protect their selves.

The tattoos were a loophole.

Inking their skin with otherworldly magic. A kind of magic that I would bet came from a pact with an ancient one. The angels survived the poison because they their selves were still creatures with their own power. It was probably also the reason why the tats hurt like a bitch. They didn't belong.

The only tattoo an angel was born with was… were their wings. So that was how they had gotten their inspiration from. They had created their own weapons.

Seth had almost redeemed Marcus to a human. The only thing he hadn't taken from him was his blood. A demon's own special brand, thick blood pumping through our veins, singing the sweet song of our

power. But Seth had undone it from all its power until the only thing that remained was a demon's physical strength.

He'd done the same to me. He also must have undone my angel abilities and with that the power of the angelblood stored in my ring. And without that ring there had been nothing filtering my emotions, making my tattoos surface without any warning. I had survived the tats because of the physical strength of my blood.

Same went for the Raphael's Slavering. It had no effect on me because Seth had been with me. Powerful vampires were born, often of noble birth. But to nullify the powers of the angels and the demons? It made him the most powerful kind of weapon I had ever heard about.

It made him capable of wiping out the two leading races of the present time. It was as the Fates had predicted it. The fall of the leading supernatural races.

'The hierachy between the supernatural races would be broken and the angel and demon race would be

condemned to bow for one called Sethan with the fangs.'

Before it had seemed so unlikely that a mere vampire would be the cause of our extinction. With what I knew now, I knew fear.

How had I missed this? I had known that he nullified a demon's power. What I hadn't known was that the slavering thrived on demonblood. Nor had I know that Seth's power went as far as neutralizing an angel's power as well.

But I had gotten my powers back. For some reason he didn't nullify my power anymore. Had something changed? Did this mean he had lost his special ability? His ability might be dangerous, a weapon of the worst kind, but it was also our only hope of destroying the Slavering. Was all hope lost?

Unless I was an exception. I mean, I'd only gotten my powers back after he'd bitten me. After he had bounded our life's together for all eternity. Which I was still pissed about. He could have at least asked. Arrogant vampire.

But did this make me immune to him?

I snorted loudly at that. Immune. I could only wish that boy didn't affect me. He was the only living creature to make my knees go weak by being his own cocky, self righteous, arrogant but very hot self. Yet, it was after our 'mating' - and I use that term loosely, with no affection whatsoever – that the bizarre loss of my power had stopped.

I needed to sort this out and fast. A devious smile formed on my lips and my dad looked at me suspiciously. With good reason.

"Daddy." I said in a sugary voice.

"Which demon had you been planning to punish in the pits of Hell?"

The worst kind of punishment for a demon, worse than dead and being sent to Heaven.

"Because I kind of need a guinea pig and I can't promise he'll get out unscratched."

Or alive for that matter.

The spaces between the lines might seem strange and ill chosen, but something went wrong when I copy pasted the entire thing into wattpad.

Chapter 74

daughter of hell 72

RECAP:

In the last part of DoH Luci consulted her dad about the Slavering that Raphael has in his possession. A ring that has the power to bind the entire demon race to its angelic carrier. Something doesn't ad up and it has to do with Seth. The princess of Hell figures out that Seth might have an extra power, just like other vampires of noble blood, and it is a dangerous one. It is possible that he is able to eliminate the natural power of all demon and angel kind. But the last time she had seen this supposed power in action it hadn't included her. Does them

being fully mated have anything to do with it? Luci wants to figure it out.

POV: Luci (still a short recap up untill Seth's part)

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Or alive for that matter.

(new part)

POV: Seth

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAh!!"

Luci! Luci's scream. She was here and in danger.

"Who the fuck left the toilet seat up again?" She screamed.

"How many times am I going to have to tell you pathetic losers that it's okay to prove your masculinity by peeing while standing up. Bravo, you got one on the female gender. But come on! It isn't that hard to lower the seat after you are done!"

"Don't look at me." Vic smiled.

"I have a bad aim. The entire bathroom would have been covered if-"

"Don't need the details." Luci interrupted him.

"Where the fuck have you been?" I lashed out.

"Do you have any idea how worried I've been?" I continued.

"Sheesh. Take a pill grandpa. Don't worry on my account. I know how to take care of myself. Mad demon skills, remember?" She smiled deviously.

That wicked smile did something strange to my insides. She was like a little kid caught doing

something she knew she shouldn't by someone she also knew wouldn't call her out on it.

Too bad she was wrong about that. I would call her out on it. If she kept going the way she had, I'd be the first vampire ever to die off a heart attack.

"A half demon with more people wanting her dead than Napoleon had enemies in his time. I might not know all the ins and outs of the matter with Raphael, but I am certain there's a big chance you'll end up hurt, or worse. You'll tell me what I need to know, and you'll tell me now."

Couldn't she understand that I feared for her life?

" I'm done messing around Lucifer. You are my mate in every sense of the word. You belong to me. We became one from the moment you gave me your blood freely. You remember? Whatever binds us together is forever. There are no loopholes or hidden clauses to walk away from me. Accept it and come clean with me."

I wanted to know every single futile detail about her. I wanted to know what she looked like first thing

waking up, I wanted to know the sound of her sneeze, I wanted her to want to know me too.

" I want to know everything about you, demoness. But lets start with the big mess you find yourself in right now. And with that I mean what's the deal with Raphael? Not our mating. You tell me or I'll find a way to Heaven and Hell and find out all I need to know."

"Hate to break it to you fangboy, but you don't really have the lungs to breath sulfur and live. You might think you're all that, but you still haven't passed your transition into full vampirism yet. Until your twenty-first birthday, you still need to breath. And if I were you, I'd enjoy the sun while you still can."

It was only then that I noticed the smell of sulfur in the air. It was a scent I had started to associate with Luci, but with her you often caught a subtle whiff of the acid smell, most of the time overridden by the smell of a extinguishing campfire, the earth after heavy rain and a hint of peaches. The strangest combination, but to me that was Luci. The suffocating smell came from my left. Luci's bedroom.

I saw red. Endless possibilities raced trough my mind. One by one more and more horrifying. She had a corpse in her bedroom, she had a rotting corpse in her bedroom, she had male rotting corpse in her bedroom, she had a male in her bedroom! Alive! I could hear is heartbeat, a slow steady beat. Slower than any living creature I knew, except for Luci and that of a dying man. The sulfur, the slow heartbeat. She didn't have a dying man in her bedroom. A male living demon. In Luci's bedroom!

"If you have another guy in that room... Luci, I swear to Nix I'll... I'm gonna kill that motherfucker!"

I made my way towards the room. I'd cut the bastard to pieces, no I'd rip his heart out. Show the bastard how I felt. How could she do this to me? I hadn't so much as looked at another girl and she had some demon guy in her bedroom. I focused on the rage, I'd deal with the pain later.

A body sprang at my back, thin legs and arms wrapped around me and a bunch of red hair fell over my shoulder. I hardly noticed the extra weight, that guy was as good as dead.

"You can't kill him."

Can't? Watch me.

"Damn it, Seth. You really can't. I borrowed him under the strict instructions that I had to bring him back alive. My dad's gonna shit a brick if I let you kill Rahab."

Rahab? So now he had a name? She cared if he lived? I'd kill him for sure now.

What I saw when I stepped into the bedroom with Luci still clinging on my back - not an unpleasant feeling - wasn't really what I was expecting.

The demon was there alright, but he lay on the floor. Tied up and gagged, an apple in his mouth. What the hell?

"He was being very rude. I found it befitting to gag the pig with an apple. No?"

She asked, her eyes large and filled with innocence. Her mischievous smile ruined the innocence in her eyes.

"Hey, look!" Nathan yelled mock surprised.

"There's a demon in the room."

He did a double take.

"Are those real?"

He asked while pointing at the demon's horns.

"How come you don't have horns?" He turned towards Luci.

"Who says I don't?" She replied in a husky voice.

Now there was a fantasy come true. Luci's luscious red hair wild around her face, two tiny horns peaking out from under all that hair. Her lips-

"Kinky." Nate interrupted my little fantasy.

I growled in response.

"She isn't the only female demon, you know. You don't have to take everything so damn personal, Seth. Wouldn't touch that girl with a really long stick, even if you paid me."

"What are you saying Nate? You don't think my mate is beautiful?"

"Is that a trick question?"

Luci let out a loud laugh.

"Nathan dear, the only demoness you can get kinky with and survive, is me. All the others are succubi. You know, life sucking demons."

"He wouldn't survive it." I said in a dark voice.

I'd kill him before he so much as touched her.

"You are such a party pooper." She rolled her eyes at me.

"Why is the demon here, Lucifer?" I brought us back on track.

She sent me a wicked smile. But by Nix she was beautiful.

An entire Greek army had fought for the beauty of one women in front of the impenetrable gates of Troy. I could not see an army do that for Luci. My demoness radiated power. No soldier would think to fight her battles, but they would follow her. Luci's powerful beauty, elegant yet lethal, would inspire an army to fight a lost battle and follow her in death without a smidge of fear in their hearts.

That's why I feared for her. She was power, deadly to others, but also to herself.

"He was naughty." She laughed.

"And as you might expect, in Hell we punish naughtiness."

"What'd he do?" Nate smirked.

"I just told you, he was naughty."

"Why'd you bring him here? You heard about Jake's bad mood and hoped he show the demon his fine swordsmanship? He'll kill him for sure. Jake doesn't show mercy. To no one."

"Well, then he's not taking up his sword against Rahab. I promised I would bring him back alive."

"Seth dear, would you ever be so kind to slice him up a bit." She asked me in a saccharine voice.

"I am not your executioner."

"Fine, you being in the room should be enough." I heard her mutter under her breath.

What was that supposed to mean? She wanted me to watch a demon take his punishment?

That's when I noticed the fine gashed on her arms. They looked like claw marks? At her ankle her jeans were ripped, a golden substance covering the edges, but no wound. I quickly looked back at her arms, both were still covered in the same golden liquid I had seen on her jeans but the gashes were considerably less noticeable then they had been only seconds ago. Another quick glance and they were gone entirely.

I reached out my hand to touch the golden substance on her arms. Her other hand caught mine before I could reach her arm.

"What do you think you are doing? Since you refused to assist me while I remind the demon of his place, I have to do all the heavy work. No touching the executioner."

She seemed to think of something.

"As a matter of fact. No touching me, ever."

That smell. Spicy. Hot. Addictive. Powerful. Luci's blood. I could not place the sight of it, but I knew that smell and the taste of it.

"You bled."

She would not have cut herself. Claw marks. I turned around and faced the demon who lay there, gagged and bound with unsheathed claws.

"I changed my mind. I'll be your executioner."

Chapter 75

daughter of hell 73

RECAP:

(P.O.V. Seth)

"What do you think you are doing? Since you refused to assist me while I remind the demon of his place, I have to do all the heavy work. No touching the executioner."

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She would not have cut herself. Claw marks. I turned around and faced the demon who lay there, gagged and bound with unsheathed claws.

"I changed my mind. I'll be your executioner."

"You can't kill my demon, fangboy. And don't give me that smoky look. It doesn't matter how sexy you get when you're all deadly, you still can't kill him."

She thought I was sexy?

"I went through a lot of trouble. Just slap him around a bit, bring him to the brink of dead for all I care. Just don't push him over, Hell's on the brink of war and we need every demon we got, even the stupid ones." She laughed out loud.

The sound of her laugh wrapped around me, made my skin tingle and made me want to laugh too. The girl really had fucked me up.

"He hurt you."

I thought that didn't need further explaining. He had hurt her, he was a dead man walking.

"Demons, don't get your panties in a twist over a few scratches. He's Belias. You are only in danger if you are an arrogant son of a bitch, it feeds his power." She smiled as if she had her own private joke.

"Oeps. Better start hitting the sorry bastard before he recovers at the sheer power of your lonesome vampy superciliousness."

Heavy footsteps storming towards us announced Jake's arrival. Damn, he had already been in a bad mood about me following Luci towards the fallen angels without back-up. Me and two demons in a room with only Nate as my guard, this could get ugly.

Not that Jake thought less of Nathan. He knew Nate was a good fighter, but he also knew that he was at a disadvantage indoors, his strength came from Nature. And as for Luci, Jake liked her, but that didn't mean he trusted her with my life. I should be touched, really he was the bested bud one could wish, but he needed to give me a little bit more credit than that.

The door was thrown open with such force it creaked in its haunches. Good thing this school was build from the start knowing a bunch of adolescent vampires with an above average strength would inhabit it.

"I leave this dorm for five minutes, five fucking minutes and I return with the stench of demon burning my nose!"

"Hey!" Luci chimed in.

"I take exception to that. I do not stink."

"I didn't mean you sweetheart. You smell fine. I meant Belias, he's a third hierarchy demon. How the fuck did he end up in our dorm? I do not wish for you to bring your trash in here Luci. Get a leash on your demons, you are supposed to be their princess, are such an failure of a monarch?"

He thought she smelled nice? He had no business thinking my mate smelled nice.

"Demons, what crawled up your ass and died. It's not like he's posing any danger, he's tied up for demon's sake."

"Belias feeds of pride, you've got yourself two vampire princes in this room and you think he does not pose a danger?"

"Although I am slightly impressed that you know which demon you are dealing with, I must correct you. He doesn't feed of pride. Only sophisticated demons with a certain grace have that special talent. Arrogance is the word you are looking for. And even if he did manage to escape his binds, you know with you being almost as much of a cocky prick as your royal toothiness over there, I am, as you pointed out earlier, a princess. And contrary to what you seem to think, I am a good monarch who has absolute control over her subjects. So screw you."

Those last three words really undid her dignified speech. She was such an immature brat.

"And I can take care of myself." I added.

I could be immature too.

"My liege." Jake nodded before throwing a dagger straight at the demons heart.

The demons feel backwards with his tied behind his back, a strangling sound proved the myth wrong, demons did feel pain. Black blood welled up from the wound in the middle of his chest. The next things happened fast.

Luci threw out her hand at Jake, hitting him with a blast of crackling flames. A short blade materialized from her skin and quickly she cut through the demon's binds. Why did she do that?

"Can you open a portal?" Her voice sounded urgent.

"Snap out of it, you piece of shit. Can you open the portal?!" She shouted.

The strong smell of fear combined with the exotic pull of the demon's blood made my fangs pop out. The demon was terrified. That couldn't be right. Jake had only hit him in the heart once, demon's weren't that easily to kill. Did he fear Luci that much?

Luci's hand lay on the heft of Jake's blade, but instead of pulling it out of the demon's chest she twisted it deeper into his heart.

"Come on Belias. You tried so hard to scar me in Hell earlier today. What's holding you back now? Strike me you worthless bastard."

No way would I allow such a thing.

A hand filled with flames slapped across the demon's left cheek. But he didn't absorb the fire like I had seen Luci do before. Huh, I had thought all demon's could do that.

"I can't." The demon groaned.

"What the fuck did you do?" His voice broke in fear.

"Coward. Power isn't your only asset. Don't think your punishment will be over when you reach Hell." She spat in his face.

More fire leaped up from around the two of them. And then he was gone with Luci sitting comfortably on the couch with a big smile her face.

"I was right."

Now, what did she mean by that?

Chapter 76

daughter of hell 74

Doh 74

I am really, really not in the mood to check my spelling and grammar mistakes. There will be many, I have no doubt about that. But I thought you guys might rather like an update now instead of waiting another four days before I finally reread this and edit.

Xx

Chapter:

"These Siths or Fairies they call Sleagh Maith or the Good People...are said to be of middle nature

between Man and Angel, as were Daemons thought to be of old; of intelligent fluidous Spirits, and light changeable bodies (lyke those called Astral) somewhat of the nature of a condensed cloud, and best seen in twilight. These bodies be so pliable through the subtlety of Spirits that agitate them, that they can make them appear or disappear at pleasure."

- Kirk, Robert, The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Fairies.

P.O.V. Luci

"I went through a lot of trouble. Just slap him around a bit, bring him to the brink of dead for all I care. Just don't push him over, Hell's on the brink of war and we need every demon we got, even the stupid ones." I laughed out loud.

"He hurt you."

Hurt? What had that boy been sniffing? A kitty cat could have scratched me up more than Belias. So he wasn't exactly a low level demon, but he was too cocky for his own good. Most demons that fed on one

certain emotion often made the mistake of taking too much, which resulted in the emotion overpowering their system and their common sense. It was dangerous because even if a demon who had left behind all reason and was purely driven on instinct was a force to recon, it also made that demon careless. Careless was only one step away from being a dead demon.

Belias had already been high on the only emotion he could feed off, arrogance. Overpowering him hadn't been all that difficult.

"Demons, don't get your panties in a twist over a few scratches. He's Belias. You are only in danger if you are an arrogant son of a bitch, it feeds his power."

Which meant that there was indeed a very likable chance he would recover quite fast.

"Oeps. Better start hitting the sorry bastard before he recovers at the sheer power of your lonesome vampy superciliousness."

The door was thrown open with such force it creaked in its haunches. The angry vampire that stood at the

threshold triggered my defences, I could feel the tattoo on my leg beginning to burn. A sword would come in handy if the vampire decided to get dental. Too bad I was wearing long pants, if I decided to pull the sword it would ruin my jeans. I liked those jeans, so Jake better not do anything funny.

However his anger didn't seem directed at me.

"I leave this dorm for five minutes, five fucking minutes and I return with the stench of demon burning my nose!"

Or not entirely.

"Hey!" I protested.

"I take exception to that. I do not stink."

"I didn't mean you sweetheart. You smell fine. I meant Belias, he's a third hierarchy demon. How the fuck did he end up in our dorm? I do not wish for you to bring your trash in here Luci. Get a leash on your demons, you are supposed to be their princess, are such an failure of a monarch?"

Now, there was no need to be rude.

"Demons, what crawled up your ass and died. It's not like he's posing any danger, he's tied up for demon's sake."

"Belias feeds of pride, you've got yourself two vampire princes in this room and you think he does not pose a danger?"

Cocky little shit. I finally got why he and his royal little shit were so tight.

"Although I am slightly impressed that you know which demon you are dealing with, I must correct you. He doesn't feed of pride. Only sophisticated demons with a certain grace have that special talent. Arrogance is the word you are looking for. And even if he did manage to escape his binds, you know with you being almost as much of a cocky prick as your royal toothiness over there, I am, as you pointed out earlier, a princess. And contrary to what you seem to think, I am a good monarch who has absolute control over her subjects. So screw you."

"And I can take care of myself." Seth spoke up, sounding very much like an immature child.

Ah, so that's why I like him.

"My liege." Jake nodded at Seth before throwing a dagger straight at Belias' heart.

Belias fell backwards with his hands tied behind his back. Black blood welled up from the wound in the middle of his chest.

Bingo! If his powers had been working there would have been absolutely no way that Jake's dagger could have hit his chest. Belias should have been able to deflect the little dagger. Or at least protect himself by a wall of fire.

I rushed towards him before Jake could strike again. My dad would lose it if I got the demon killed, accidently or not.

"Can you open a portal?" I asked.

"Snap out of it, you piece of shit. Can you open the portal?!" I shouted.

I twisted the blade deeper into his heart.

"Come on Belias. You tried so hard to scare me in Hell earlier today. What's holding you back now? Strike me you worthless bastard."

But he didn't react to my taunt. Had he really lost his powers?

To be sure I filled my hand with flames and slapped him across his left cheek. But I shouldn't have bothered, he didn't absorb the fire like should have.

Good thing the vampire couldn't survive in Hell or we'd all burn to dead, slowly since or physical strength was still much greater than a human's or a vampire's for that matter. Well everyone would burn except for me, since I obviously still wielded my powers with ease.

"I can't." The demon groaned.

"What the fuck did you do?" His voice broke in fear.

"Coward. Power isn't your only asset. Don't think your punishment will be over when you reach Hell." I spat.

I let Hell's fire leap around us to bring him home, let my father deal with the coward.

"I was right." I smirked.

"Right about what?" The confused vampire asked.

"About a lot of things, but in this case about you being all talk and Jake being a bit of a neurotic steel fetishist."

Which reminded me of how he had throw that blade with deadly accuracy. Too accurate for my taste. The troubled teen look and those big brown puppy eyes didn't usually give off the 'back off I am a dangerous motherfucker' vibe, but give the boy a blade and he looked downright scary. Right now I was glad his royal cockiness was standing besides me. A vampire with an affinity to steel.

Before I had assumed he must have been one of those vampires with an extra ability, like how Mr. Cocky next to me could neutralize a demon's and an angel's powers. No ordinary steel could pierce a demon's heart, not even a demon without his powers. A demon didn't have your ordinary blood pumping,

fleshy heart like a human did. No, demons had an ugly greyish lump of diamond hard substance about the size of a small fist covered by the black goo we called our blood.

The strength of our bodies, our 'heart' included, was the result of a power so ancient that even the Greek gods didn't remember it. It's why I'd make sure Belias wouldn't be forgiven easily by my father. It wasn't in Seth's power to take away a demon's physical strength, Belias could have fought. Well, not the blade Jake had throw because that reeked of Fae.

Someone had a pixy somewhere down his bloodline. Even more frightening, an ascendant from the bloodline of a faire that could withstand steel. There was only one that I know of that could do that, I've never heard her name being spoken, but around the lore she was called the Smitty.

The Smitty was the only one of the fay who could wield metal, a special blend that once forged would never brake and cut through anything, as if it were butter. The fay rarely intervened with demon business, they liked to prey on the weak, preferring

to torment humankind. It didn't mean that they were above messing with other species, they were a powerful bunch the fay. No one understood their origin, it was as if they had always been here, long before the demons, the angels and even the gods.

I didn't need no fairy butting into my business, they played by their own rules and only for their own amusement. It made them not only unpredictable, but also very dangerous.

Did Jake knew his connection to the fay? I cloud only hope he didn't.

I also needed to watch out for his blades. Not that I'd thought he'd try to knife me for his own amusement like the fay would, but I didn't doubt his loyalty to Seth. He also didn't care if killing or at least hurting me would piss of Seth. His safety came first, he made that very clear.

"Which reminds me." Seth spoke.

His hand clamped around Jake's throat as he shouldered him into the nearest wall.

"Don't ever fucking throw one of you fucking blades with my mate at such close range." He hissed.

"I swore to protect you my liege. I will do as I see fit."

He talked without much trouble which meant Seth couldn't be handling him all that rough.

"You swore to protect me and all that I called mine." Seth grunted.

Arrogant vampire, like he could just-

"No."

Jake's voice still rang clear, still no chocking.

"I took an oath to protect you and all that was yours, not simply what you call yours. She hasn't accepted your claim yet, I am under no obligation to protect her too."

I could feel the love.

"Watch it, Jacob. Don't forget what she is to me, what she will be to you, soon."

The choking noise alerted me that Seth's patience was running thin.

"She is not my" Cough. "queen" Cough. "yet."

"You won't harm her. I'd die for her."

Jake answered with a curt nod. He was starting to look a bit blue in the face.

Seth released him and made one of those superior hand gestures that told the rest of the room that we were dismissed. Arrogant bastard.

He fixed his ice cold blue eyes on me. Oh, oh. Time for a graceful exit. I'd lecture him about his irritating hand gestures later. I needed to report back to my dad anyway.

"Don't move."

He sounded very kingly when he handed out commands like that. Too bad for him I had a little problem with authority.

"Don't tell me what to do. I am not one of your vampy minions." I snapped.

"I have more important things to attend than your wounded pride."

"My pride has got nothing to do with this and you damn well know it! Do you have any idea how worried I was? And then you pulled that little stunt..." He seemed at loss for words.

"Showing up with a demon? By Nix, Luci. Tell me what's going on. I can't protect you if I don't know what's going on."

He had moved closer without me noticing and was able to clamp his oversized hands around my wrists, immobilizing me effectively. I could have easily broken his grip, a little bit of fire and- Or maybe not, I remembered me freaking out after he had taken me to Gramoira, the freaky Vampire Plane, and burning him to crisps. He hadn't let go of me, I could have killed him. I felt sick.

Why did this bother me? He was dangerous, he had the power to destroy the entire demon race and here I couldn't bring myself to burn him even a little to brake his grip on me.

He let himself fall down in the comfy chair I had been sitting in on my first day here, pulling me down with him. I sat there on his lap with his arms

wrapped around like steel bands. I snuggled deeper into his embrace and buried my face in his neck. He smelled too damn good.

I felt safe.

He made me feel safe.

"I don't know everything." I hesitated.

"Then tell me what you do know and we'll go from there." He encouraged me.

I closed my eyes and inhaled his sent. He smelled like a rainy in the desert, if that made sense. I didn't feel like a prisoner with his arms wrapped around me. I felt cherished. I trusted him.

"My mother is a manipulative bitch." I started.

I could not believe I was planning on telling him.

"She loathes my very existence. But I am a necessary pawn in her play. You see, Seth, you are the key."

"The key to what?"

I ignored him.

"She thinks you killed me. She thinks you chose her side."

"Why would she want me to kill you? You are her daughter. And what do you mean on her side? As far as the angels know the vampires are still their loyal allies. Why would she want me to kill you? I could never."

"I was, or am supposed to ... Oh, I don't know!"

I was confused too. I didn't understand everything, I needed to talk to my dad first. I couldn't do this now.

"Damn it, Luci. At least try to explain. Or don't, but tell me if you are in danger and if you are from who. I need to be able to protect you. Keep your secrets, just don't play with your life." He sounded desperate.

"That's the thing, you know? From a demon you expect its ugliness. With an angel you believe that you can get to unknown heights and you probably will. But in the end they will betray you. No matter what. In the end you will hit the ground with a killing blow, if you are lucky that is. It's some bitter shit you

find once you get through their sugarcoat. You can't trust the angels, Seth. None!"

He needed to understand that, even if I couldn't tell him everything yet. I needed him to at least get this.

He shouldn't put his blind trust in the demons either. They hated his kind, they wouldn't hesitate to kill him if given the opportunity.

"What you see with me, fangboy, is what you get."

He'd seen me turn demonic before. I knew I could be malevolent.

"Don't kid yourself, don't think there is more then what I show."

Don't believe I have a hidden nice side, don't trust me with your life. I had a long history of breaking everything in my care.

"I know there is." He said while palming my face.

He needed to understand.

"I don't play games. I was never sweet and Hell taught me to be proud of that."

I let myself the luxury of resting my cheek in his palm.

"Good thing I like spicy food more, huh?" He said playfully.

Despite the seriousness of the situation , I laughed.

"And here I thought blood tasted salty."

"Not yours. Like I said, spice. Hot. Addictive. Powerful."

His mouth crashed down on mine. I welcomed the familiar pressure and without hesitation I parted my lips. He didn't waste time, his tongue rubbed against mine. He angled my head to side and deepened our kiss. I left him in control of our kiss. Something I hadn't let him do before. I must really trust him.

His mouth left mine and move to my jaw, placing hot open mouthed kisses in a trail down towards my neck. Down towards my frantic beating pulse, where he paused.

Chapter 77

Daughter of hell 75

Not sure how I feel about this one... I've been out of practise. So for anyone still interested, here it is.

x Impossible

P.S.: I can't seem to get the format right, so if you notice something severly off, let me know.

automatically rated R, which is ridiculous. so no worries: I'm not scarring your minds beyond repair. ;-)

His mouth left mine and moved to my jaw, placing hot open mouthed kisses in a trail down towards my

neck. Down towards my frantic beating pulse, where he paused.

His mouth lavished on to the spot, but he didn't break the skin. If I hadn't been an awesome fast healing demon, I'd be worried about the hickey later, but since I was an awesome demon who needed to be hit by a sledge hammer several times before bruising I couldn't be bothered. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him off on how I wasn't a freaking tree he could mark like a pissing dog, but he moved on to my ear, tracing the shell with his tongue. I moaned loudly.

I could feel his smug smile even though his mouth was buried behind my ear.

"You know, for a minute back there I thought you'd rather take a sip then cop a feel." I said lightly.

One very brave hand made it south to my shirt, but I intercepted it before it could crawl under the hem.

"Although I might appreciate you wanting to grab the booty over gorging down my blood. That still doesn't mean I'm going to let you."

"I don't gorge!"

"Please, I've seen you eat. You practically inhale your food."

"Sugar, I could swallow you whole and still not be satisfied. That, however, does not mean I'm a hog."

"I get that you're trying to be cute and all but a vampire telling me that he could suck me dry does not turn me on."

"By Nix, you know that's not how I meant it! You're so freaking impossible."

I laughed, delighted when his expression grew more aggravated. I buried my nose into his neck, sniffing up his sent like a human heroine addict.

"Baby, you're sexier than socks on a rooster." I murmured.

His hands gripped my waist and pulled me away from his delectable neck.

Those intriguing blue eyes stared at me as if I was brain damaged.

"I don't go around saying that stuff to just about anyone." I defended myself.

"Maybe you should keep it that way. Not saying that stuff to anyone, I mean."

"You don't know how to take a compliment."

I rolled my eyes at him and gave him a quick peck on the mouth. But before I could pull back he had already tangled his right hand in my hair and kept me immobile, plundering my mouth with hot wet strokes.

A cold metal cuff clicked around my right wrist.

Which left my stronger left hand free to grab whoever dared to chain me. Same went for Seth's right hand. We both ended up grabbing Jake, Seth held him by his shirt, I roughly grabbed him by his ear. I twisted it painfully and smiled when I heard him suck in a breath in pain.

"You little twit! What do you think you are doing?" I screamed in his face with spit landing all over the place.

When his royal fangness saw who had chained him to me, he immediately let go of Jake's shirt. All traces of anger left his face.

"What's the meaning of this, Jake?" He asked in a calm voice.

Freaking vampire, he'd lose his temper with me for so much as breathing the wrong way but Jake could cuff him to a very unstable and wanted half-breed. Then again, the angels did think I was dead. Still didn't erase my unstableness.

"You do realise that if an angel would attack right now, I'd probably torch your precious prince without so much as a thought. The war has reached a turning point and every demon is ready for battle. Satan is loosing his cool" - I chuckled at my own phrasing before getting serious again. - "and we all feel his rage burning in our blood, spurring us on and to take action."

I tugged at the chain link that connected me and the non fireproof vampire.

"Is this some hilarious way of inviting us to a barbecue?" I snarled.

I experimentally twisted his ear some more.

"Damn it, woman! It's not because we regenerate that it won't hurt. I'd never do something to endanger Seth. But with you running of to the goddess knows where all the time I'd rather keep you in my side. Or at least in Seth's. He's always recklessly following you around with his only thought keeping you safe. Excuse me for wanting my friend to stay alive."

"Ah, and chaining him to a demon keeps him out of the range of fire? What if I were summoned to Hell?" I asked.

I knew that his proximity to me would prevent anyone from summoning us. Not Hell's and not Heaven's power could make that boy do anything. But I'd do a lot to get this chain off without having to heat the metal to make it more fragile. It would work but Seth would still get hurt. Damn my mushy side. It's not like he couldn't take it. The butterflies must die, vulnerability did not suit me!

I'd give it a one more try.

"No vampire can survive Hell." I stated my point.

Although I wasn't so sure about that anymore. That boy had some serious mojo working for him.

"Yeah, I'm not worried about that." Jake smiled, rather cocky if you asked me. I could see how those two could stand being each other's friend.

He obviously didn't get it. Cocky boy. Well, if his royal pain in my ass dared to complain about the burns I'd simply tell him he should blame his bbf. Or I'd let him sip a bit of my scrumptious goodness and - Yeah, scratch that, I was no frigging tap. Let him find some other floozy to donate.

Again, scratch that. I'd kill said floozy for so much as wanting to be his tap. Maybe I could feed him lots of Bloody Mary's and hope he won't know the difference after ten glasses, of 10 litres each. Stupid fast vampire metabolism.

P.O.V. Seth

"Nice thinking Jake." I smiled at my friend. "These your work?" I asked as I held up my chained wrist.

Jake had some wicked skills on everything concerned to metal. When we were fourteen the entire group, except for Dustin, had this minor rebellious face where we dropped our academic classes like diplomacy and enrolled in a smithy class. We thought it would be cool to join the lower hand working people, plus being able to forge our own weapons seemed awesome. Pretty much everyone dropped the class when it became clear the only thing we would be making were shovels and other gardening tools. Can someone say boring? Jake always had an uncommon fascination with metal and no threats from his father could make him drop the class. Nate decided to stay and keep Jake company since his dad, as always, could not be bothered with trivial things like his son and let him do pretty much everything he wanted. When they started on the weapon aspect of the smithy class I kind of regretted dropping the class. Those handmade blades were wicked.

"Nah, you know the pretty stuff is Nate's work."

That's when I noticed the intricate carvings on the wristbands. yep, definitely Nate's work. Don't get me wrong, Jake was good but he was of a more practical kind. He was no dreamer like Nate.

That's when I noticed the warmth they were giving off.

"Nate, why are these cuffs so warm? You got some secret voodoo skills you've been holding out on us?"

In fact they weren't only warm, they were starting to get uncomfortable hot by the second.

"What the hell, man? Do you want to smoke me or something? Get them off!"

I looked up to see Nate walk towards Luci and give her a light shove. The burning sensation on my wrist instantly cooled down.

"Cut it out Luce, you are not going to break them. I've got mad skills, baby. Nothing of mine has ever broken down." Nate bragged.

"Were you trying to freaking melt these off?" I exclaimed.

"Do you always inflict pain onto your love interests, Luce?" Vic mocked.

"You into the kinky scene?" Nate winked.

The burning started again.

"Will you cut that out?!! These are still attached to my very burnable flesh!"

"If you're not bleeding, vomiting, or on fire, chill out and stop crying."

"Keep this up and I will be on fire!"

"No flames, means no fire. How did you pass elementary school? The worst thing that can happen is you having a little burn. Best case scenario you'll get a wicked scar to brag about to the girls. Something along the lines of 'I met a demon and lived to tell the tale.' Now stop crying."

"Yeah, but that story might come over a wee bit pathetic once they figure out that said demon is my wife."

"I am not your wife!"

Well, at least I got her stop frying me.

"What are these made off?!"

She turned so quickly towards Nate that she yanked me with her.

"Oh, you know, the normal 7075-T6 aluminum. I know a lot people keep saying I should use titanium, but this works better for me. It's not all about the material, it what you do with it. I'm like, come on, it's a craft, not something you can buy in a store."

"I have no idea what that shit means. Maybe you should stick to being pretty, it works better for you." She snarled.

At least she was no longer directing her anger on me and my little wife comment.

"I knew it! You think I'm hotter one." Nate smiled widely while enfolding Luci in a hug.

"Get off her, you moron."

Instead of letting go, he only hugger her harder and the gal actually had the nerve to hug him back.

"Don't tell me who can and can't hug me. I am not your wife."

Yeah, I knew she had let that one go too easily.

"Not yet." Nate muttered.

That earned him a punch it that gut by my beautiful demoness. I hadn't realised she was a lefty.

"Will you cut out with the marriage comments? I'm a demon. If I was to shack up with some guy, I'd not get married but I'd live my life in sin like any proper demon would."

"That won't go over well in Granoira, Luci." Vic informed her. "When we turn twenty-one we are either single or get married. We are a bit of a conservative bunch. Well, at least once we turn twenty-one. Before that we can pretty much get away with anything. Ah, the joys of being an adolescent."

I saw Luci readying herself for battle and thought it was best to put a stop to it before she got herself worked up again. I liked my skin without the burned bits.

"Are you finally going to explain the tied up demon in your bedroom? Or are you just going to let us guess?" I mocked her.

"Oh, oh, oh. Let's guess, let's guess. I'll go first. Seth wouldn't put out and you felt the need to"

"Shut up, Nate."

The look in her eyes scared me. She looked frightened and unsure.

I softly yanked on the metal links that connected us and used it to pull her close. She didn't resist me.

"I need to know what is going on in your life."

The top of my fingers graced her cheekbone with the barest touch.

"I know you are though and that you are strong. Heck, half of the time it will be you rescuing my ass. You do badass much better than me."

A soft smile made my already erratic heartbeat speed up more.

"Don't sell yourself short. You can be pretty intimidating when you're pushed."

"I won't lie to you Luci. Even if I didn't feel like you were hiding something big for me, I'd still want to know what was going on. I'll always want to know

what is going on with you. But now I feel like this is something bigger than you and the desperation I am seeing in your eyes right now is making me want to do stupid things like lock you up in dungeon with five hundred guards and myself protecting you."

I pressed my thumb to her lips while still cradling her face in my hands.

"No, don't fly of the handle again. I know that shit doesn't work on you. I might think about the easy life I'd have if I could keep you safe like that, but I'm not delusional."

That earned me a not so graceful snort.

"I am a vampire prince. I also realise that you don't understand all it entails so let me try to break it down for you. We have an alliance with the angels. We are aware it is not a balanced one, that they are holding out on us. We have gone to war against the demon race which doesn't put us on great terms with your kind. I can't promise a direct alliance with the demons because of that, but I can make the alliance with the angels undone. You'll have to give me time

but I will make it happen. However, I can't do that if you don't talk to me. You need to talk to me."

The fear and uncertainty had left her eyes so I felt pretty good about myself.

"It's cute how you think vampires would really make a difference in a war that's older than your race."

There was just no pleasing this girl.

Frustrated I turned around brusquely, forgetting about the cuffs that linked us together. Her body fell against mine and it felt only natural to put my arms around her and resting my chin on top the red mess she called her hair. I buried my nose in her hair and inhaled her scent like some crazy stalker guy. The smell of an extinguishing campfire, the earth after heavy rain and a hint of peaches. Luci.

"Fine." She murmured, pressing closer to me. "I'll tell you."

She trusted me. I smashed my mouth against hers, in my exuberance clicking our teeth together. I didn't give her time to comment on my clumsy kiss and kissed the deep. I probably looked like an awkward

thirteen year old who finally got brave enough to push for more than just closed mouthed kisses. If so, my girl didn't seem to care, or maybe she had a thing for awkward thirteen year old boys. She grabbed my shoulders and used them to pull herself up, wrapping her legs around my waist and kissing me right back.

When she finally tore her mouth from mine we were both breathing heavily. The guys had gotten the hint as I had hoped and got lost. Well, everyone except for Jake who was still convinced I should be babysat twenty four on seven. Not even Jake's presence could make me stop kissing this amazing girl in my arms. I bent my head again.

"My dad will have to be there too."

Now that killed the mood.

Chapter 78

daughter of hell 76

I didn't double check this for spelling errors, but I reread this so many times that I'm not really reading anymore because I know it so well. If I waited another day I'd probably see the many mistakes, but I'm so glad I finally got something to post that I can't wait. sorry :s

hope you guys like it

xx Impossible

CHAPTER

"Paranoid?

Probably.

But just because you're paranoid doesn't mean there isn't an invisible demon about to eat your face."

- Jim Butcher (Storm Front)

"You want me to meet your father?" He asked me with a stricken look on his face.

"Yes."

"Your father who is a demon?"

"No, my father who is the demon." I smiled.

Demons, that boy was cute when was uncomfortable.

"Your father, the devil?"

"Well, yes. But you might not want to address him like that. Try mister Satanini for starters and when he tells you to just call him Satan, you go with that. We're not all that formal in Hell, don't worry. And whatever you do, don't call him Beelzebub."

"Why not?" Nate chirped.

"It irks him." I said while thinking about the last time some newbie dared to refer to him like that.

Let's just say my mother's pet name for him didn't bring up happy memories.

"Why do I have to meet your dad?"

"Careful pretty boy, I might start thinking you didn't want to meet my dad."

"Yeah Seth, don't you want to meet her dad? Is it getting too serious for you?" Nate once again butted in.

"I'm with you man." Vic said while slugging his arm around his brother's shoulder.

"Meeting the parents is a big step. You might want to wait." He continued.

With the way he was acting you'd think I was offering his brother up on a sacrificial altar.

"No offence, Luce, but I don't think the heir of Gramoira should meet the supreme ruler of the underworld without back up. Mail us the details and we'll work something out on a more official level. You know, with Seth's dad present and all."

Jake confirmed my suspicions of their chicken-ass behaviour.

"What kind of email address should we expect from the Devil?" Dustin added.

"hotter.than.hell dot com?" Nate joked.

"Nah, that's his personal email." I laughed.

"Seriously?"

"Dustin, did anyone ever tell you that you are one cute gullible little vampire?" I winked.

"I am 5'8", that is not short."

"It is for a guy, mate."

"Don't worry baby, it's what you're hiding beneath those clothes that matters to girls"

"So you'd go for a guy shorter than you if he were ripped?" Nate asked.

"Hell no. That's the only reason I haven't ditched Mr. Cocky yet. It's hard to find tall guys who fill out their frame without looking lanky."

"I am his twin, you know."

Vic slid up to me.

"No offence Vic, but I like my boys emotionally scarred."

"You should go for me, babe." Nate laughed.

"I'm delicious and my mommy left us when I was just a kid. I'm totally blaming myself for her leaving us."

"Yeah, but you can laugh, boy. If I were with such a happy person I might lose my evilness."

"Can't have that. Plus I'm not into babes who could kick my ass without it being that special time of the month."

If anyone else had said that, I would have lost it. But this was Nate and Nate was just... I wouldn't call him innocent because that wicked twinkle in his eyes every time he checked me out was anything but innocent. He was just so, so - Hell if I know - Nate?

"Obviously you are capable of making exceptions, seeing as you are with me."

"There's ignorance and there's denial. And sweetheart, this round you are not in the first category."

In a very uncharacteristic Mr. Cocky move he actually smiled at that, or more like smirked.

"You finally admitting you into me, babe."

And get this, he winked at me.

"Have you been sniffing the glue again? That's it! No more unsupervised playing with glue and glitters for you."

"Okay, kids, while you two go play, I'll set up a meeting with my dad so he can inform the king." Jake 'the grown-up' clapped in his hands.

"I don't think you are getting this, Jakey boy."

I smiled all sugar and spice and everything that said I'm-going-to-give-you-caries, which is not nice.

"This is not some big diplomatic strategic move I'm letting you guys make. This is a once in a life time opportunity to meet the supreme ruler of Hell. Hell, as in not the underworld which makes us demons

sound like we are living in caves. We are not peeved out by sunlight like you lot."

Okay maybe I was getting off track.

Back on track.

"What I'm saying is that I will grant you the kind of knowledge that will change your entire life. It's the kind of knowledge that I have no business telling some vampire punks who think they are part of the grown up world. This is kingly business and I am no king. Are you getting this?"

"You are out of your mind if you think I'm letting Seth meet the devil."

"Again, cool it with the devil shit. You are going to piss him off and you do not want to piss off my dad. He makes water torture look like a fun excursion, and that's when he isn't in a particular black mood."

"Fine, I'll talk to the devil when Seth is nowhere near us."

"The hell you will." Seth yelled.

"Pun probably not intended." Nate interrupted the yelling match.

I so wanted to beat the shit out of someone and Seth often being the person I wanted to punch noticed this. With another strategic tug on that blasted chain he pulled me into his chest and wrapped his unchained arm around me.

"You'll not solve this with violence, sweets." He whispered into my ear.

Sweets? I was really trying to hang onto my impatience with Jake, but Seth nuzzling my neck and placing soft kisses behind my ear were kind of messing with my anger.

"That's the point I've been trying to make! In Hell we do! You say one slightly offensive thing and we fly off the handle. There is a reason why not even the Fallen want a treaty with us."

"And will you cut that out?" I elbowed Seth in the stomach.

"You are going to meet my dad. Your lips, tongue, hands and even your eyes are not allowed on my body from now until my dad has left again."

"Shit, Luce. You got your period or something?" Nate winked.

"Please, you'd be all over me if I did." I snorted.

"Don't be gross." He laughed.

When I noticed him inching closer again, I placed another elbow in Seth's gut, none too gently either. That boy was so messed up.

["Fine, I'll talk to the devil when Seth is nowhere near us."]

"You want to talk to the devil, Jakey boy? I can arrange that."

I opened a portal right behind him. A portal without the usual roaring flames for effect, a nice and quiet invisible portal.

"Give my dad a kiss from me."

And pushed the bastard straight through Hell. Take that, sucker!

Everyone stared. Blinked once. Blinked twice. Blinked thrice. And: CHAOS.

"What the fuck Luci?!!?!! This better be some sick joke on your part!"

"You said it yourself, only demons can breathe the fumes of Hell!"

"Hahahah. Dude, you don't really think she sent him to Hell? Come on. Not even Luci is that mental."

"Joke's over now Luce, where did you sent him?"

"You crazy bitch! Get him back. NOW!"

The heavy odour of Hell fumes filled the air.

"What's that stench?" The boys coughed.

I inhaled the smell and welcomed the dark touch of Hell.

The demon awful noise of someone who had been choking and was finally getting some oxygen in his air starved lungs made me smile. Take that you ugly bloodsucker.

"Someone dropped a baby vampire my bathroom." Satan stated dryly.

"Well, I didn't know you were taking a dump. I just threw him into the same room as you."

"Lucky for you, Lucifer, I had just finished 'taking a dump' as you so eloquently put it and was only washing my hands. That aside I would like to stress that you NEVER under no circumstance sent a vampire, no matter his age, to Hell!"

I had counted on him getting upset. And since I was convinced he couldn't banish or kill his own flesh and blood I wasn't too worried about the consequence. I also wasn't too worried about Jake, you know when his lungs recovered from the damage from the sulphur he breathed in Hell. Since he had some weird obsessive loyalty to my sort of boyfriend and therefore could not kill me either.

"Hey, dad you notice anything off?"

"Off?"

"Something that should be here, but isn't?"

He stared at me dumbly.

"This is kind of disappointing." I heard Nate mumble.

"Not that the guy doesn't look scary or anything, but he looks more like some scary mob leader. This is not how I thought the supreme ruler of Hell would look like."

I saw my dad was finally getting it. He was pissed as, well, hell but no horns, no tale and no flames.

"You "

Asthmatic darth vader breathing.

"fucking"

Asthmatic darth vader breathing.

"bitch."

Asthmatic darth vader breathing.

I rolled my eyes at a trying to impersonate darth vader Jake.

"You were so asking for it."

Seth went towards his friend and dragged a still chained me with him.

"Why are you chained to the vampire prince?" My dad asked a little bit dazed.

And Satan was not someone who ever got dazed. Shit, I hoped he wasn't experiencing some creepy side effects to Seth nullifying powers.

"Jake and Nate like to think they are smart." I responded.

Asthmatic darth vader breathing.

"Fuck you, Lucifer."

Triple asthmatic darth vader breathing.

Was he ever going to stop crying over this?

"I'd like to mention that I see the error of my ways now." Nate added.

"Release my daughter." Satan commanded.

"Sure thing."

Just like that the chains fell open.

I get that my dad is a fairly authoritative figure, but he wasn't radiating that certain brand of evilness that made demon lords quake in their boots. It was more like reprimanding me when I cursed kind of tone.

Also, the way Nate was frowning as if he wasn't sure why he followed my dad's order clued in that something was amiss. That and that the boy opened some lovely chains that I couldn't even break with Hell's fire.

"What the hell are you?"

"What do you mean?" Nate asked.

"Oh, I don't know, maybe I do not find it all that normal that you just-"

"This is not a discussion that should be held now, Lucifer." My dad interrupted me in his certain brand of evilness tone.

We'd talk about it later, understood.

"Now why did you sent the vampire to Hell and why am I not able to do -" He paused.

"Slavering?"

To his credit, he didn't flinch when he asked me this question.

"Even better." I smiled.

Then my face contorted.

"Or maybe worse." I corrected myself.

"Seth-" I started.

He looked up from his star wars fanatic friend to give me the Evil eye.

"Oh, will you stop it already? He's fine, get over it."

Bunch of cry-babies.

That cleared up.

"As I was saying, his royal toothyness over here has the wonderful gift of nullifying angelic power."

P.O.V. Seth

I couldn't believe she was being this cruel. Pushing my best friend to a certain dead paled to what she was doing to me now, slowly ripping my heart from

my chest and digging her claws in it for good measure to heighten my agony. She knew I was the only vampire of noble blood with no special ability. I could not call upon the weather like my father, I had no affinity to iron like Jake, the reason why everyone doubted my ability to take the throne was because of this.

How could she do this to me? I thought we were getting somewhere, not far - Jake's near dead experience proved that - but still a couple of yards. She didn't try to kill me, that said something, or so I thought.

"Okay, I'm going to be honest."

That'd be a first.

"You also nullify demon power,"

This kept getting better en better. Just twist the knife after you plunged it in my heart Luci.

"but you still can't survive in Hell so it won't do you any good. And if you even think about attacking my dad, I should warn you that I am immune to your

little trick and can still very much kick all of your asses."

What was she yammering on about?

"Plus demons totally get to keep their kick ass strength, so even if you tried to attack us, we'd still serve your asses on a plate. And if you hurt anyone I like I will never speak to you again." She finished her rant with a pout.

By Nix she was adorable. And sincere?

"You are telling me the truth? I can win a fight against angels and demons?"

"Don't get cocky. You're still a baby vamp who hasn't gone through his change. You nullify their magic. It gives you an advantage since they're not used to fighting without it, especially angels but that doesn't mean you'd win a fight against three of them. Most of them are older, meaner and way more cunning than you can ever be. And no, that is not meant as an insult, I was merely stating facts."

She was serious. I had an extra ability like all noble blooded vampires.

"I need to speak with my father."

And gloat at court.

"You can't do that, Seth."

She sounded fragile.

"Your kind still have a treaty with the angels. It doesn't matter that your father doesn't immediately use your ability in war. If this gets out to the angels we'll lose the element of surprise and then we'll never get that ring back."

"The slavering?"

And the pieces fell together. With my ability I could take Raphael by surprise and steal the ring that allowed him to subdue demon kind. Screw that ring, I could take out Raphael and ensure Luci's safety.

"This knowledge does not leave this room." I stated.

"Understood?" I made eye contact with Jake.

"Yes, my liege."

I looked at Luci's dad, the devil. Man, that was so weird.

"Seems like we need to draw up a treaty."

"I cannot do that boy."

"Whereas I cannot declare war on angel kind without a treaty with their strongest enemy. Even with my ability they'd annihilate my kind."

"I lost my wife in a war against the combined forces of angel and vampire. We demons do not forget, we cherish our grudges."

I started to see where Luci got her behaviour from.

"However, we could talk again after you have some more bargaining power on the table."

"I nullify you power, demon. I think I have enough bargaining power."

P.O.V. Luci

"I nullify you power, demon. I think I have enough bargaining power." Seth arrogantly stated.

Oh boy, he did not just say that.

Chapter 79

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P.O.V. Luci

"I nullify you power, demon. I think I have enough bargaining power." Seth arrogantly stated.

Oh boy, he did not just say that.

I am not going to narrate the whole thing to you, it happened really fast and the outcome wasn't much of a surprise. There was blood, lots of it. Bones were broken, some shattered and egos were pulverized. It was beautiful.

The only boy not completely broken and bleeding was Nate who stood immobile in a fighter stance. He

didn't even blink and by the colour of his lips, a weird shade of blue, he wasn't even breathing.

"Um, dad?"

He followed my gaze toward a bluish Nathan.

"Be free." Satan ordered.

I ignored the uncomfortable ache in my chest at the sight of Seth's limbs that laid there in angles that were not natural. He was a vampire, it took more than a couple of broken bones, bruises and a ruptured spleen to kill him off. Jake was another story, his legs looked boneless which probably meant severe shattered bones. I suppressed a laugh when I saw Vic's disbelieving pained gaze meet mine. Even without our demonic fire, we could still whoop those vampires asses.

Physically we had a much tougher make up than the angels, our blood was thicker, our bones stronger and our muscles were bigger. We were pretty much had the same physically fitness as fully turned vampire. The not fully turned vampires weren't as breakable as a human, but they still were nowhere near the

strength of a demon, especially an ancient one like my dad.

Except for Jakes they would all be up and running in a couple of hours. Depending on their whining I might treat throw them a party and invite a bunch of dizzy bimbos who got off on a couple of leeches chomping on their necks.

I walked over to Nate and threw my arm around his shoulder.

"Are you okay?"

He stared at me with wide eyes.

"I couldn't move, Luci. I couldn't fucking move! Some demon told me to freeze and I couldn't even breath even though I was chocking!"

"Aw, did Satan step on your poor little bitty ego?"

"A demon made me-"

"I am not 'a' demon, boy. I am, as my daughter pointed out earlier, the demon. And you are but an untrained halfling. At his point even an incubi could

have given you a command and you would have obeyed."

"That doesn't even make sense! I am half vampire, and vampires don't obey demons."

"You are not aware of what you are?" My father asked him.

"I am also half Spirit. And spirits are free, they especially don't answer to Hell!"

"What the hell is a Spirit?" I asked looking at my dad?

I had thought Nate was Fae, I had never heard of spirits before.

"A Spirit is a being trapped between Heaven and Hell. Spirits don't have a body, they are a presence that you can only feel when knew the spirit when it was still alive. I very much doubt you are that."

"Obi Sa Kan Tan, is there a thing you do not know?" I smirked.

"Then what am I?" Nate said, completely ignoring me.

I hoped he knew he was losing brownie points for this.

"Oh, I know that one, I know that one."

I screamed excitedly jumping up and down.

"Answer me this one. What sparkles in the night, is really cute, mischievous and can fly?"

Nate looked at me with a look that clearly stated he was not good at this game.

"Think Tinkerbell."

"I'm part elf?"

I snorted.

"You wish."

"You are part Fae." My dad cut me off.

"Fae?"

"A faery!" I screamed full of mirth.

This got the attention of the semi conscious broken boys on the floor. But since they were indeed broken, they couldn't do more than twitch and moan in pain.

Moving on.

"And since you can actually touch iron, you are probably a descendant of the Smithy! How cool is that?"

"Honey, since the boy doesn't even know the difference between the Fae and the Elven, I think it is safe to say he had no idea who the Smithy is."

"I don't understand any of this!"

"You said your mom left you guys when you were a small child?" I asked.

He nodded.

"What has that got to do with this?"

"And she was a bit of a 'free spirit', right? You see, the Fae don't abide to many rules. They have no understanding of responsibility and pretty much do whatever they want. They hate humans and they hate demons. They hurt humans and they tried to hurt demons, but that didn't turn out very well for them. They are like really jealous creatures and they think they own nature or something like that. What I

am saying is that you should never trust a fairy, they are pretty evil and except for their pretty self involved royalties they answer to no one. So if you see one, you should run. Or not, since you are one."

The look on his face told me I hadn't done such a good job of explaining.

"Lucifer." My dad called my attention.

"Yes?"

"Don't ever become a teacher."

Rude much?

"You will explain then?" Nate challenged my dad.

Stupid boy. did he wish to join his friends on the floor?

"I have the answers you are looking for."

My dad answered with a patience he never showed with me. Again, rude!

"But I'll need you to swear allegiance to Hell."

"No."

The weak sound came from the floor.

"Don't" Seth croaked.

And I couldn't be mad him for saying that. But I also couldn't blame my dad for forcing an allegiance, our history with the Fae was rocky at best.

"Ten minutes ago you were talking about an alliance between the leeches and Hell. You are worse than a woman, make up your mind sweetheart."

A pathetic sound only a dying animal could make was my only answer.

I will not look.

I will not look.

I will not look.

Ah, damn I looked!

Why did I look? Curse the angels! Why did I look?

More important, why did I care? Those eyes, it were those sexy dark blue eyes, they did things with me. I wasn't going to look again.

I wasn't going to look again.

I wasn't!

Just one quick look.

I was getting soft and I hated myself for it but I couldn't stop myself from crouching before him and offering him my wrist.

The eager boy immediately dug in. He had no table manners.

"I am not comfortable with this, Lucifer."

I couldn't look away from Seth's face, he had slowed down and was holding my gaze while gently taking my blood. The bruises had already disappeared.

I was roughly pulled away from him. The sudden movement caused Seth's incisors to leave thin but deep gashes marks on my arm. They healed almost instantly, but black blood smeared my arms.

My dad looked at me with something I thought I would receive from him. Disgust.

"Why would you let that vile parasite use you like that?" He raged.

I must have looked like a wounded puppy because his eyes immediately softened.

And arm curled around my waist and pulled me close. My dad's eyes hardened again.

"Get your filthy paws off my daughter."

If it weren't for Seth's nullifying powers he would have turned fully demonic within the blink of an eye.

"Dad." I tried to reason with him.

"This isn't news to you. You already knew I mated a vampire. I thought you were okay with this? Demons, you looked more than okay with it before. You were pleased when I wasn't. Why the change?"

"My daughter is not food."

That made me smile.

"More like some very exclusive brand of heroin. Chill dad, I know what I am doing. Seth knows I am not around for a daily fix."

"Parasite's"

"I know, right? But who can afford to be picky these days? I mean, you should feel lucky that I hooked up with a parasite instead of werewolf who possibly has parasites. Or worse, I could have hooked up with an angel or a fairy. You see it could have been that much worse."

Seth squeezed me tighter to him.

"I am a prince and able to defeat the entire angel kind. That should count to, no?" Seth smiled.

The smile was still strained. He wasn't all better yet, but I felt like I would be pushing it if I gave him another sip in front of my dad.

"And he's insanely hot."

By the look on my dad's face, he didn't consider Seth's hot body as a pro for letting him near me.

"There still won't be an alliance between our two races." My dad stated.

"I still will find a way to break our alliance with the angels." My boyfriend said, very kingly if I may add.

Demons, did I just call that cocky parasite my boyfriend? Thank Hades I did not say that out loud. Ugh, like he didn't think he was the shit already.

My dad threw a small object towards my insanely hot boyfriend, who closed his hand around it. By the smell of it I would say it was brimstone.

"You'll know how to use it when you will need to speak with me. You can only use it once and I might never give you another one, use it carefully."

The future king of the vampire race nodded gravely.

Melodramatic much?

"Now stop snuggling up to my daughter."

I could feel that he wasn't going to do that, so I softly elbowed him in the gut - he was still hurt - so I could slip from his arms. And damn me to heaven but I missed his embrace as soon as I escaped it.

"Not to break up this touching scene or anything, but I believe you were going to provide me with some answers."

Almost feral, protective Satan had made us forget about Nate's little problem.

"Your allegiance first, boy." My dad demanded;

"I can't do that." Nate gritted out.

I had never seen that boy so serious.

"Then good luck with finding out what you are. I'll give you a little warning though, your kind prides herself on her pure breeding. You might want to run if you see one."

He looked at me.

"You are not going after that ring without consulting me. This is not a request, Lucifer, nor is it a parental order. This is a command by your king and if you chose to go against it, I will see it as insubordination. Is this clear?"

"Clear as crystal."

"Open me a portal."

"Wait!" Nate interrupted me.

"How about I swear allegiance to Luci instead of Hell? Will you give me answers then?"

My dad didn't have to think about that, I was after all a princess of Hell. Swearing allegiance to me was almost the same as swearing allegiance to Hell.

"I will write out a contract and then we will talk. Lucifer, make me a portal. "

I made another fancy one with flames and the whole sheshabang, just for the heck of it.

"I think that went well, no?" I smiled.

"You call that well??!"

Jake had dragged his body closer to where we were standing.

"Since you four are the first to survive Satan after you insulted him, I think you can call that 'well'."

"You are crazy."

"I am the crazy one? Seth challenged the devil, which is the reason you all got roughened up by the way. This isn't my fault."

"Sure thing, babe." He said as he pressed his lips to the side of my head.

"Babe?" I questioned him.

"Not now, babe. I'm going to bring the guys to the infirmary for a bit of the red medicine. Nate, watch her."

That was not cool.

"How about you bring the 'red medicine' here so you don't have to drag these disabled bodies across campus and make everyone wonder what you have been up to?"

"Probably because he doesn't want you to know Diane is part of the red medicine."

That stupid bitch that was always throwing herself at MY boyfriend?

"You drink from that skanky ho and you can forget about ever coming near me, you get me?" I threatened.

"I'll try to arrange some other girls, but she's one of the volunteers so..."

"Nothing so so. You touch her, you never touch me again."

"And you drink from the wrist." I added.

"I'm not going to drink from some other girl." He sounded insulted.

"You are not?"

"Of course not! I meant to get some blood into Jake and Vic, not for me! By Nix, Luce, what kind of guy to you think I am?"

I moved closer towards him.

"An arrogant one."

I whispered against his neck.

"But one who can be sporadically sweet."

I pressed my lips against the hollow of his throat.

He bent his head and I pushed him away playfully.

"I'll clear out so you can bring back some skanks."

"Take Nate with you."

"Whatever."

P.O.V. Nate

I followed Luci out of the dorm. I wasn't sure if I was much of protector though. After what the devil had told me... He'd described my kind as poison. I needed to know more.

"Don't think about, you'll get your answers." Luci interrupted my thoughts.

"And thanks." She added.

"For what?" I was confused.

"For trusting me."

I was still confused.

"To swear allegiance to me." She clarified.

Ah.

A stench of brimstone and an aura of heat flooded my senses. And there he was in his true form, the devil.

"That was quick." I muttered.

Luci grabbed the heavy piece of parchment from her father and handed it to me together with a vicious looking dagger decorated with red rubies.

"You sign in blood." She answered me before I could ask.

Of course they did. I made a shallow cut across my arm and signed the contract with the tip of the bloodied knife. It was done.

"In blood and writing." Satan smiled.

"My answers."

You could obviously say a lot about the devil, but idle chit chat he did not.

"The Fae used to be demons." He started.

"But what most people forget is that demons used to be humans to. It doesn't take long to forget you human lives, but some demons hold on to it longer than others. Those are the demons that regret the loss of their humanity and eons ago they gathered to rebel.

As punishment for their betrayal the rebel demons were thrown to a hidden realm on earth, forced to live in the shadows and mirrors of the only thing they wished to be. They were able to see but not touch, to observe but never comprehend. Were as demons they would have lost the desire for humanity, as Fae they would forever crave it. They were banished to live in envy, an envy that over time would develop into hate.

Over time the Fae forgot why they were so jealous of humanity, they forgot they were once demons who longed for their human life so much that they were willing to betray Hell to regain it. And as such Hell succeeded, for the Fae forgot their precious humanity and in their hate they became worse than demons. It were the spirits of Faerie who were the darkest and cruelest, and most similar to the Hell but they lacked a law that bound all demons to their purpose of creation. The lords and warriors of the faerie court launched the attack on Hell as Heaven watched, delighted that Hell had created its own downfall.

And so the demonic race was tested as it had only been once before. It was a battle so gruesome even the Olympian gods, who had long averted their gaze away from Earth, watched the battle and for a moment broke free from the ennui of their immortal too long lives. Demons writhed in an agony they had never been able to conjure and slowly they made their way towards the gates of Hell. But the Fae were no longer demons and could no longer endure the venomous flames of Hell.

We triumphed in the end and to ensure the Fae would not dare to rise against us again, it was decided they would pay a tithe to Hell every seven years. We decide the tithe and it has kept them quiet so far. "

"This tells me nothing. I still know nothing. Who is my mother? Why would she birth me if her kind does not accept halflings? Why did you mention the smithy? Why did my mother leave me?"

"Lucifer can tell you more about the Smithy. I agreed to tell you about the Fae, we made no pact on personal issues such as you mother."

I wanted to strike him, but he was already gone.

I still knew nothing.

About the Author

impossible